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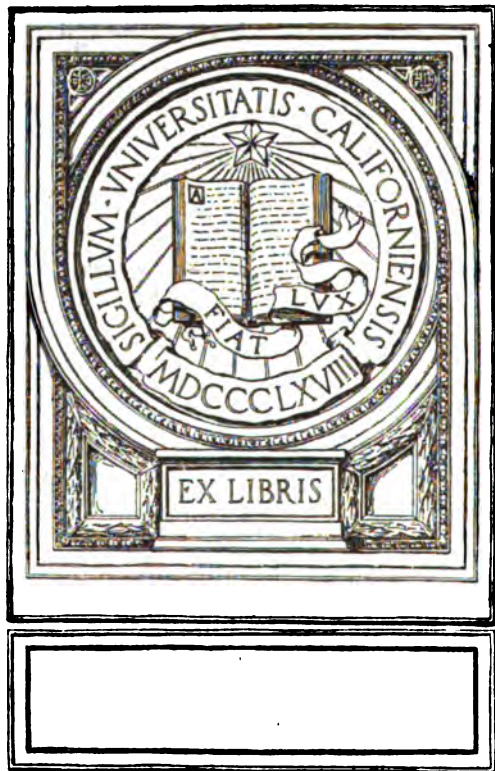
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*Facsimile of Letter to Messrs. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY  
from the RIGHT HON. CECIL J. RHODES.*

Dear Sirs

Thank you  
for the book you  
forwarded me by

William Harvey Brown  
called "On the South  
African Frontier"

It is capital reading  
and is a truthful

picture of Rhodesia  
and of the late rebellion  
I can speak practically  
as Mr Brown went  
is with me in the force  
that went through  
to relieve Bulawayo.

6<sup>th</sup> May 1899

Y  
C. J. Rhodes

**ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN  
FRONTIER**



# Day of California

# TO VIVID ADVENTURE



"Instinctively I pulled the trigger of the revolver, and discharged three shots so quickly as to spoil the aim of my assailant."

# ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN FRONTIER

*THE ADVENTURES AND OBSERVATIONS OF AN  
AMERICAN IN MASHONALAND AND  
MATABELELAND*

BY

WILLIAM HARVEY BROWN  
"

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO  
MY WIFE  
WHOSE SYMPATHY, GOOD JUDGMENT  
AND HELPFUL CRITICISM  
HAVE BEEN A CONSTANT SOURCE  
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285436



## PREFACE

THIS work is a narrative of the author's experiences and observations, partly as naturalist of an expedition sent by the United States Government in 1889 to the west coast of Africa, but mainly as collector, big-game hunter, gold seeker, landowner, citizen, and soldier, during seven years' participation in the settlement and early development of Rhodesia. It treats variedly of travel, collecting, hunting, prospecting, farming, scouting, fighting. It throws a few side-lights on pioneer life. Two chapters are devoted to ethnology. The race problems which arise during the stage of transition from barbarism to civilization are discussed to some extent, as well as the agricultural and mineral resources of Rhodesia, and the possibilities of that region as a future field for immigration and commercial enterprise.

The book had its origin principally in a desire to give to my fellow-countrymen in America a clearer idea than it has been possible to glean from fragmentary accounts, appearing from time to time, of the events which have taken place during the past nine years in connection with Anglo-Saxon conquest and colonization on the South African frontier.

People in the United Kingdom and the British colonies are so well provided by their countrymen

with literature bearing upon the various phases of Rhodesian progress that not a few of these facts will be to them, no doubt, commonplace knowledge. If from this recital, embracing, as it does, the various epochs of the country's development from its founding to the present day, Englishmen are able to learn anything which may accrue to a better understanding of the needs and possibilities of Rhodesia, which next to the land of my nativity is dearer to me than all other parts of the earth, I shall feel doubly compensated for my efforts.

It may possibly be of interest to the reader to know that my career as collector and sportsman began with my matriculation in the University of Kansas, in Dr. F. H. Snow's department of zoölogy. Under the auspices of that gentleman I was sent, during college vacations, to the Rocky Mountains in company with Professor Lewis Lindsay Dyche, who, in his *Campfires of a Naturalist*, has recorded some of my experiences in chasing butterflies and in preserving the skins of grizzly bears and deer.

The particular circumstance which made possible this volume, however, was my good fortune, while in Washington, D. C., during the summer of 1886, in making the acquaintance of Mr. W. T. Hornaday, now Director of the New York Zoölogical Society's Garden at Bronx Park. Mr. Hornaday is also the author of several books, the best known of which are *Two Years in the Jungle* and *Taxidermy and Zoölogical Collecting*. In the autumn of that year I joined him in an expedition sent by the Smithsonian Institution to Montana to secure some skins and skeletons of

the fast vanishing American bison, and on that trip I learned the latest methods of preserving specimens of various kinds. When, subsequently, Mr. Hornaday was asked to recommend a collector to accompany a government expedition to Africa, it fell to my lot to be named by him. Upon my return to this country, after an absence of eight years, it was at his suggestion and through his warm encouragement that I was induced to undertake the writing of this book, until then wholly unpremeditated. For the many kindnesses received at the hands of this worthy man of science and for the friendly interest that he has taken in my career, I choose this opportunity to express my heartfelt gratitude.

To my honored friend, the Chancellor of the Western University of Pennsylvania, Dr. W. J. Holland, whom I succeeded as Naturalist of the Eclipse Expedition, I am likewise indebted for many favors. That we were unfortunately deprived by fate of the pleasure of his genial companionship during our interesting sojourn on the west coast of Africa, will always remain a source of deep regret.

In further connection with the production of this book, my thanks are due to another esteemed friend, Mr. B. W. Woodward, art and literary critic, for valuable suggestions; also to Mr. J. F. Jones, of London, for material from which to construct suitable maps; and to Dr. H. S. Davis for useful data. I wish especially to call the reader's attention to the fact that most of the excellent photographs reproduced herein were taken by Mr. C. A. Orr, of Chicago, who generously placed at my disposal his unique col-

lection of African pictures procured by him while Anthropologist of the Eclipse Expedition and while participating for two years in the events connected with the founding of Rhodesia. I take this occasion to thank him for assistance thus rendered, as likewise the artists Mr. J. Carter Beard and Mr. Charles Bradford Hudson for their spirited paintings of scenes described in the text.

Following the method usually adopted in books of travel, I have for convenience and variety spoken of the native inhabitants of Rhodesia indiscriminately as savages and barbarians. As these people have organized society, possess domesticated animals, practise rude agriculture, and work in iron, they are ethnologically in the stage of middle barbarism, and hence, technically, barbarians.

I cannot close without reference to the mingled pleasure and sorrow that the writing of this narrative has given me—pleasure in reviewing an existence that is the highest delight of a healthy young man, sorrow in the memory of the sad and tragic fate of scores of frontier friends and companions whose lives have been sacrificed to the onward march of modern civilization.

WILLIAM HARVEY BROWN.

February 2, 1899.

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**ON THE  
SOUTH AFRICAN FRONTIER**



## CHAPTER I.

### THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA

An Opportunity to Visit the Dark Continent—Preparations for the Journey—On Board a Man-of-War—We Enter the Estuary of the Sierra Leone—Free Town and Its Inhabitants—A Day Ashore—In the Gulf of Guinea—Saint Paul de Loanda.

ONE afternoon in the autumn of 1889 I was sitting in the osteological laboratory of the United States National Museum, puzzling over the skeleton of a *Stercorarius parasiticus*, when a messenger-boy entered, and said, "Mr. Brown, Professor Goode wishes to see you at once." Hastily laying aside my specimen, I turned my steps toward the Museum building, wondering as I walked along what fault of mine would cause my dismissal from the corps of assistants. I was soon ushered into the presence of Professor G. Brown Goode, who informed me that the Government was about to send an expedition to the west coast of Africa to observe an eclipse of the sun; that a naturalist (Dr. W. J. Holland, of Pittsburg) was to accompany it in behalf of the Museum, and that I had been selected as his assistant if I chose to go. "The expedition," he said, "will sail on October 15th, and will return in six months. Are you prepared to go?"

This proposition came upon me like a thunder-bolt. I had read much of Africa in the books of Livingstone,

Stanley, and others, but the idea of ever visiting the Dark Continent had not yet occurred to my mind as a possibility. A moment only did I hesitate. For some time past I had been preparing to enter a German university for a four years' post-graduate course in comparative anatomy, which it was my intention to make my life-work. Six months' absence, however, would not seriously interfere with my plans, and, as this was an opportunity that might come but once in a lifetime, I immediately answered, "If you think I am fitted for the work, I am ready to undertake it." For more than a fortnight I worked like a Trojan, day and night, getting together preservatives, knives, guns, ammunition, fishing-tackle, seines, insect nets, vials, jars, copper tanks filled with alcohol—in short, sufficient collecting material, it seemed to me, to preserve two ship-loads of African animals.

At the last moment word came from Dr. Holland that the dangerous illness of a member of his family rendered it impossible for him to accompany the expedition; and thus unexpectedly fell upon my shoulders the responsibilities of naturalist. My brother, Arthur Houston Brown, was then appointed as my assistant.

The 15th of October found us at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and oh, how disappointed! We had anticipated a trip on one of our new ironclads, instead of which we found ourselves aboard an old wooden tub, the *Pensacola*. In the time of wooden ships she was the pride of the nation, but her period of usefulness as a man-of-war had quite gone by. I am glad to say that soon after her return from this trip she was broken up for her old copper. On the expedition, however, she served a good purpose as a training-ship for several hundred recruits, who were afterward detailed to

our new men-of-war. As though to compensate for her incapacity, the ship was manned by a corps of officers of such excellent quality and proficiency, that I felt confident from what I saw of them that, in case of war, our navy would give a good account of itself. Captain A. R. Yates, since deceased, was in command. His second in authority, Lieutenant F. Hanford, is now Captain Hanford of the United States Ship *Alert*. For the cordial treatment, and kindly assistance in my work, which I received at the hands of the officers of the *Pensacola*, I bear them, one and all, the greatest gratitude, coupled with the most enjoyable recollections.

As we steamed into the estuary of the Sierra Leone on November 18th, we found Africa exactly as books of travel had led us to anticipate—a land of excessive heat, lofty palm-trees, gigantic baobabs, and naked savages. At five o'clock we dropped anchor at Free Town, called, on account of its deadly fevers, the “white man’s grave.” Immediately our vessel was surrounded by boats filled with men and women, shouting, jabbering, laughing, quarrelling, and even fighting. The men had for sale quantities of tropical fruits, and native curiosities such as bows, arrows, and spears. The women were seeking for clothes to wash, and they held up papers of recommendation, rubbing their hands together and shouting, “Washee-washee!” One well-dressed young fellow could speak a little English, of which he seemed exceedingly proud. “Me name Jack Robinson. Me go shootee-shootee. Me know where find deer, leopard, monkey. Bush plenty full. Me good guide, no run away lose master in bush.”

Without exception it was the most confusedly excited and noisy lot of humanity I have ever seen.

Not even the soft strains of music from our Italian band seemed in the least to soothe the pandemonium until "God Save the Queen" was heard, when like magic the noise ceased; those who wore hats lifted them, and silence reigned until the tune was finished; then the hubbub recommenced greater than before. I said to Jack Robinson, "Why do you lift your hats? Do you consider yourselves Englishmen?" He replied, "Sierra Leone peoples, *black* Englishmen!" In any event, they certainly are loyal British subjects.

As the sun sank to rest that evening, a scene of surpassing beauty was presented to our vision. To the east stretched the placid waters of the broad Sierra Leone, dotted with native craft laden with fruit and grain from the interior. To the west a low-lying, palm-covered point of land, on which stood a lofty light-house, lay between us and the sea. To the south were verdure-covered mountains, on the sides of which stood boldly in view the cathedral, the governor's house, the hospital, and the barracks. Beneath these mountains, and bordering on the water, lay Free Town with its strange commingling of civilization and savagery.

Free Town is the capital of the British province of Sierra Leone. It had 30,000 inhabitants composed almost entirely of blacks, the governor and the officers of a West India regiment being the only white men there. Even our American consul, who came aboard the *Pensacola*, was as black as the ace of spades. The town was founded by a colony of four hundred negroes, who, as runaway slaves, had allied themselves to the British during the Revolution in the American colonies, and at the close of that struggle had fled to Nova Scotia and London. Under the influence of Wilberforce, Granville Sharp, and others,



A Quiet Nook in Free Town.

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the "Sierra Leone Company" was formed, which presently established this colony of fugitives. About 1800 England placed a fleet on the west coast of Africa with the object of suppressing the slave-trade. Whenever a slave-ship was captured, her cargo of human beings was taken to that place and set free; and thus the population was raised from 500 in 1807, to 25,000 in 1853. Many different tribes of natives, having all sorts of savage customs and superstitions, were thrust upon this unique colony. Philanthropists have worked assiduously in endeavoring to establish habits of industry among them, and have succeeded fairly well. In religions, most Protestant denominations, Catholics, and Mohammedans are represented. In dress, one sees every grade, from dandies attired in the latest European fashions to people absolutely nude. The buildings vary in the same way, from good substantial stone structures down to the most primitive huts. In what may be called the civilized portion of Free Town, there are churches, schools, shops, and hotels. In times past, the freed slaves congregated in separate communities, those from any one locality joining together, thus forming the different sections that are known as Congo Town, Angola Town, and so on.

Bright and early on the morning of November 19th, armed with gun and nets, I hurried ashore, determined to get as much as possible out of the day. At the pier a vociferous crowd surrounded me, all seeking work. I promptly engaged six of these natives, including Mr. Jack Robinson, to go with me into the country. Before we had proceeded two blocks, however, they all went back on their bargain, saying that they had not yet eaten breakfast, and that the day would be too hot to work comfortably in the jungle.

After purchasing a pith helmet to protect my head from the excessive heat, I inquired of an intelligent-looking mulatto, whom I met going to market with a basket on his arm, if he could inform me where I might employ reliable help for the day. "Why, certainly," he replied. "Go to the Gentlemen's Club, on Kiskey Street, and inquire for Mr. Joseph Menton. But, here—have you a pencil? I will give you a note to him." At the Gentlemen's Club I was kindly supplied with guides and carriers.

We traversed a highway cut through the jungle far into the wilderness behind the Sanitarium. The jungle was a thick mass of trees and underbrush all interwoven with vines, and so tangled that it was next to impossible to penetrate it. The sides of the road were decorated with numerous trees covered with flowers, while many birds with gorgeous plumage chirped and flitted among the branches. In fact the country was teeming with life. We returned that evening much fatigued, but loaded down with plants, insects, birds, snakes, lizards, and other reptiles.

The 26th of November found us in the Gulf of Guinea, steaming along the Gold Coast very near the shore. Back of the sandy beach were forest-clad, rolling hills, from among which columns of smoke arose, probably from the burning rubbish in the native lands. By the aid of our field-glasses we caught occasional glimpses of primitive villages surrounded by beautiful trees. Hither and thither along the beach ran crowds of black savages, evidently in a state of great excitement at seeing a large vessel coasting so near. At four o'clock we sighted two imposing white stone structures, the picturesque appearance of which increased as we approached nearer and nearer. They were the forts of Elmina; and, to add to their beauty

and that of their surroundings, the breakers, which rolled with great force against the neighboring rocky coast, sent immense columns of spray shooting straight into the air like intermittent geysers, while a continuous roaring, as of distant thunder, could be heard far from shore. We dropped anchor at this typically African port, where we spent two pleasant and useful days in observing the strange customs of the dusky inhabitants.

Steering our course to the southeast, we sighted, on December 2d, the island of Saint Thomas. Opposite the mouth of the Congo River the sea was dotted with many floating islands composed of grass, bushes, and drift-wood. Myriads of water-fowl were hovering over them, appearing in the distance like bees swarming about a hive. For two days we were in the muddy, coffee-colored water carried down from Central Africa by the floods of the mighty Congo, and said to be discernible two hundred and fifty miles at sea.

On December 6th we coasted very near to the mainland, and at 10 P.M. anchored  $8^{\circ} 48'$  S. latitude in the harbor of Saint Paul de Loanda, the capital of the Portuguese province of Angola. Hundreds of bright lights gleamed from the shore, making a brilliant spectacle, which, with the electric display from the Portuguese ships anchored near by, impressed us more with the idea of being in some European port than on the shores of tropical Africa. The morning, however, brought with it a view which served to dispel any doubts which we might have entertained as to our locality. To the west lay a long, narrow, palm-covered island, extending for eight miles parallel to the mainland. Across the bay to the south were the white walls of the old fort of San Miguel, standing on a hill cut off abruptly at the sea by a perpendicular cliff.

Between us and the rising sun, extending from the water's edge back to the hills, was the once flourishing city of Saint Paul de Loanda, with its red-tiled roofs, and whitewashed walls, and trees covered with brilliant crimson blossoms.

Saint Paul de Loanda was an important and flourishing place in the palmy days of the Brazilian slave-trade, but with the downfall of the latter her prosperity ended. Of the 20,000 inhabitants, the greater portion were indolent blacks, said to be the scum of all Angola. The American missionaries regarded the social condition of the community as deplorable. The majority of the European population were convicts exiled from Portugal for all manner of crimes—"ticket-of-leave men," who could here pursue the ordinary vocations of life. Various positions of honor and trust in the city government were reported to be filled by criminals. For example, we were told by one of the missionaries that the superintendent of public instruction, who had once been a priest of high standing in Lisbon, had been exiled to Loanda for murdering a citizen whose daughter had been dishonored by him.

A woe-begone melancholy seemed cast over the entire population. What a striking contrast to the ports at which we had previously called! Instead of an attitude of friendliness, and a desire to please, there was a marked sullenness on the part of the natives, and an apparent wish to get out of the way whenever a stranger approached. Immense quantities of the vilest rum were sold and consumed by both blacks and whites. It was common to see negroes with repulsive sores on their bodies, or with one or both legs swollen and mottled as with some sort of leprosy. Through lack of a fresh-water supply and proper sanitation, what might otherwise have been a health-

ful city was reeking with pestilential vapors. The water for the town was brought in boats from distant rivers along the coast, and retailed to the consumers by the government. There was no system of sewerage. Formerly it had been the custom to carry the garbage from the city in a small boat, and empty it into the harbor. At the time of my visit the boat was pointed out to me, lying broken on the beach, where it had been for some months, no one apparently having energy enough to repair it, while in the meantime the garbage lay filling the air of the city with germs of disease.

## CHAPTER II

### FROM SAINT PAUL DE LOANDA TO CUNGA

We Plan to Spend a Month on Shore—Our Quarters at the American Mission—A Railway Journey—Native Laborers at the Cacoaco Salt Works—A Captive Crocodile at Quifandongo—Our First Trials in an African Wilderness—We Take up our Abode in a Trader's House on the Coanza River, and Begin Preserving Specimens of Natural History—Kru-boy Servants—Tormented by the Nocturnal Wailings of Native Mourners—The Kasamas.

It had been the intention of the Director of the Eclipse Expedition, Professor David P. Todd, to take his observations at an old Portuguese fort called Muxima, situated seventy miles inland on the south bank of the Coanza River. But upon going ashore at Saint Paul de Loanda, it was found that the weekly mail steamer had left for the Coanza a day or two before our arrival, and that washouts were reported upon the railway to the interior, thus making it impossible to get the telescopes and machinery to Muxima in time for the eclipse. In addition, the doctors strongly advised against going inland, on account of the prevalence there of malarial fever, particularly at this, the worst part of the rainy season. Hence it was decided to fix the station at Cape Ledo, seventy-five miles south of Saint Paul.

As this change in locality would give little opportu-

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California



A Street in Saint Paul de Loanda.

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nity for my natural history collecting, permission was given me to leave the ship at Saint Paul and spend a month on shore. Captain Yates detailed two sailors, Ludwig and Clancy, to accompany me, and also authorized the enlistment of ten natives to aid in my collecting. Among others who landed at Loanda for scientific purposes were Mr. C. A. Orr, Mr. Heli Chatelain, Mr. Arthur Brown, and one man of the ship's crew, named Dougherty. We were given a month's rations, and supplied with passes over the newly constructed railway, called the Chemin de Fer Royal Transafricain. H.C. 11

Through the influence of Mr. Chatelain we obtained permission to make our head-quarters at the American mission, one of Bishop Taylor's self-supporting stations, healthfully situated upon a hill. The next morning we transferred our equipment in ox-carts from the wharf, rented a room in the basement of the mission house for a laboratory, pitched our tents in the yard, and began work. I engaged several natives to assist me in collecting, and by the end of a week we had preserved large quantities of vertebrate and invertebrate fauna from both land and sea. C. A. Orr

By this time the washouts on the railway had been repaired, and on December 14th His Excellency, the Governor of Angola, placed a special train at our disposal. The conductor was very accommodating, stopping the train anywhere and everywhere along the road to let us off for the purpose of shooting birds and taking photographs. This was done without in any way interfering with the general traffic. Indeed, as ours seemed the only train running on that day, our right of way was absolute. The road had been seven years in building, and was now completed to a distance of eighty miles. Its objective point was a coffee

district on the highlands, two hundred miles from the coast; and I understand it has since reached its destination. I have travelled over only one other line which can compare with this in length of time required for its construction, incompleteness of equipment, and lack of speed, and that is the Beira Railway, situated on the east coast of Africa, also in Portuguese territory, but not, however, owned and controlled by the Portuguese.

For the first twenty miles the country was a beautiful level plain, with soil of a reddish tinge, and apparently very fertile. Large patches of manioc, and occasional fields of maize, were to be seen along the route, while enormous baobab trees were scattered here and there. As we advanced toward the interior the vegetation became more rank, the grass grew high, baobabs became numerous, and groves of euphorbias were not uncommon. Now and again, rolling, grass-covered tracks reminded us of our well-beloved Western prairies.

At ten o'clock we reached the first point of interest, a little place called Cacoaco, where an arm of the sea bends far inland. Here were extensive salt works operated by Portuguese capital. In a large enclosure were a number of small structures, resembling chicken-houses both in size and appearance. These were laborers' quarters, a man and his wife occupying each shanty. Our conductor, who was a Frenchman, and spoke English fairly well, called the enclosure a slave-pen, and blithely informed us that all the laborers were slaves! This seemed to me an unfair statement, for two reasons: In the first place, the King of Portugal, being one of the enlightened rulers of Europe, would not allow slavery to exist in any of his dominions. In the second place, I had previously been in-

formed by higher and more reliable authority that these people were working under contract, and were locked in the enclosure and guarded at night simply to prevent a breach of contract. Extraordinary advantages were conceded by the employers as to term of service—the time in all cases being from eighty to ninety years. The wages paid were small—nominal, in fact; but to compensate for that, the employee had the option of renewing his contract at an increase of wages at the expiration of his eighty or ninety years—if he chose to do so! I was unable to ascertain what percentage of the laborers were in the habit of renewing their contracts.

Leaving Cacoaco we entered a low, swampy country, which was a perfect labyrinth of tall rank grass, immense mud-holes, and lagoons. Beyond that we came to the Bengo River, a narrow stream with low banks, nearly overflowing with muddy water. Along this stream were tangled groves of cocoa-nut palms, euphorbias, and other trees, all interlaced with vines, and forming wildernesses so thick and dark as to make one shudder at the thought of trying to penetrate them.

The next station was a little town or native village called Quifandongo, situated on the Bengo River. Scarcely had the train stopped when a lad came running up, shouting something which sounded like "Jackora! Jackora!" At all events he meant crocodile, and pointed to a crowd of natives under a big tree in the middle of the public square. On going thither we found a live crocodile, eighteen feet in length, securely moored to a tree by one heavy chain tied around his body just behind the fore legs, and another that ran down his throat!

The method employed by the negroes in capturing

the reptile was simple but effective. To the middle of a stout stick two feet in length and sharpened at both ends, a chain was fastened. A large piece of meat was tied to the stick in such a way that, in swallowing the meat, the crocodile also took the stake, which went down endwise. One end of the chain had been fastened to a tree, while the baited end hung in the river; and the animal, upon trying to swim away after swallowing the meat, found himself a captive. Attaching a long rope to the end of the chain, an army of savages dragged their victim out of the river and placed him on exhibition in the public square, where the entire community stood about, amusing themselves at his expense.

In order to pacify the monster's wrath, a stick five inches in diameter had been given him to chew. While we were there a native went up to him, talked to him soothingly, then gave him a rousing cut over the tail with a switch, and quickly jumped away. The huge reptile was visibly annoyed. He lashed his massive tail from side to side, clanked his bony jaws together, and lunged about in a furious effort to free himself from his fetters; and the ring of dusky spectators expressed their joy in yells of laughter.

I thought this a particularly good opportunity to obtain a broad-nosed crocodile for the National Museum, so I signalled to the conductor to hold the train for me while I should make the purchase. In addition to the three dollars bounty offered by the Portuguese Government, the natives asked a stiff price. However, I was just on the point of closing a bargain, when the Portuguese commandant, or magistrate of the place, came hurrying up in a state of excitement, and informed me that the American Government could not have the animal, because he intended to present

it to the King of Portugal, to be placed in the Royal Zoölogical Garden at Lisbon. Just how he expected the beast to thrive with a big chain in his throat and two feet of sharpened stake in his stomach, I could not understand ; but to my great disappointment, I failed to secure the prize.

Nowhere in the world is it easier to get into an unpleasant predicament than in Africa. Just before dark we came to a standstill at a side track in the wilderness. There were no houses, no inhabitants—nothing but a raw, rolling, tropical prairie with grass, bushes, and vines, from six to twelve feet high. Rain had set in during the evening, and was then coming down with considerable force. Our goods were promptly transferred to the ground, and before we realized what was happening, the cars had started on their return journey to the coast. The conductor bade us adieu, saying, "This is as far as the train is going."

We stared at one another ; then we gazed at the vanishing train, after which we again stared at one another. We were not quite sure whether we ought to laugh, or indulge in disrespectful epithets. Our passes guaranteed us conveyance to Cunga, on the Coanza River ; but Cunga was full ten miles farther on. Nevertheless, the Governor of the Province of Angola had this day royally complimented the great American Republic by transporting her representatives in a way that might court the envy of the most notable ambassadors, so we gave thanks for blessings already received, and set about the task of harmonizing with our environment.

Forthwith we began to prepare for a night in the wilderness. We were well equipped with tents and provisions ; and, luckily, we found a small pile of coal

near the track. While some of us were busy pitching our tents, one of the party built a fire in our navy camp-stove, and we were soon able to partake of a supper of hardtack and muddy coffee, the latter thoroughly flavored with cigarette tobacco, which Mr. Orr accidentally dropped into the pot while the water was boiling.

Not knowing what to expect from wild beasts or barbarians, we divided the night into watches, each man taking his turn at sentry-go, armed to the teeth with revolver and rifle. As far as sleep was concerned, all of us might as well have done guard duty the entire night. Such mosquitoes we had never before encountered! Netting was of no avail in keeping off this ferocious African variety. Our red-headed sailor-boy, Clancy, made a solemn oath that they were biting through his cowhide boots. It was our first introduction to one of the scourges of the Dark Continent, the African midge, a minute, black, winged insect, against which the meshes of a mosquito-net are no more a barrier than is a brier-patch to a hunted rabbit. Through the dismal darkness we paced our beat, wading to our ankles in mud, while the rain came down in ceaseless torrents. The only variations from the monotonous execrations of the tortured wayfarers, which met the sentry's ears, were the occasional screech of a night-bird, the deep rumbling of the flooded waters of the distant Coanza River, and, at one time, the thudding of the engine and paddle-wheels of a steamboat, as it ascended the swollen stream. The appearance of dawn without rain was hailed with delight; and then the problem faced us, "How are we to move forward?"

Mr. Orr and I made a reconnoitring expedition along the track, and came upon a railway-construc-

tion party, from whom we obtained a hand-car and a band of laborers to push it and to handle our goods. Rain began once more at about eight o'clock, and continued until after mid-day. It was late in the afternoon before we succeeded in getting all our possessions over the five miles of damaged track. At last, however, the feat was accomplished, and we quickly loaded our belongings on a construction train, and once more joyfully journeyed forward.

We had passed through several miles of wild country, when in the distance we espied a European dwelling. It was on the Coanza River, near the trading-station of Cunga, and at the time of Mr. Chatelain's former sojourn in these parts had been owned and occupied by two young English traders. These unfortunate men, after a few months' residence in the place, had succumbed to the deadly fever, and had been buried in the yard. As we were told that the house had been vacant for several years, it seemed probable that we should be able to procure it for our habitation during the few weeks we intended spending there.

We were now in the low, swampy Coanza River basin, where, on either side, the grass was from eight to ten feet high. Just as darkness began to envelop us, we arrived at the Cunga terminus of the track, within a few feet of the river's bank. The flat car, on which we and our goods were carried, was uncoupled and abandoned as a derelict, and the train promptly steamed away to a railway-camp back on the high ground. Once more we were left alone in the wilderness to shift as best we might ; for such is life in Africa.

Chatelain set out to the Cunga trading-house to find a place to sleep, and also to learn from a Portuguese

friend what arrangements could be made about our future encampment. We were all too tired and sleepy to bother about pitching a tent for the night, so we piled our boxes on the flat car, spread a large tarpaulin over them, and were just arranging ourselves for the night, when Chatelain returned with the good news that the house we had seen at a distance was really vacant and at our disposal during our stay at Cunga. Orr and Chatelain went off to the house to sleep, but the rest of us, not wishing to leave the goods unprotected, spread our blankets and, in spite of mosquitoes and midges, soon fell asleep.

During the night rain came down in torrents, and, as our tarpaulin was not broad enough to cover the entire car, the water came pouring through our blankets, and drowned us out. As the truck had been used for hauling dirt, the whole place was soon slippery with mud. When the rain finally subsided, we made a fire under the car, boiled some coffee, and tried to dry ourselves and be comfortable. But the remainder of the night was wofully dreary. We heard all sorts of noises, some of which we thought were made by hyenas and lions. To render the situation more interesting, Clancy startled us by announcing that two fiery eyes were staring at us from a thicket in the ravine below. We got out our rifles, and stood guard over ourselves the rest of the night, and, although the strange noises continued, we saw nothing to shoot at. When morning dawned, we discovered that the weird cries which had so alarmed us were made by owls perched in the numerous cocoa-nut palms that surrounded our camp.

Daylight disclosed a dismal scene. Our blankets were covered with mud, and everything we had was soaking wet. It took us most of the day to dry our

clothes and put things to rights. Toward evening we engaged some Kru-boys to carry our equipment from the railway to our new quarters in the large white house, which was a few hundred yards distant down the river.

The individual who had been so prompt in offering us an abode, was a Portuguese gentleman, Senhor João Rebella, manager of the English trading-house at Cunga. The kindness received at the hands of this excellent gentleman gave us an exalted idea of Portuguese hospitality.

Within a few rods of the house was the river. At this point the Coanza is several hundred yards in width, and deep enough for steamboats to navigate at all seasons of the year. At the time of our visit it was swollen from bank to bank. South of the river is a marshy flat covered with a labyrinth of large and small lagoons, in which are floating islands of grass that drift about according to the direction of the wind. Numbers of hippopotami occupy these lagoons, but, on account of the swamps, they are extremely difficult to kill. They formerly inhabited the river, but were frightened away by the steamboats plying up and down the stream.

There is no sign in this region of the wonderful tropical forests that one expects to see. Tall palm-trees grow about the settlements, and back on the high ground away from the river-bottom there are small groves of green, fleshy, and leafless euphorbias, looking, as a distinguished traveller has aptly described them, "like the seven golden candlesticks, only with seventy instead of seven branches."

Our house was a two-story structure built of stone, with an outside coating of plaster, and a roof made of thatch. One of the rooms on the ground floor was

filled with barrels of rum, but the remaining three were at our disposal. The largest was quickly converted into a laboratory, while the other two served as kitchen and dining-room. On the second floor was one room, which we used as our sleeping apartment. Clancy volunteered to be our cook ; and the other two sailors made excellent and willing assistants at preserving specimens. In addition to our own force, I engaged a colored man, William Strong, who was born in the United States, but who, when still a lad, had been taken by his parents to Liberia. He spoke English very well, and, by reason of his knowledge of the language and ways of the aborigines, was of great assistance to us. Scarcely were we settled, when scores of natives came to look at us. Having brought along plenty of trinkets, we soon interested these savages in collecting birds, fishes, reptiles, and insects, which they exchanged for "Yankee notions."

Owing to the negroes' innate antipathy to work, the labor problem is as serious on the Coanza as in other parts of Africa. Although the country is thickly populated, the railway company was obliged to import Kru-boys from Sierra Leone in order to build the road. Five of these men were stationed at the pier, engaged in the easy task of keeping a tank filled with water for the engine. This occupied but a few hours each day, and, as they had plenty of leisure, they rendered us much good service. When there was any heavy lifting to be done, or when the local natives did not put in an appearance, we could always call upon them for help. In fact, I do not see how we should have been able to get along without them. They spoke a little English, became our stanch friends forthwith, and never seemed so happy as when helping us. They took our part against the Cunga natives, and actually



Our Quarters on the Coanza River.

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fought for us on the slightest provocation! Many times we had to command them to desist from beating some unfortunate M'Bundu, who had taken undue advantage of us in a trade, or who had dared to make some disparaging remark about us. Their only fault seemed to be their appetite for rum, for which they were continually asking.

The people inhabiting the north side of the Coanza River belong to the M'Bundu tribe. Judging from what I saw of them, they are a useless, detestable, dejected lot of drunkards. At the time of our visit, small-pox, or "Kafir-pox," as it is known in South Africa, was making considerable progress in the direction of lessening their numbers. A great many deaths occurred while we were there, and at all hours of the day and night could be heard what the Irish call keening. This was done by the aged women; and surely no human beings have ever attained greater perfection in the art of mourning than these shrivelled up, wrinkled old creatures. The mosquitoes and heat were torture to us, but the continuous wailing through the dreary nights drove us almost distracted. As the gloomy shades of darkness gathered about us, the uncanny sighing of the river and the queer noises of nocturnal birds, beasts, and insects thrilled us with strange sensations; but when the sultry breezes wafted to our ears those pitiful lamentations, which one might easily fancy to be the distressful wailings of souls lost forever in the grewsome depths of the Inferno, our hearts quailed within us.

Once I went into one of the huts where this awful howling was going on, and there sat an old woman rocking to and fro over a dead child which lay beside her on the dirt floor. The mother was sitting near, complacently eating her supper, and she seemed to

take considerable pleasure in removing a filthy blanket and exhibiting the corpse.

The country south of the river is inhabited by a savage tribe of natives called Kasamas, who file their teeth to a point, and are said to be cannibals. Although the Portuguese have had possession of Angola for more than three centuries, it is only in name that they hold that portion lying immediately to the south of the Coanza River. We were told that an expedition undertaken some years earlier against the Kasamas was driven back with heavy losses, and actually left its brass cannons in possession of the enemy. The Kasamas are said to be extremely superstitious, and they make a practice of "smelling out" and condemning people for witchcraft. A high cliff six miles above Cunga serves as a site for the execution of witches, the condemned wretches being hurled from its top into the water, to be eaten by crocodiles. In consequence, these reptiles, which are numerous there, have acquired a taste for human flesh, and hence are a source of great dread to the people inhabiting the banks of the river.

## CHAPTER III

### A FORTNIGHT ON THE COANZA RIVER

The Natives Exchange Specimens for "Yankee Notions"—The Cunga Inhabitants Crave Liquor—A Dusky Flirtation—Portuguese Cruelty—Clancy Shoots One of Senhor Rebella's Pigs—The Eclipse—A Hippopotamus Hunt—The Sailors Play a Practical Joke on the Aborigines—A Woman Killed by a Crocodile—Reptiles Robbed of a Feast—Some Funeral Customs.

LARGE game was said to be plentiful on the Coanza River, but we were there at the worst time of the year for hunting. The vegetation was so rank that it was next to impossible to get about except along a beaten path ; consequently, we saw very little more than foot-prints. Although my brother Arthur and I had had a fair amount of experience in the Rocky Mountains in hunting deer and grizzlies, the jungles of equatorial Africa were new to us. Nevertheless, had we had more time at our disposal, or had our visit to the Coanza occurred during the dry season, when the grass could be burned, we should have met with better success. Our time was so limited that we gave most of it to preserving small mammals, birds, fishes, insects, reptiles, and plants. Of all these we succeeded in obtaining large numbers.

The natives soon became intensely interested in collecting for us ; and crowds of men, women, and chil-

dren visited our house every morning. With the little boys we traded fish-hooks, mouse-traps, and other trinkets for the insects which they brought. The men came with fishes, turtles, snakes, and other reptiles to exchange for copper coins, and the women accompanied them in order to see the excitement and contribute to the general hilarity.

We had not been long in the neighborhood when the inhabitants began to appeal to us for medical assistance. Realizing that by refusing we should gain their disfavor, we set about to comply with their requests. Our only medicine, beyond what was needed by our party, was several bottles of patent fever mixture which had been presented to the expedition by the manufacturers as an advertisement. This we diluted into an abundant supply, and with it we cured the natives of all kinds of real or imaginary diseases. At regular hours the patients visited us to receive their spoonfuls of concoction. Its taste was abominable, and therefore they thought it excellent medicine. We made the applicants form in line, and as each in turn handed over a snake, a bird, a fish, or some other specimen in payment for treatment, the spoonful of medicine was administered. Its effect varied as much as the character of the fee. After swallowing it, some patted their stomachs, others rubbed them, while others jumped up and down. All made horrible grimaces, however, and went away declaring that it was the best medicine they had ever taken.

One morning a native came to us, bringing a little spotted antelope. At first, he wanted seventy-five "makutas," but finally offered it for twenty-five (seventy-five cents), insisting, however, on having a drink of alcohol from one of our tanks before he would close the bargain. This I emphatically refused, and

finally we came to an agreement without it. Later I learned with regret that Clancy had slyly yielded to his wishes. The old man had smacked his lips, saying that it was the finest liquor in the country. Nothing in the way of spirits seemed too strong for the liking of these bleary-eyed creatures, both male and female, and the vile rum with which they poisoned themselves was rapidly working destruction among them.

The Cunga natives appeared to be utterly devoid of all ideas of decency accepted by civilized people. One afternoon a fat girl went to the river immediately in front of our house, and in full view quite unconcernedly threw off her clothes and took a bath. As she was unmarried, her presence attracted several of her admirers, and it was amusing to watch their antics. The first negro who came up, promptly began flirting with her. In a short time another put in an appearance, and was quite indignant at seeing the first carrying on a flirtation. Throwing off a part of his attire, which consisted of a few strips of calico wrapped about the waist and shoulders, he briskly waded into the water where his ebony sweetheart was enjoying her bath. Apparently, however, she did not like him, for she refused to pay any attention to him; whereupon he went out and sat on the bank, and spitefully threw mud at her.

We were considerably shocked at the Portuguese treatment of the aborigines, whom they still seemed to hold much as slaves. One day some native men stole a trunk from the car that brought our freight to Cunga. As they were caught with the trunk in their possession, severe punishment was considered necessary. Each was sentenced to receive twenty-four strokes on the palms of his hands. The instrument used was a paddle made of hard wood, four inches

wide and one inch thick, with small holes bored through it. The criminals were compelled to hold out their hands, while a big burly negro brought the paddle down as hard as he could strike. An old Portuguese stood near with a club, and whenever the victim hesitated to extend his palms, the prompter gave him a rap over the back. The cruel punishment made the poor wretches howl with pain, and their hands soon became so swollen that they were unable to use them for a long time.

The Portuguese trader, Senhor Rebella, treated us with great consideration. On several occasions he displayed a degree of forbearance that could scarcely have been expected. Once our cook, Clancy, went out with a rifle, saying that he would kill some game for the table. Shortly after his departure we heard a shot in the tall grass, immediately followed by a succession of resounding blows and the squeals of some animal. As we looked out of the house we saw several natives run into the grass where the fracas was going on. They quickly reappeared, ran to the river, jumped into a canoe, and in great excitement went paddling off up stream, toward the trading-house, as fast as they could go. The facts of the case concerned our Portuguese friend, Rebella, who had a number of pigs roaming about the country. The enterprising Clancy thought he would kill one, skin it, bring it to camp, and palm it off on us for a wild one. Unfortunately, the first shot only stunned the animal; and having but one cartridge with him, Clancy thought he would complete his crime by hitting the pig over the head with the butt of his gun. Still more unfortunately, the first blow broke the gun, and set the pig to squealing, so that it became necessary to get another rifle before the noise could be stopped.

Rebella soon appeared ; and naturally we expected a scene. " You killy me swine ! " he said. I explained the matter with regrets and apologies, and offered a liberal indemnity for the property destroyed. But the Senhor was not to be outdone. He not only refused all pay, but he gave us the pig to eat. However, he begged us to be careful thereafter not to kill any of his " niggers ! " He treated us unusually well that day. First he sent some natives for cocoa-nuts and pineapples, and then invited my brother and me to take dinner with him. This made us feel still more ashamed of Clancy's conduct. Nevertheless, we gladly accepted the invitation. Our host gave us an excellent dinner, but was disappointed that we did not partake of his fine wines.

The 22d of December was the day for the eclipse, but the morning was so cloudy and unfavorable that we were sorry it could not be postponed. At about nine o'clock Rebella came down, and invited Arthur and me to take breakfast with him at eleven. The meal consisted of twenty courses, more or less, and we spent two hours at the table. At last we caught sight of the sun through the clouds, saw that the eclipse was just coming on, and hurried back to camp to make drawings of it. On our way we notified some natives of what was going to take place, but it did not seem to frighten, or even interest, them in the least.

As it was very cloudy, we could get but an occasional glimpse of the sun. At about three o'clock it began to grow dark, and the clouds gathered low down in heavy, black masses. The birds flew around apparently bewildered, while the bats came out from the palm-trees, and from under the eaves of our house. A weird shadow, which inspired one with a feeling of

awe, covered the landscape ; and perfect darkness ensued, lasting for but two minutes.

Arthur and I went several times in search of hippopotami, but it took considerable time to become familiar with their habits, and hence to learn the places that they frequented. Although there were many in the neighborhood, as their numerous tracks indicated, nevertheless, during the sultry hours of sunshine, they succeeded in concealing themselves so effectually in the swamp grass of the lagoons, that it seemed next to impossible to gain sight of them. At night they came out to the meadows to gorge themselves with the succulent herbage. I therefore conceived the idea of waylaying them in the dark, and so persuaded an old man and his son to accompany me across the river to spend a night in the swamps. My companions were enthusiastic over the undertaking, and they informed me many times on the way that "Hippopotum munta boa pour choppy chop"—that is, "Hippopotamus is good meat to eat."

At dusk we took our position in the tall grass near one of the numerous paths which led from the lagoons to the feeding-grounds ; but there were trials in store for us, the full magnitude of which we had not contemplated. Of all the mosquitoes and midges I have ever encountered, none have equalled those of that memorable night. The lad with his bare skin seemed to suffer intensely, but the skin of the father was apparently as callous as that of a hippopotamus. At least, if the man was not inured to the bites of mosquitoes, he suffered with the noble resignation of a martyr at the stake, while the youngster and I were forced to groan with torture. The sky was overcast and ominous, and the atmosphere seemed reeking with pestilential dampness ; hence, during the first part of

the evening, I wore a waterproof coat to keep out the moisture, as well as to protect myself from mosquitoes, but the heat was so oppressive that I soon found myself wringing wet.

Shortly after the beginning of our vigil we heard the grunting of the hippopotami as they began to leave the lagoons. Nearer and nearer they came. Finally we were startled by the presence of one within a few yards of us, and with feverish excitement I awaited the brute's appearance; but we soon discovered that he had scented us and had taken another path.

The rest of the night we spent wandering about the swamps, several times getting into water to our waists, and, although we were in close proximity to the hippopotami, the darkness was so intense that I was unable to make out the form of their bodies. Just as day was breaking, we returned unsuccessful to the north bank of the river. Whenever I subsequently suggested a night hunt for hippopotami, the expressions of agony to be seen on the faces of those guides were truly pathetic!

A few days later two native hunters offered to lead us to a lagoon, where they said we could find plenty of hippopotami. Arthur and I decided to go with them, although we had little hope of meeting with success. We crossed the river in a canoe, and then proceeded on foot to the lagoon.

We had advanced but a few hundred yards when we heard snorting and grunting. "Hippopotum! Hippopotum!" said the natives. We crept along very cautiously through the grass, and soon came to an impenetrable jungle. How to get through it we knew not; and the natives themselves seemed puzzled. However, a few rods to our right, we discovered an opening through which we obtained a full view of the

placid waters of the lagoon. Sure enough, on the opposite side were six or eight hippopotami swimming about with only their heads above water. What were we to do? There were no canoes here, and the animals were out of range, fully six hundred yards from us. The only resort was to go to the opposite side and slip in behind them. To this the natives objected, saying that it was too far, and that the sun was too hot. They tried to get us to shoot from where we were. We finally persuaded them to go, but the grass was so high and thick that we were obliged to follow a path which led us four miles around.

Eventually arriving at the place, we were disappointed to find that we were still a hundred yards from the brutes, and that they were so obscured from our view by swamp grass, that we had to climb trees to get a shot at them. Arthur took good aim at the head of the nearest one, and fired. The snorting and commotion that followed was something tremendous. They jumped up and down in the water, looking as large as elephants, and often exposing their whole bodies, at which we both began rapidly firing with repeating Winchesters. In a short time the beasts were well out of range, and we saw our mistake. Had one of us remained where we had first sighted them, he would now have had a fine opportunity, as they were near the opposite edge of the lagoon, where they kept up a terrible snorting. The only thing remaining was for Arthur or me to return to the opposite side. I determined to go, and tried to induce one of the natives to accompany me, but without success, as they were too lazy. I therefore set out alone, but rather than follow the roundabout path, I tried a short cut, became entangled several times in the high marsh grass, and nearly succumbed to the heat.

In the meantime Arthur became impatient, and as the hippopotami swam back into the middle of the lagoon, he tried to slip up closer to them, and, in consequence, came near sinking out of sight in the mire, cutting his hands and face on the coarse grass in endeavoring to reach dry land again. He then climbed a tree where he could see them plainly, took careful aim, and fired several times with uncertain results. Just before sundown I arrived at the opposite bank, and we opened fire from both sides. We could see that three of the animals were badly wounded, for every time they came to the surface, they spouted great sheets of blood from their nostrils, making the water red for some yards around. Finally, they all disappeared under a floating island of grass.

We thought that we had killed several, but were sure of only one. After being wounded this one had tried to crawl from the water to the bank, about fifty yards from where Arthur was stationed. To make sure that life was extinct he put six shots into its head. We went home with bright prospects of finding other dead ones in the morning. The guides promised to come early the next day and bring a party of natives with them who would carry a canoe from the river to the lagoon and help skin the hippopotami.

The next morning we were up early, ready for the trip; but the natives who were to take us over, joined by some friends, had gone fishing to the other side of the river before daylight. We went to several villages trying to get other negroes with canoes to accompany us, but all the men in the neighborhood had gone across the river fishing or searching for wild sweet-potatoes—so their wives said. We then went to Re-bella to see what he could do for us, but found him in bed with fever, and had to wait until nearly noon be-

fore we could see him. He furnished us with some men and a canoe; and after many delays we finally launched our boat on the lagoon, and began searching for the dead hippopotami.

The place where we had shot them the day before was now quite changed. Floating islands of grass had been driven by the wind from the opposite side of the water; thus, in this locality the lagoon was blockaded by a mass of floating slough grass, which gave it the appearance of a swamp instead of a lake. We hunted high and low, but could find only one hippopotamus. We concluded that if we had killed more, the natives had stolen them from us, as their going off before daylight and refusing to give us assistance or canoes, after faithfully promising to do so, gave ample evidence.

At about ten o'clock our guides called our attention to a noise at the upper end of the lagoon. It was the now familiar grunt of the hippopotamus. We set out in pursuit, but had to do considerable searching before we were able to locate the herd. We cornered two of the beasts, and I put several shots into the head of one, but it managed to become entangled in a mass of floating vegetation before dying. The others appeared at the lower end of the lagoon; and we chased them for about an hour, getting only snap-shots whenever their heads came to the surface. We found it difficult to follow them, as, upon going to the place where they had last been seen, we again observed them several hundred yards away in some unexpected direction. They seemed able to travel rapidly under water, apparently on the bottom; and in deep pools it was impossible to tell which way they were moving. In shallow places, however, one could detect the course of their progress by the disturbed surface.

The difficulties in the way of securing sufficient help to drag the carcasses out of the swamp were so great, and the intense heat of the tropical sun worked destruction on the tissues of the bodies so rapidly, that after all our efforts we were doomed to disappointment in preserving the hides as museum specimens.

The largest mammal skin that I was therefore able to secure on the Coanza was that of a "harnessed" antelope, which I came across while walking through the jungle near the lagoon. I was within one hundred yards of the antelope when I perceived it. Taking careful aim at its shoulder with my Ballard rifle, I fired. The animal doubled as though hit, but ran into a dense thicket, where it was necessary to follow the blood spoor on hands and knees along a narrow path. The creature was badly wounded, but whenever I approached, I could hear it run through the bushes. Finally getting within a few steps, I despatched it.

Hearing that we had killed an antelope, the natives came around the next morning to see us skin it, expecting, I presume, that we would give them the meat. No fewer than two hundred men, women, and children were hanging about the house, all jabbering like a lot of baboons. We sent Rebella a nice piece of meat, kept what we wanted for our own use, and gave the remainder to the Kru-boys, who had been ready to help us on every occasion.

We had quite lost patience with the Cunga natives, and their loud and continuous talking had become a terrible annoyance to us. One day the sailors contrived a scheme to get rid of them. Clancy put a square tin can on a box, covered it over with black calico, and told the people to group themselves in front of the building, in order that he might take their

pictures, just as Orr had been doing. He spent some time in arranging them in position, and had them intently watching the black cloth, under which he occasionally put his head as though working with the camera. In the meantime, Dougherty provided himself with a heavy fowling-piece, slipped up behind the crowd and let off both barrels. Some of the natives bounded straight into the air, others turned somersaults, while still others rolled over on the ground as though killed. The victims bolted in all directions, without stopping for a moment to investigate the real cause of alarm. No amount of persuasion thereafter could convince these savages that the camera itself had not exploded. In consequence, Mr. Orr's work in anthropological photography suffered serious inconvenience.

During our stay at Cunga an incident occurred which caused much lamentation among the native inhabitants. It was not an uncommon thing for women, while at the river dipping water, to be taken by crocodiles. To avoid this a semicircular pen of poles was constructed near the water's edge, within which people could bathe, wash clothes, and dip water, unmolested. Upon the afternoon of the day in question, a woman while thoughtlessly filling a jar just outside of the pen was seized by a crocodile. The brute made straight for the other side of the river, swimming under water. When about half-way across, he came to the surface, lifted the body out of the water, and shook it. Several other crocodiles raised their heads and swam toward him, but presently they all disappeared.

Knowing well their habits, the natives took guns and clubs and crossed to the reptiles' feeding-ground. There they waited until after dark, when the mis-

creant, accompanied by several other crocodiles, suddenly appeared, dragging the body of the woman out upon the grass to have a feast. The negroes immediately fell upon them, and by clubbing, yelling, and firing guns, they managed to drive the animals away, and recover the body. While the party was crossing the river on the way back, the crocodiles attacked the canoe which contained the dead body, and it was all the oarsmen could do to keep them off by prodding them with spears and sharp stakes.

Clancy happened to be at the village with a repeating Winchester when the hunters returned. The woman was badly mutilated, but no part of her had been eaten. The natives gathered around the corpse and began wailing. One of the men suggested that Clancy should shoot into the river and kill the crocodile; hence, in order to please him, the sailor rapidly fired sixteen shots into the water. Profound excitement was created by the discharge of so many shots from a single rifle without reloading. The people all left the dead body and ran down to see the gun, which, in their estimation, was entirely exterminating the reptilean race in the Coanza River.

The next morning, with body painted and decorated, the woman was put on exhibition. She was placed in a sitting posture against the side of the house, under a canopy built of grass and palm leaves. To the sound of the drums and other musical instruments, a dozen dusky females, covered with paint, danced about her, at the same time keeping up a most pitiful wailing. In the afternoon they buried the woman just back of our house. The ceremony was accompanied with hideous shouting and wailing, and a terrific firing of guns.

Arthur and I took our New Year's dinner with Senhor Rebella. Among the guests was a young Englishman, who had much to say about the Zambesi country in southeast Africa, which he thought promised a great future. He had just come from Loanda, bringing news of the eclipse party, and stating that the eclipse had been a failure on account of the clouds. Our ship had arrived in Saint Paul, and was to sail in a few days. The captain had telegraphed for us, but for some reason we had failed to receive the message. Had we not met this young man, the chances are that we should have been left behind. While we were at the table a crowd of natives arrived from the interior, carrying a trader in a hammock. They seemed happy at seeing their old friend, Senhor Rebella, and all aglow with perspiration, they crowded in front of the door whistling, yelling, and singing Rebella's praises.

I now turned my attention toward obtaining some native looms and other ethnological specimens. The negroes who had just arrived, possessed many interesting articles, but they were loath to part with them at any price. Finally, however, Rebella ordered them to take the objects to our house and accept fair compensation, and this they did.

The next day we spent in packing our collections, and early on January 3d, after wishing long life and prosperity to our good friend Senhor Rebella, we left for Saint Paul de Loanda. We arrived safely at the coast, got our specimens aboard the *Pensacola*, and on January 5th sailed for Cape Town.



A Group of M'Bundu Lads.

TO THE  
ADMINISTRATOR

## CHAPTER IV

### CAPE TOWN AND BRITISH COLONIAL EXPANSION

Two Varieties of African Fever—Arrival at Cape Town—A Trip to the Top of Table Mountain—Malays—Hideous Howling of a Hottentot—A Unique Method of Fishing—We Hear that Ophir has been Rediscovered—Boundaries of the New Land—The “Rudd-Rhodes Concession,” and the Formation of the British South Africa Company—Two Members of the Eclipse Party Join the Pioneer Expedition.

OUR short sojourn on the Coanza River met to some extent with the evil results predicted by our friends on board the *Pensacola*. Ludwig, Clancy, and Dougherty were taken aboard the ship prostrate with fever, and some months elapsed before they completely recovered from its ill effects. My brother escaped. He wrote home thus: “The doctors had warned me and given me advice in regard to African fever, till they had me nearly scared to death. I was afraid to go ashore, apprehensive of dire results. But I am glad that I did heed the advice of the physicians, because, by being careful and taking plenty of quinine, I managed to escape the fever. In fact, I am the only one of the party that went to the interior who did not come down with the malaria.”

For my own part, I became so disgusted with hearing about the dangers of African fever, that I drew

the erroneous conclusion that, after all, it results more from fear than from the actual ravages of the malarial microbe. In consequence of acting upon this theory, I took no precautionary measures, and exposed myself needlessly to the miasma of the swamps. The inevitable consequences were visited upon me. No sooner had we weighed anchor, than I found myself stricken with fever, and I lay in a miserable state for some days. Thanks to the kind and excellent attention of Dr. White, head surgeon of the *Pensacola*, who dosed me with copious, if not agreeable, draughts of Warburg's Tincture, my illness proved of short duration.

And then another form of African fever attacked me. It was an irresistible longing to penetrate the Dark Continent for purposes of exploration, and of observing both man and nature. As I sat upon the deck, viewing the panoramic receding of the sandy shores of Damara Land, the melancholy which usually comes over a convalescent fever patient seemed actually to fan into burning my desire to see what lay beyond the sand-dunes of the coast. Little did I dream, however, that seven long years would be spent amid the thrilling scenes and episodes of the early settlement of a vast country which lay a thousand miles to the east of those sand-dunes.

Although much literature concerning South Africa has appeared during the last few years, doubtless there are many Americans who still entertain vague ideas as to the state of civilization at the Cape of Good Hope. Regarding Africa generally, we usually think of it as a wild, half-explored country; but whoever applies that idea to Cape Town would be surprised, as I was, upon landing there to find it a place where it takes but little imagination to think one's self in one's own country.

As the *Pensacola* sailed into Table Bay, everyone viewed with admiration the picturesque surroundings of the city, nestled under the shelter of Table Mountain. When the ship dropped anchor on the evening of January 17th, the wind was blowing down from the mountain with great force. This was one of the "Southeasters," as they are called, that occur quite frequently during a portion of the year. They begin in the afternoon, and toward evening become intense, subsiding during the night. This wind is not only disagreeable because of the dust and gravel which it blows into people's faces, but it renders unsafe a journey in boats between the shore and the ships anchored in the bay. Before the breakwater was built, vessels were often obliged to leave their moorings and to put out to sea for safety.

The morning of the 18th was beautiful, and our appreciation of its charms was intensified when the screams of locomotives announced that we were again in civilization. It was midsummer, and the delicious grapes, pears, and other fruit brought in boats to the ship added greatly to our enjoyment. Those eager to go ashore went in the first boat, and among them my brother Arthur. Hearing that the President of the Orange Free State, who was then in Cape Town on his wedding tour, and who was desirous of meeting people of another republic, was to be given a reception at eleven o'clock on shipboard, I decided not to go ashore until after dinner. I was well repaid for remaining, for besides the satisfaction of being present at the reception, I had the pleasure of observing the wonderful acoustic effect which the firing of cannon in saluting the British flag made upon the side of the mountain. The echoes reverberated back and forth, and continued in intensity for a considerable time

after the discharge of each shot. One can but think that a thunder-storm in Cape Town must be tremendous; but I was told that thunder is seldom heard there.

The first Sunday after arriving, four of our party procured a guide and made the ascent of Table Mountain, which rises 3,600 feet above the level of the sea. We climbed the side next the city, which is so steep that we were often obliged to use hands as well as feet. On the way we scared up some pheasants and an antelope. I was about ten yards in advance of my companions, when a little creature came toward me along the path. I thought it was a small yellow dog, but when it sprang past within seven feet of me—so near I could easily have reached it with my butterfly net—I saw that it was a tiny antelope called a grysbuck. The morning was beautifully clear, and we anticipated a magnificent view from the top, but before we were two-thirds of the way up, we were enveloped in the misty folds of the "Table Cloth," a mass of fleecy white clouds which often covers the entire top of the mountain. It is dangerous to be on this lofty elevation when the clouds cover it, as one is liable to lose one's life by falling from some steep cliff. However, as we were so near the summit we decided to go on, and were soon completely enshrouded in mist.

I never saw plants of various kinds more plentiful than they were on the sides of this famous mountain, and yet we were told that it was not the season when they are most abundant. Many varieties grow there which do not occur elsewhere, and it is a particularly notable place for orchids. After eating our luncheon, we drank of the pure cold water from one of the small lakes on the mountain-top. Owing to the great amount of moisture condensed at this elevation, a never-failing

supply of the purest and coldest water is furnished the city from this natural reservoir in the clouds.

On our return trip, we gathered many of the beautiful silver leaves of the Silver Tree (*Leucadendron argenteum*), which is plentiful there, and is said to be peculiar to the Cape. It grows at a certain altitude and rarely lower. The trees are not large, and are most numerous on a neighboring mountain called the Lion's Head. The light color of their leaves is in striking contrast with the bluish tint of most of the foliage of the locality, the bluish appearance being due to the presence of wax on the leaves, which serves to retain the moisture during the dry season.

The main portion of Cape Town is situated in the bend of the harbor, and the streets are laid out at right angles to each other. The buildings are mostly of brick, plastered outside. The suburbs extend far out in two directions—to Sea Point and nearly to Simon's Bay. The population is made up of English, Dutch, Malays, and negroes.

The Malays constitute the larger part of the laboring classes. Originally they were brought there as slaves by the Dutch East India Company, and they are now the harness-makers, cab-drivers, and fishermen of the community. They dress well, and appear to be prosperous and contented. As a rule, they do not work more than five days in the week, the others being spent as holidays, on which they go picnicking, often to the great inconvenience of the white inhabitants who need their services. They were freed from slavery in 1834, when the English emancipated all their slaves. Their language is Dutch, but the young men are rapidly acquiring the English tongue. In religion they are Mohammedans, and hence there are several mosques in the city. Many go annually as pilgrims

to Mecca. The women dress in Moslem style, and seem to have a preference for blue and gold, and various other gaudy colors. By their religion the men are allowed from one to seven wives, and some of them avail themselves of this privilege, with which the Cape authorities do not interfere. It is not unusual for a Malay to have two or more wives, according to his ability to support them.

Of colored people called Hottentots, there is a goodly number, but we saw few genuine negroes. On one of my rambles I heard what I thought was a hyena howling, but when I traced the sound to its source, I found that it came from a Hottentot who was leaning against a tree and making day hideous. I was informed that it was not uncommon to hear these natives howl in this way, and that they exercise their voices most on rainy days. In answer to the question why they howl at all, I was told (the reader may take all this for what he deems it worth) that these eccentric creatures want people to know that they are not yet an extinct race.

The important places of interest in Cape Town are the Botanical Gardens, the Museum, the House of Parliament, and the Royal Observatory. Saturday is the great market day, when auctions of various kinds are held on the parade ground. The early morning market is the most interesting, as there the country people offer their various products for sale from their wagons and carts. Some of the wagons for hauling wheat and oats are very large, and are drawn by sixteen oxen.

Fish are more abundant at Cape Town than at any port I have yet visited. During the first part of our stay, the water was pumped out of the dry dock, which was about fifty feet in breadth by five hundred in length. Immense numbers of fish were thus



The Docks at Cape Town.

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caught in the dock. For several hours people came by hundreds to supply themselves. One abundant variety of which the inhabitants of the Cape seemed to make but little use, was a species of mackerel equal in flavor and quality to the mackerel of the North Atlantic. After all Cape Town had been satisfied, the authorities had over sixty tons of edible fish removed and thrown into the ocean. Fifty men were engaged sixteen hours in that strange work.

At the time of our visit at the Cape, people there were intensely interested regarding the "fabulous gold fields of a coming country," which no one seemed to doubt for a moment was the veritable "Land of Ophir." One continually heard references to "Rhodes," "Chartered Company," "Matabeleland," and "Lo Bengula," and such expressions as "disaster," "success," and "annihilation." From various sources of information we were soon able to gain a fair understanding of the situation of affairs in South Africa.

To the north, in the neighborhood of the Zambesi River, lay a country, healthful, rich in mineral deposits, inhabited in ancient times by some unknown though civilized race, but now in the hands of a savage potentate, called Lo Bengula. This unclaimed territory covered an area almost equal in extent to the combined countries of Germany and France. To the westward lay Portuguese Angola, and the recently acquired German territory of Damaraland. The Congo Free State formed the northern boundary of this vast expanse, while Portuguese East Africa separated it from the Indian Ocean. On its southern border was the South African Republic (Transvaal) and British Bechuanaland. South of these were the Orange Free State and the British provinces of Cape Colony, Natal, Zululand, and Basutoland.

The wealth revealed in diamonds and gold had attracted the eyes of the world to South Africa. For several years the unclaimed region in question had been eagerly coveted by Boers, Germans, British, and Portuguese. Either because they could not, or dared not, none of these powers had taken possession. Nevertheless, this rich domain might, long ere this, have been divided among the South African Republic, Germany, and Portugal, had not the distinguished South African statesman, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, turned his energies to securing it for the British Empire.

In October, 1888, three loyal British subjects, sent by Mr. Rhodes, visited Lo Bengula and obtained from him a concession known as the "Rudd-Rhodes Concession," in which the said Lo Bengula, King of Matabeleland, Mashonaland, and other adjoining territories, in consideration of receiving a pension of one hundred pounds sterling per month, one thousand Martini-Henry rifles, one hundred thousand rounds of cartridges, and a steamboat on the Zambesi River, or five hundred pounds sterling in lieu thereof, granted to the concessionaires and their assigns, "the complete and exclusive charge over all metals and minerals situated and contained in his Kingdoms, Principalities, and Dominions, together with full power to do all things which they may deem necessary to win and procure the same." With this concession and a few minor ones, a company was formed in London, known as the British South Africa Company, with a capital of one million pounds sterling. In October, 1889, it received a Royal Charter, which empowered the company *inter alia* "to carry into effect divers concessions and agreements which have been made by certain of the chiefs and tribes inhabiting the said region, or elsewhere in Africa, with a view of promoting trade, com-

merce, civilization, and good government in the territories which are or may be comprised or referred to in such concessions." Hence, during the first months of the year 1890, an expedition was in course of organization by the British South Africa Company, to proceed to Lo Bengula's country in order "to carry into effect" the "full power to do all things which they may deem necessary," as stipulated in Lo Bengula's concession.

One enterprising member of the eclipse party, Mr. C. A. Orr, was seized with the impulse to join this expedition in order to take advantage of the excellent opportunities which it would afford for continuing his researches in African anthropology. Needless to say, I was affected in much the same way. Our American Consul, Captain G. F. Hollis, conferred on our behalf with Mr. Rhodes, who expressed himself as agreeable to having two young Americans join the expedition. I had made the acquaintance in Cape Town of an excellent man, who had been born and reared among the Zulus, Mr. J. B. Lindley, son of the Reverend Daniel Lindley, a celebrated American missionary, who, in the early days, went with his wife to Zululand, and spent his noble life in disseminating the Word of God among the heathen. I therefore took counsel with Mr. Lindley, concerning the advisability of accompanying the expedition. He said to me, "Go, by all means. You will have splendid opportunities for collecting natural history specimens, especially of the large and important game animals. Doubtless the Matabeles will fight when they see an armed force coming into their country, but you may rest assured that if you bring down a hundred of those blood-thirsty fiends with your own rifle, you will be doing humanity a grand service!" This advice, coming from so reliable a source, was

✓ sufficient to dispel any scruples that might be entertained against encroaching upon the preserves of the aborigines. Moreover, I had heard enough concerning the brutal butcheries committed by the Matabeles among weaker tribes to be in full sympathy with any movement which might ultimately result in putting an end to such atrocities.

Mr. Lindley referred me to Major Frank Johnson, who was organizing what was called the Pioneer Corps, which was to go in advance of the British South Africa Company's Police in order to cut a road into that part of Lo Bengula's possessions known as Mashonaland. Its members were to become the first settlers of the country. I explained to Major Johnson my desire to accompany the expedition. Being himself an ardent sportsman, he at once took a lively interest in my plans, and was enthusiastic and sanguine concerning the possibilities for a zoölogical collector in Mashonaland. He offered me every facility possible if I should join the expedition; and not only did he subsequently aid me to the full extent of his promises, but he went far beyond my expectations in rendering assistance in my work after we arrived at our destination.

The *Pensacola* was to remain at Cape Town so short a time, that it was impossible to communicate with the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution concerning my proposed trip. The matter was laid before the Director and older members of the eclipse party, and received their hearty approval. Written permission was therefore given me by the Director of the Eclipse Expedition, and by the Captain of the *Pensacola* to take leave of the ship and proceed to Mashonaland for the purpose of making collections in zoölogy and ethnology. It was understood, however, that I should proceed upon my own resources until such time as the

Secretary of the Smithsonian could be conferred with, and the financial aid of that institution could be guaranteed. On the 6th of February the *Pensacola* set sail on her homeward voyage, leaving behind Professor L. H. Jacoby to pursue work at the Royal Observatory, and Mr. Orr and myself to take our chances with the expedition to the north. The next two months were spent by me at Cape Town in perusing African literature, with which the Cape Town library is excellently equipped, and in doing target practice at the Maitland rifle range, perfecting my marksmanship for the purpose of slaying those creatures of the wilderness whose skins and skeletons might form valuable additions to the collections adorning the halls of the National Museum at Washington.

## CHAPTER V

### FROM CAPE TOWN TO MAFEKING

Conditions of Enlistment in the Pioneer Corps—The Start—Crossing the Karroo—Beyond the Orange River—Arrival at Kimberley—"Roughing it" on Rhodes's Farm—The Diamond Mines—We Set Out for Mafeking—Drollery of the Bluejackets—Discomforts of Soldiering—Traveling by Ox Wagons—Hunting Springbuck Antelope—The Country and its Farms—African Method of Branding Cattle—Taungs—A Walking Match with Herbert—Mafeking.

THE reader is doubtless familiar with the story of the man who was prepared to give seven reasons for his father's non-appearance at court, the first one—that he was dead—being considered sufficient. There were also several reasons why I became a trooper in the Pioneer Corps, the first of which was that I was obliged either to go as a trooper or remain behind; for it had been settled that no one could accompany the expedition except under military control. This was in no way compromising to my standing as an American citizen, for we were not required to swear allegiance to the Queen. We merely signed a six months' contract with Messrs. Johnson, Heany & Borrow, which was similar to any ordinary contract of service, with the added stipulation that the employee place himself under military discipline. Con-

sidering the seriousness of the undertaking, this was a very proper thing to do. It seemed odd, however, to see civilian corporals and sergeants giving orders to retired British officers from both army and navy. Many of the latter had cast their lot with the Pioneer troopers for the chance of adventure and fortune, led by the enthusiasm which age seems never to dampen in the hearts of that people on whose empire the sun never sets. Better blood cannot be found in the British Empire than coursed in the veins of the Pioneers. Fearlessness of character and determined resolution were the qualities required of men who were considered fit to meet the uncertainties that lay before them. During that year and those which followed, they battled manfully against all the discouragements and reverses involved in the founding of a new empire. Through inclemency of climate, privation, massacre, and war, nearly half their number now "sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

On the evening of April 15th, amid cheers, singing, and Godspeeds from the crowd that had gathered to bid their friends farewell, the train moved from the Cape Town railway station, carrying with it a portion of the Pioneer Corps. At Kimberley, about six hundred and forty miles distant, we were to be joined by a party of young Colonials from the Eastern Province of Cape Colony. Then we were to move to Mafeking, two hundred and thirty miles farther, which was at that time the frontier, where still another contingent, from Johannesburg, was to join us.

By the following morning, our train had crossed the Hex River Mountains, and during the entire day we travelled through a desolate-looking, treeless country covered with scrubby bushes and plants. It was the region known as the Karroo, and its bushes are

nourishing to sheep, many flocks of which we saw as we sped along. The 17th of April brought with it a beautiful sunrise and an atmosphere cool and bracing. The scenery all day long reminded me strongly of portions of Montana, Western Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico. Numerous flocks of sheep and herds of cattle were to be seen. The mud houses forming the residences of the ranchers looked decidedly Mexican, but there were no cowboys, greasers, or broncos.

During the forenoon we travelled over level country, with here and there flat-topped hills. The soil was thin and of a reddish color, underlaid by a bed of rock. Scattered over the plains were many dome-shaped ant-hills, two or three feet in height. The banks of the Orange River were composed of coarse gravel and were lined with small trees and bushes. To the north of this the country assumed a more fertile appearance, while flocks and herds became numerous. The houses were substantial-looking structures with gable roofs ; but their appearance was much marred by having near them small round huts, built of stone and covered over with ragged cloths, which formed the quarters of the Kafir servants. As we approached the Modder River, we came to undulating prairies, and then to a broad plain, sloping gradually down to the river, which was skirted by trees. The plain was covered with ripe white grass about eighteen inches in height, extremely beautiful in appearance as it bent in waves and ripples to the pressure of the breeze. Here and there were small patches of low bushes, their leaves covered with white fuzz.

Along the railway were numerous water-holes, and as we neared Kimberley, we saw many Kafir women washing clothes in them. Our attention was next

turned to a sportive crowd gathered on an English-looking race-course. Presently immense mounds of earth, appearing like small barren hills, came into view. They were heaps of blue clay from the Bultfontein diamond mine, said to be the first of its kind opened in Africa.

It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at Kimberley, an English-speaking town, which is said to contain 10,000 inhabitants. Its houses of wood and corrugated iron were quite unimposing, and there was nothing in the architectural appearance of the place that would impress one with the fact that it is the site of the richest diamond mines in the world. The town was gayly decorated in honor of a visit from the Governor of the Cape Colony, Sir Henry Loch.

A train of wagons had been provided to convey the Pioneers to Rhodes's farm, three miles outside of Kimberley. Here "roughing it" began in earnest, and for the first time it dawned upon me that I was really a soldier. When the corporals and sergeants began gruffly to order me about, I felt as if my rights as an American citizen were being trampled upon; but it was now too late to turn back, even if I should desire to do so, and the only thing remaining was to grit my teeth and bear it. I have since concluded that a little military training is a good thing for any young man, for it brings him to a full realization of the fact that he cannot always have his own way. It teaches patience, and the necessity of obedience to law.

Our first issue of rations consisted of raw beef, bread, and coffee. The old hands at soldiering grumbled, the new hands appeared bewildered; but all set to work to cook the beef. Some threw strips of it on the hot coals, while others fried it on spades, or grilled it on gridirons, if they were so fortunate as to have them.

Having been furnished with blankets and a waterproof sheet, we went to sleep on the ground, which was to be our only bed for months to come.

I was intensely interested in watching the process of working the "blue ground" which contains the diamonds. It is hauled from the mines into fields enclosed by high wire fences, where the hard, diamond-bearing rock is left for months exposed to the atmosphere, to be pulverized by sun and rain. Its disintegration is assisted by dragging harrows across it, as though preparing a field for sowing grain. When softened, it is run through machines which separate the diamonds from the clay, and sort them into four sizes, to be afterward examined by skilful experts, and classified according to quality. Near at hand were numerous mounds made by the *débris* left after the diamonds had been extracted.

Our time was too limited to admit of descending into the mines. The Kimberley mine had only a wire fence around it, and I could look down into this tremendous excavation, which is the largest ever made by the avaricious hand of man. Its surface area is more than fourteen acres, while it reaches a depth of nearly five hundred feet! I saw about fifty pigmy-like negroes at work in the bottom, trying to recover the bodies of several Kafirs who had been buried two months before by the accidental caving in of the surrounding walls. On account of the danger from this source, the system of open workings, with its net-work of cables for carrying up the earth, had been recently abandoned. Shafts are now sunk outside the large excavations, and transverse drives are made into the diamondiferous rock at depths varying from 500 to 1,200 feet. In 1890 the Kimberley mine was temporarily closed on account of the over-supply of diamonds on the market.



Open Workings of the Kimberley Diamond Mine in 1890.

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Four large mines are situated in the neighborhood of Kimberley, *viz.*: the De Beers, the Kimberley, the Bultfontein, and the Du Toits Pan. The two former are in the middle of the town. These four mines, together with a few smaller ones, were united in 1888 under one company called the De Beers Diamond Mining Company, which became sufficiently powerful to control the diamond market of the world. This consummation was reached through a series of stages, beginning with the individual holding of small claims. Then, as the mines grew deeper, and their working became more and more difficult and expensive, small companies were formed which were gradually combined into larger ones, until they were at last amalgamated into one powerful corporation.

Inasmuch as Mr. Rhodes was chiefly instrumental in bringing about the final union of the companies, he was bitterly denounced by many as having ruined the prosperity of Kimberley. It is questionable, however, even if this growth had ended in four or more companies instead of one, whether the effect upon the town of Kimberley could have been essentially different. The time for making fortunes is during the early days of a mining camp, whether the discovery be of diamonds, gold, or silver. The finding of precious stones and metals brings a sudden influx of population. Activity ensues. The few make fortunes and the many are disappointed. Companies are formed, properties acquired, mines developed, and the industry settles down to business methods of working. It usually happens that a percentage of the mines discovered prove unprofitable, and their working ceases. Hence, owing to this factor, together with the formation of combines, employment is restricted, depression follows, and immigration is checked.

In South Africa one hears the complaint that the Colonial Government does not receive the benefit it should in taxation from the diamond industry which is so remunerative to the share-holders of the De Beers Company. The Cape Colony has "responsible government," hence it is in the hands of its citizens to make laws beneficial to their province. May it not be that corporate wealth wields an influence in the formation of laws in the African portion of the British Empire as well as in the land of the Stars and Stripes?

On the afternoon of April 18th the Pioneer Corps was reviewed and addressed by Governor Loch. He expressed his desire for the prosperity of the expedition. "It means," said he, "not only the prosperity of the members of the expedition, but the prosperity of the Cape Colony and the Empire at large." After the review we were put on ox wagons, which were to take us to Mafeking, where our organization and equipment was to be completed. The Corps was composed almost entirely of Britons—English, Irish, Scotch, and Colonials from the Cape Colony, the last predominating. There were, however, a few Americans, Australians, and Germans. Several English sailors, or bluejackets, as they are called, were detailed to accompany the expedition in order to work the machine-guns. Owing to their drollery and their excessive use of nautical terms, they were the source of great amusement during the entire trip. The parts of a wagon or a horse were "fore," "aft," "port," and "starboard," while a bridle was a "steering-gear," and the spurs were "grappling irons." The last were used by the sailors in the full sense of the appellation, much to the discomfort of the horses they rode. Several professional prospectors in

the employ of Messrs. Johnson, Heany & Borrow also accompanied us.

Our first day of travelling brought with it a full realization of the discomforts of soldiering. As we possessed no tents, the rain, slush, and mud placed before us the prospect of an uncomfortable night. Fortunately we reached a wayside inn, the commodious rooms and veranda of which, although necessitating considerable crowding, were acceptable to all. The conviviality of the sailors, prospectors, and others at the bar did not add comfort to the slumbers of those who considered themselves sober, self-restrained men. I do not mean necessarily to imply that any became over-intoxicated, with the exception, perhaps, of one man who stumbled over an ox, and then sat on the muddy ground, humbly begging the creature's pardon while it stood a little way off, staring in amazement at the repentant offender.

The next morning at about nine o'clock the Pioneer Expedition moved on. The most common method of travel in South Africa is by ox wagon. The wagons, which are strongly built though cumbersome, are each drawn by sixteen large oxen, called, in South African parlance, a "span." There are three kinds of wagons in use, *viz.*: the tentless buck-wagon, the half-tent wagon, and the full-tent wagon. The last is similar to the "prairie schooner," but larger. The tongue or pole is called a "düsselboom." To this are yoked two oxen, called the after-oxen. A long chain, known as the "trek-chain," is fastened to the front of the düsselboom. At intervals of about ten feet along the chain, are attached the yokes for each pair of bullocks. The yokes are merely round poles five feet long by four inches in diameter, which rest on the necks of the oxen. Through each yoke are inserted two pairs of

flat slats called "skeis," and to each pair of these is attached a "strop" (a twisted rawhide thong), which is secured underneath the neck of the ox. Around the horns of each ox is fastened a "reim" or rawhide strap. The oxen, called "trek-oxen," are mostly of the ungainly, longhorn variety, similar to those raised in Texas twenty years ago.

The owner of one or more of these freight or transport wagons is called a "transport rider," and he usually accompanies his wagons on a journey. With each vehicle he employs a moderately intelligent Kafir as a driver, and usually a less intelligent or younger one as a leader. Sometimes mules are used, but oxen are better adapted to the work, principally because they never have to be fed. Both winter and summer, or, more properly speaking, during the dry season and the wet, they pick their own food from the veld (open country). The span is driven by the use of a whip, consisting of a long lash secured to a long handle. No reins are used, but the driver talks continually to his oxen in South African Dutch. The cattle understand no other language, hence to attempt to drive them by speaking English is absolutely futile. Even their names are Dutch, as, for example, "Rinkhals," "Witbooi," and "Blessbok." If a Dutch transport rider has an ox in his span which he dislikes, he invariably names him "Engelsman" (Englishman). The duties of the leader are, when trekking (traveling), to go in front and lead the oxen by a reim through rivers and across bad places in the roads, and when outspanned (unhitched), to herd the cattle while they are grazing.

At sunset the oxen are inspanned (put into the yoke), and they trek until ten o'clock. They are then outspanned and tied to the trek-chain by their reims.

The transport rider and his servants sleep until nearly two, when the former awakens, calls the driver and the leader, who make some coffee for their baas (master), drink some themselves, inspan the oxen, and trek until sunrise. The baas usually sleeps during the morning trek, in a bed made in a small tent on the back part of the wagon. By journeying thus, the oxen have the entire day for grazing and rest; and they travel better at night because it is cooler. At best they do not proceed rapidly—two and one-half miles per hour with a heavy load of four tons being about as much ground as they can cover.

It is often found necessary to deviate from the regular hours of trekking, and this was the case on our journey to Mafeking. The mode of nightly travelling was so irksome to the newly initiated, that the transport rider in whose wagons we were carried was sufficiently considerate as to do much of it in the daytime. It was at the close of the rainy season, and on account of the mud, progress was difficult. Our own wagons were frequently stalled in the mire, and we passed wagons going both ways, almost hopelessly sunk in the soft ground. When nights occurred without rain, there were heavy frosts, making it uncomfortably cold. Having not yet fallen into the routine of this kind of life, many found the inconveniences of making bread by rough and ready appliances, and cooking on the ground, both awkward and unpleasant.

On the morning of the 20th of April I took my Ballard rifle, and went off the road to kill some game; but at first the only living things I could see were herds of fat sheep. We were in a prairie country, with here and there patches of small bushes. At last, from the top of a hill, I sighted with my field-glasses

a herd of seven antelopes grazing in a meadow about a mile away. Under cover of some bushes, I got within six hundred yards of them. They were springbuck, a species of antelope slightly smaller than our pronghorn, and in appearance much like it. Creeping through the grass to an ant-hill within four hundred yards of the bunch, I took careful aim at the shoulder of the largest one, and fired. To my surprise, the animal fell dead. I cut off the head and hind quarters, took them on my shoulders, and started for the road.

The load soon proved too much for me, so I cached the meat in some bushes, and went on after the wagons, carrying the head, which was a very fine one. Upon overtaking them, at about two o'clock, several members of our party were kind enough to inform me that I had been poaching on the game preserves of Wildebeest Farm. Nevertheless, they willingly became *participes criminis* by accepting a share of the meat, for which I went back on a horse lent me by the commissariat officer, Mr. Gie.

All over South Africa, antelope, of which there are many varieties, are preserved by the farmers. By obtaining permission from the owner of a farm during the shooting season, one can have excellent hunting, which goes far toward mitigating the monotony of life in that region. The average size of an African farm is 3,000 acres. Large areas of pasture-land are thus preserved, and on these, small herds of game often graze among the cattle and sheep.

I went hunting every day of our journey between Kimberley and Mafeking, but succeeded in getting only two more antelopes—little red ones called steinbuck, about eighteen inches in height. Some members of our party went out with shot-guns, and killed

many noisy game-birds called koran, a few large ones called pauw, and some hares. In addition to these, there were to be seen wild geese, ducks, secretary birds, corona cranes, and jackals. Once I found a colony of small mammals, known as meerkats. They seem to occupy in South Africa the place of the prairie-dog in North America. Their burrows are scattered over the veld quite like those of the prairie-dogs on our Western plains, and are equally dangerous to horsemen when riding at full gallop over them.

Our journey took us through a region excellently adapted to stock raising, which seemed the principal occupation of the farmers. In appearance the country was not materially different from what our Western States must have been at the time of their early settlement, with the exception that on our journey there were to be noted occasionally small villages of native huts with conical roofs of thatch, looking more like hay-stacks than human dwellings such as Americans are accustomed to see. I remember in particular that from the top of a high ridge the view ahead was of long, low, grass-covered hills, like the bluffs at the side of a river-basin, but far apart and irregularly arranged. Between them were broad valleys, some covered with scrubby bushes, others with grass, and beyond these, one could see level plains with here and there small conical hills called "kopjes."

The farm-houses that we saw were far apart; but they were substantial in appearance, with windmills and well-built stables around them. Near the stables were "dams" (artificial ponds), for the purpose of storing water for sheep and cattle through the dry season of the year, as well as for irrigating. Agriculture seemed to be followed only to a limited extent. Near the dams were a few small fields of

Indian corn, called "mealies" in South Africa. At the farmsteads along the road were usually a way-side inn, a blacksmith shop, a store, and facilities for watering cattle.

At one of these farms I had the opportunity of seeing some cattle branded by the African method. A reim was fastened around the bullock's horns, and he was then pulled to a tree to which he was secured. Another cord was put around the animal's hind legs. Three Kafirs pulled at it from one side, while three more pulled at the tail from the other, and, after some struggling, the bullock lost his equilibrium and fell. While a Kafir seized him by the horns and held his head to the ground, the baas ran up with a branding iron from the fire and branded the animal on his hip. By this very clumsy method, from seven to nine people are required to brand one ox. If the cattle are difficult to catch, they are driven into the corner of a pen, a loop is made in a rope, put on the end of a long pole, and carefully held out over the head of an ox until there is a quiet opportunity to drop it over his horns. The sight of such tenderfoot business with cattle would be enough to drive a Montana cowboy distracted with contempt. The art of lassoing seems never to have been cultivated in South Africa.

On Sunday, April 27th, we arrived at a place called Taungs, where a church parade of the Pioneers was held, with services, in the court-house. This town is situated on the Hartz River, about one hundred miles from Kimberley. At the time of our visit, there were only forty white people residing there, ten of whom were Bechuanaland Border Police—frontier soldiers. There were two hotels, each with a shop and canteen (saloon) attached, and post and telegraph offices. Many white people were said to be living on farms

scattered about over the neighboring country. Near by was a native town of 6,000 inhabitants belonging to the Batlapin tribe. It contained a mission church, the result of the early labors of Moffat and Livingstone. Some progress toward civilization seemed to have been made among these savages. A few of the men were transport drivers, owning their wagons and oxen, while many possessed herds of cattle, goats, and horses. Yet the innate love of indolence appeared to be as indelibly stamped upon the character of the Batlapin as upon that of every other branch of the Ethiopian race, whether in the land of its nativity, or forcibly transported to climes less favorable to the pursuit of that occupation which the negro loves best—doing nothing.

The Batlapin men at Taungs dressed in imitation of white men, with coat and trousers, but their clothes were very filthy. The women wore skirts of calico, although their clothing above the waist was generally composed of skins. The latter also wore bracelets and necklaces of beads. The native town was scattered over a large area. The huts were each built in a circular shape with a roof of grass, sloping from a central point downward on all sides, while the walls were made of mud, with but one door and no window. Each house was surrounded partly by a fence of bushes about as high as a man's head, and partly by a wall neatly made of gravel and mud, with loopholes near its top.

The love of athletic sports springs eternal in the English breast, and before I was fairly aware of it, I found myself involved in a walking match, with as good backing as any man could ask.

In our party was a young man named Herbert, who hailed from Piccadilly. For some reason he sin-

cerely believed himself to be one of the best pedestrians in the world; and he talked so much about it, that finally the sporting members of our party became weary, and arranged for a series of walking matches, one of five miles and one of twenty, in order that the champion might prove his claim. By some strange circumstance, it happened that I was selected as Herbert's opponent. Herbert chose for his trainer a young man, Sidney Arnott, from King Williamstown, Cape Colony, while I was taken in hand by a worthy son of Erin, named Tim Finucane. We were put under training, and dieted on bread, beef, and such other food as our commissariat afforded. The appointed day arrived. A half-mile course was measured off along the road from where the wagons were outspanned, and we were to walk to the farther end and back, five times. Considering the occasion the betting was heavy on both sides, and with our trainers at our heels, the match began.

At the very start Herbert shot right ahead of me, and came in at the end of the first mile fresh as a lark. "I can keep this up forever!" was his buoyant announcement; but secretly I hoped eternity would outlast his wind.

At the end of each mile I removed some article of clothing in order that I should be least encumbered when coming in on the home stretch. At the beginning of the last mile my trainer said to me, "Now, Brownie, you must kape up close behoid him, and puff and blouw loike a porpoise." I kept up as advised, panting as if I were nearly out of breath. My opponent did his utmost to keep ahead of me, but when we got within a hundred yards of the goal, Tim said, "Now's your toime, mon! Pass him!" Having a fair amount of reserve strength, I quietly walked

by my antagonist; and as I did so, I heard a sigh ending with an "Oh!" As I glanced over my shoulder, I saw Herbert throwing his arms into the air, and falling backward into the arms of his coach. I was not sure whether he was really fainting, or only making a feint at fainting. However, Tim said sharply, "Kape sthrait on to the goal, mon! The crathur will be cared for." And Arnott shouted, "Sponge and water this way, please!" The men who had won their bets generously carried me into camp on their shoulders, amid cheers. Herbert also was carried in, but with one man at each leg, and one at each shoulder. He had no desire for the twenty-mile race, and thereafter there was peace and quiet at the camp on the subject of walking.

We arrived at Mafeking on April 7th. The native village was beautifully situated on the Molopo River, among trees from which the chief Montsioa allowed not a twig to be taken. The huts were circular, with thatched and pointed roofs, similar to those I had seen at Taungs. The English town of only a few hundred inhabitants was about half a mile from the native village. The houses were built of "dagga" (mud), brick, and corrugated iron, and, as usual, there were stores, hotels, and blacksmith shops.

The place was practically the frontier, the telegraph line terminating there. A force of frontier soldiers had been stationed near the town for three years past. They were known as the Bechuanaland Border Police, and were under the command of a noted British Kafir fighter, Sir Frederick Carrington.

## CHAPTER VI

### FROM MAFEKING TO THE TULI RIVER

The Johannesburg Contingent—Pioneer Drudgery—Rations, Equipment, and Organization—"Sing-songs"—A Game of Hare and Hounds—The Journey Continued—Along the Crocodile River—Skirmish Drills—Baines's Camp on the Macloutsie River—Evolution of the Nickname "Curio"—Major-General Methuen Inspects the Pioneer Corps—Sham Battles—Laager—On the Line of March—Fort Tuli—Diplomatic Negotiations with Lo Bengula.

FOR ten days we were encamped near Mafeking, on the Molopo River. The contingent recruited by Captain Frank Mandy at Johannesburg had arrived the week before. The first three years of the existence of Johannesburg had just ended in the collapse of a tremendous boom. Men who had but yesterday considered themselves on the verge of becoming millionnaires, were now penniless. The verdict, not only of experts, but of mankind in general, was that the mining industry there had seen its best days; for it was thought that the gold would never pay for the milling. Hence there was a general exodus from the place. Many were almost giving away their chattels for money with which to leave. Those who were so fortunate as to attach themselves to the Pioneer Expedition were considered exceedingly lucky.

When we take into account the enormous prosperity

which immediately followed at Johannesburg, and consider that her population has increased until now there are 180,000 inhabitants, while the production of gold amounts to over \$40,000,000 per annum, we are forcibly impressed with the frailty of human judgment concerning the possible future of a gold-field. Hence follows the absurdity of listening unreservedly to predictions of disaster—and likewise to predictions of tremendous possibilities of any gold field whose development is in its infancy. Time and labor alone can prove the value of low-grade ore. There is, perhaps, no occupation in the world more hazardous or uncertain as to results than that of gold digging—and there is none more fascinating.

In our new camp we were at once put to work. I thought I had done hard work before, but my previous campaigning experiences were as nothing compared with those of a Pioneer. What with cooking our food, cleaning and oiling saddles and rifles, drilling, and loading and reloading wagons, little time was left either for recreation or loafing. Our cooking was done in the most primitive way—entirely on the ground. Meat was grilled on the coals, or cooked in pots; and the bread was baked in old-fashioned Dutch ovens, or in the ashes of our camp-fires. We were divided into messes of from seven to nine members, and each day one member of a mess was relieved from other duties for the purpose of attending to the cooking. As a result, I am firmly convinced that rotation in office is not always an unmixed blessing, and that all cooks should be placed under the strictest rules of the civil service system.

Our rations consisted of coarse wheat flour called "Boer meal," fresh or canned beef, coffee, sugar, tea, pepper, salt, dried split peas, compressed vegetables,

and ship-biscuits. The Pioneers were served every evening, until the supply was exhausted, with a "tot" (half a teacupful) of Cape brandy, commonly known as "Cape smoke" or "dop."

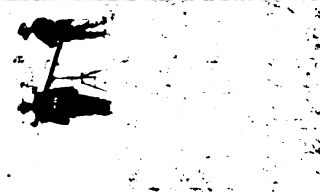
Being at that time a total abstainer, I made a bargain with a young American named Frost, that he might have, in exchange for a pair of riding-boots, all liquor issued to me during our journey to Mashonaland. The boots were too small, so I swapped them for two sovereigns. One of the sovereigns I staked in a raffle for a gun and a horse, and won nothing. The other I lost in a bet with Jack Spreckley concerning the identification of a certain spotted pup that he was feeding one evening by the camp-fire. Thus came the proverbial financial disaster, which money made by dealing in liquor is said always to bring.

We were equipped with Martini-Henry rifles, Webley revolvers, bandoliers, English military saddles and bridles, blankets, and uniform. The last consisted of a heavy waterproof coat, a jacket of brown corduroy called a tunic, corduroy trousers, yellow leather leggings, regulation army boots, and a Buffalo Bill hat, with the brim pinned up on the left side to give to the wearer a smart appearance. We were also supplied with patrol tents, in each of which two men could sleep comfortably. In wages the Pioneer troopers were to receive seven shillings and sixpence per day, while those higher in rank were paid according to station. We were each promised the right to a farm of three thousand acres in Mashonaland, and also the right to locate fifteen mining claims in that much-coveted gold-field.

At Mafeking our organization was completed, the corps of one hundred and eighty men being divided into three troops, A, B, and C. A and B were mounted in-



Artillery Troop of the Pioneers.



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fantry, while C was the artillery troop. Major Frank Johnson, an Englishman, was in command of the corps. The captain of A troop was M. B. Heany, an American. This gentleman is a Virginian by birth, and a cousin of Edgar Allan Poe. He was at one time a lieutenant in our regular army, and was engaged in Indian fighting in Custer's time. Mr. H. F. Hoste, captain of B troop, was of English birth, while Jack Roach, captain of C troop, hailed from the Emerald Isle.

At the beginning discipline was not rigidly enforced, and our slumbers were frequently disturbed by the thoughtless and talkative. Out-door concerts, common on military expeditions, were soon instituted. We were treated to the first of these by the sailors, who held around a rousing camp-fire what they called a "sing-song." Numerous voluntary musical effusions were rendered, and the "cup that cheers" was on this occasion represented by several bottles of Scotch whiskey. When the affair was over, lively dialoguing ensued between the bluejackets and the Australian prospectors. Here is a sample of it: "Did you know that Marine bloke that was aboard the *Raleigh*? Well, once he was a bloody bushranger." "That beggar blows his fog about it to this day." "But the bloomin' beggar was hung." Scarcely had their disturbance subsided when a Kafir driver, called Long-Tail Charley, came stumbling in from Mafeking, literally "roaring drunk." He was one of the enlightened kind, and had the reputation of being the most notorious scoundrel on the Kimberley Diamond Fields, having been intimately connected with illicit diamond buying. No persuasion would induce him to be quiet. My patience becoming exhausted, and no one else seeming inclined to take any action, I threatened a shooting match with him. To this he paid no atten-

tion. Finally I reached for my six-shooter, and fired a shot into the air. Whether or not he had been reading "Cow-Boy Bill, the Terror of the West," among the dime novel series, I do not know. Nevertheless, an extraordinary amount of snoring immediately followed, with quiet for the remainder of the night.

A few evenings later, the Johannesburg men also held a concert. Hearing such songs as the "Suwanee River," "Marching Through Georgia," and many others with which I was familiar, impressed me with the fact that British extension of empire, and the consequent spread of the English language, is really making the best of the world one nation in thought and feeling. As I lay in my blankets, listening to these familiar airs, I could scarcely realize that I was on the frontier of a distant land more than 10,000 miles from my native home, and actually serving under a flag that was not the Stars and Stripes.

It is remarkable how the instinct for the chase, inherited from our primitive ancestors, is exhibited in small ways. I was one day greatly amused at seeing the entire camp, from officers down to Kafir servants, drop work of every description, and vociferously join in a chase after a harmless hare, which came running through our encampment. Such escapades are common on these frontier expeditions, and I have since taken part in many of them. One afternoon our corps indulged in a game of hare and hounds, in which we ran seven miles. Everybody took part, and I was disappointed at coming out second, two-and-a-half minutes after the hares. A young man named Warren, from the Cape Colony, was the winner.

On May 17th the horses arrived and were distributed among the troops. The next day the long train of wagons and horsemen left Mafeking, and through

clouds of dust wended its way northward toward the Crocodile River. It was late in the evening when camp was formed, and, as often happens at the beginning of an expedition, before working order has been established, great confusion ensued. Some of the wagons had gone too far ahead; others had not yet arrived. No rations had been issued during the day, and the men were grumbling and threatening mutiny and vengeance; but all grievances were immediately forgotten when stomachs were filled.

The road from Mafeking to the Crocodile River passed most of the way over timbered country covered principally by three varieties of thorn-trees. Some of the land was undulating, but through a good portion of it we filed among wooded hills which in appearance were almost mountains. The grass was much shorter than we had observed it to be south of Mafeking. Part of the time we travelled by day, and part by night. When the road was sandy, the dust raised by the long train of wagons and the numerous horsemen became almost stifling; but during the first ten days our progress was hampered at times by thunder-showers. At night some of the displays of lightning in distant cloud-banks were amazingly beautiful. The wet weather was soon followed by clear skies with warm days, crimson sunsets—which were among the most beautiful I have ever seen—and frosty nights. The southern constellations shone out magnificently. The belated wayfarer in the wilderness had in the first half of the night the clouds of Magellan to guide him, and toward morning the Southern Cross. In advancing northward, there was evidence that we were approaching the tropics, for the milder temperature and the twittering of birds made some mornings seem like spring.

We passed many villages where mén and women, dressed much like those near Taungs, came with milk for sale. At Ramoutsa, a town of round thatched huts, enclosed by a stockade, there were 6,000 natives. Around the village were many fields of green Kafir-corn and abundant herds of cattle and goats. The missionaries residing there had induced the chief to forbid the sale of liquor to his people. At this place we saw some white women—daughters of the missionaries. It must be exceedingly lonely for the cultured people who live thus in the wilds, far removed from civilization.

By May 30th we reached the Crocodile River at the junction of the Notwani. Along the banks of the Crocodile the trees were of considerable size, and the vegetation was rank. For more than a week we travelled along the western bank of the stream. From the numerous tracks observed, it was evident that many large antelopes came in the night to drink from its waters; but they retired far back on the wooded plains to spend the day, so that we were unable to obtain a glimpse of them. Troops of monkeys and baboons were frequently seen, and by their nightly howling impressed one with the feeling that he was really in the African wilderness. The numerous hippopotamus tracks that we observed along the river-bank served to strengthen this impression. Occasionally we saw large palm-trees, which, with the tall, conical ant-heaps that here and there thrust themselves into view, and the grass-roofed huts of the natives, yielded the "typical African landscape" of the standard books of travel. At one place we came to three ruined stone forts, built by some ancient inhabitants of the country, probably Arabs.

As we travelled along, our commander frequently

took us out for skirmish drills. Fortunately, I had chosen a sure-footed little Basuto pony, accustomed to racing across rough country. He never made a misstep with me, and that is saying a great deal, as we had to gallop at top speed through the bushes, among trees, across stony places, and over ant-bear holes and small ravines. It was a common thing to see horses turning somersaults, and their riders either falling off or being thrown off. In such cases the Major sometimes came cantering up, shouting, derisively, "Who told that man to dismount?"

After leaving the Crocodile we arrived on June 13th at the Palm River, well named on account of the numerous palm-trees along its banks. These were of the nut-palm variety, from the fruit of which the vegetable ivory is obtained. By the shape of their leaves, I judged them to be likewise of the kind from which the palm-leaf fan is made. Here, and for the first time, we heard lions roaring in the night. We finally arrived at Baines's camp on the Macloutsie River, and found five troops of the British South Africa Company's Police, and three troops of the Bechuanaland Border Police encamped a few miles farther up the stream.

Up to this date I had been able at odd times to preserve specimens of antelopes, and such small mammals as squirrels, shrews, mice, "night apes," hedgehogs, and "flying monkeys." In my collecting I was helped by many members of the expedition. If an interesting object was obtained by any of the Pioneers, there was always the remark, "Give it to that curiosity collector." In this way I soon received the name of "Curiosity" Brown, to distinguish me from the rest of the numerous tribe of Browns who are rapidly peopling the world. This soon developed into the nickname of

"Curio" Brown, which name has remained mine to the present day. At last I had enough preserved specimens to fill a large box, and these I sent back to Kimberley in charge of a man named McGraw, who was accompanying some transport wagons to that place. He was to give the box to Mr. Gardner Williams, to be forwarded to the United States Consul at Cape Town. But my case of specimens never reached Kimberley, and what became of it, I have never, to this day, been able to learn. It was now evident that the very serious business ahead would prevent any further collecting until we had reached Mount Hampden in Mashonaland, our final destination, where the corps would be disbanded.

While at Macloutsie, I received letters from the Smithsonian Institution stating that funds had been granted me for four months' collecting in Mashonaland, and that the further continuance of the work would depend largely upon the possibility of getting my collections out of Mashonaland to the coast.

Rigid discipline was now enforced. We were not yet in Matabeleland, but on the border of what was termed the "Disputed Territory." This was a strip of country lying between the Macloutsie and Shashi rivers, which was claimed by both Lo Bengula and Khama, king of the Bamangwatos. It is needless to state that the dispute has since been settled. We were daily put through the severest sort of drilling, preparatory to an inspection by Major-General Methuen, Adjutant-General of the British forces in South Africa, who was to decide as to our efficiency for proceeding into the hostile Matabele country.

The appointed day came, and a lively day it was. The Pioneer Corps, with its array of wagons and horses, crossed the Macloutsie River, and sham battles

were fought with imaginary Matabeles. The roaring of cannon, the barking and rattling of the machine guns and rifles, and the general din and clamor and smoke were enough to excite even the veterans. As the imaginary enemy pressed upon us, the train of wagons was hastily formed into a diamond-shaped enclosure, called a "laager." Into this we retreated, and promptly took our positions, some behind bags of meal and boxes of tinned beef, others on top of the various wagons, and still others behind sand-bags, which had been arranged underneath the wagons. Thus did we prove ourselves able to defy the entire Matabele nation. At any rate, the Major-General was satisfied, and pronounced the corps sufficiently well drilled to proceed on its hazardous undertaking. He made a speech expressing himself well pleased with the Pioneers, and bade us Godspeed northward with Great Britain's "star of empire."

On June 27th we left the Macloutsie River. We had now thirty-six wagons heavily loaded with ammunition, with grain for the horses, and provisions. For ourselves, we carried Boer meal, Chicago corned beef (Armour's, and Libby, McNeal & Libby's), and such other commissariat stores as are required for feeding a large party of men for many months. Each wagon was drawn by sixteen bullocks, handled by the customary Kafir leader and driver. We now formed a laager nightly. At the opening of each of its four corners was placed a cannon (seven pounder) or a Maxim gun. A certain number of men were "told off" to each wagon to sleep under or near it, and, in case of alarm, to take their positions about it. Thus was formed a genuine fortification, very effective against an assault by barbarians. Each wagon was assigned to a certain place, so that in case of attack

on the line of march, laager could be quickly made, and the men could find their respective positions without confusion.

At night the horses were picketed inside the enclosure, by ropes stretched across from one side to the other. The cattle were tied to the trek-chains, and were stationed around the laager just outside the wagons. The men on top of the wagons could shoot over them, but should the enemy "rush" the laager, the cattle would probably be killed in the *mêlée*. Nevertheless, they would, at the same time, form an impediment to the charge on the part of the natives. There is no other mode of arrangement in a single laager, as there is not room inside for both cattle and horses. If the force is a large one, however, two laagers are made a little way apart, so situated that the men can cross-fire. In this case the cattle are placed between the laagers in a pen made of bushes. The cooking is done all around the outside of the laager, about fifty yards distant from the wagons, and beyond the usual sleeping-place of the bullocks. Through the openings at the corners of the defense, troops of horsemen can ride in and out. At night a chain of sentries is placed around the camp.

On the line of march a vanguard rides a few hundred yards in front of the advance wagon, while the rear-guard rides about the same distance behind the last of the train. On either side of the column, horsemen go in pairs called "flanking parties." Each pair keeps about two hundred yards distant from their neighbors in front and behind, but closer than this when in the bush, if necessary for keeping one another in sight, which is called "keeping in touch." In addition, there are always scouts circling ten or fifteen miles around, watching for traces of the enemy.

By means of these precautions, savages can never surprise the white men. This is extremely annoying to the Kafir warriors, as their forte is in taking their enemy by surprise. If in the thick bush they have the opportunity of killing a flanking party, they say to themselves, "If we shoot these, we will alarm the rest; then we can't surprise the main body. We don't want to kill two men, we want to kill them all."

With our column was taken an electric search-light. The electricity for this was supplied by a dynamo run by a steam-engine, which was to operate a saw-mill in Mashonaland. The search-light was effective in frightening the Matabeles, as well as in serving the useful purpose of detecting prowling enemies. The natives attributed its flashes into the air to the operation of some kind of magic.

Thirty miles from the Macloutsie River we came to the camp of Mr. F. C. Selous. Aided by some of Khama's people, Mr. Selous had cut the road from the Macloutsie to the Tuli River. The latter was the recognized border of Matabeleland, and thence to Mount Hampden in Mashonaland, the Pioneers were to make the road. Mr. Selous was to guide the expedition, and he was also to be in command of the scouts. I tried to get into the scouting force, but at first did not succeed in doing so, either because I had no credentials proving my proficiency for that work, or because those in command were afraid that my knowledge of bush life in Africa was too limited.

The country between the Macloutsie and the Tuli rivers was wooded and bushy. We were now in the midst of the wilderness, and nightly we could hear hyenas (called "wolves" in Africa) and jackals, which came near our camp. I went hunting several times in this district, but being on foot, I was not suc-

cessful in finding game, although there were immense numbers of tracks. Many varieties of antelope were to be found in this locality, such as the koodoo and hartebeest, and besides these there were giraffes and Burchell's zebras, the last erroneously called quaggas. Already Matabeles were beginning to prowl about. Lieutenant Borrow and Mr. Judd came in from a several days' trip at hunting horses, and reported having seen two bands of these savages.

We arrived at the Tuli River on July 1st, and the Pioneers immediately joined with A troop of the Police in building a fort on the hill. At first this was called Fort Selous, but afterward its name was changed to Fort Tuli. It was to be our base camp. We now understood that we were to go forward in company with three troops of Police, which we had met here, *viz.* : A, B, and C, commanded respectively by Captains Heyman and Forbes, and Major Willoughby. These, with the Pioneers and prospectors, would make in all between four and five hundred men, and the entire expedition would be under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pennefather, of the British army. The rest of the British South Africa Company Police were to remain at Tuli, ready to go forward when required. Two hundred Bamangwatos now joined us, having been supplied by the chief, Khama. They were expected to be of use for scouting and also in building the road.

A few months earlier, permission had been obtained from Lo Bengula by Dr. L. S. Jameson, who had visited him at Bulawayo, to cut a road through his country into Mashonaland. While we were at Tuli, messengers came twice with orders from Lo Bengula, commanding the white men to make no advance through the eastern part of his territory. His dictator-

ial injunction now was that if the white men were bent upon trekking to Mashonaland, they must go by the route which lay through his town of Bulawayo. It was apparent that when he gave his permission to build the road he believed that the task would never be attempted. But the white men were now executing a flank move, which he had not expected. About this time, also, the Bechuanaland Border Police, who had been stationed at Macloutsie, were moved to the west of the Matabele border, thus putting Lo Bengula in a dilemma by menacing him from two sides of his possessions.

While the fort was being completed, and arrangements were being made for the advance of the main column from Fort Tuli, orders were given for B troop of the Pioneers, to which I belonged, to cross the Tuli River on July 6th, and with Mr. Selous as guide, to proceed in cutting the road. The main column was to follow a few days later. We had now travelled four hundred miles from Mafeking, and another four hundred miles of trackless wilderness still lay between us and Mount Hampden.

Before the troop left Tuli, I wrote some letters, to one of which the following is an answer :

“DEAR SIR: Your letter of July 6th, written from Tuli River, has just arrived. I hope that you will have success in Matabeleland. We are looking forward with much interest to the particulars of your trip. The collections of minerals, shells, birds, fishes, mammals, insects, reptiles, ethnological objects, and other material already transmitted by you, have been received, and are now in the hands of the Curators for identification. Their reports upon the collections will be published in the Proceedings of the National Mu-

seum. I have written letters of thanks to all the gentlemen mentioned by you in one of your earlier letters as having rendered assistance to you in your work. You seem to have been very fortunate in securing their good-will and friendly aid.

“Wishing you continued success, I am,

“Yours truly,

“G. BROWN GOODE,

“*Assistant Secretary, Smithsonian Institution.*”

## CHAPTER VII

### CUTTING A ROAD THROUGH THE WILDERNESS

**B Troop Crosses the Tuli River and Begins Cutting the Road—Captain Selous Interviews Makalaka Natives—A Banyai Settlement—The Main Column Overtakes B Troop—More Diplomacy with Lo Bengula—Preparations for a Possible Attack of Matabeles—"Horse Sickness"—View from the Top of Sugar-Loaf Mountain—Fording the Lundi River—Skinning a Hippopotamus—Inconvenient Sanctimoniousness of Bamangwatos—The Matabeles Threaten to "Wipe us Out"—An Interesting Scouting Trip—A False Alarm—More Scouting.**

At mid-day on July 6th, B troop, under Captain Hoste, accompanied by Dr. L. S. Jameson and Mr. F. C. Selous, crossed the Tuli River and began cutting the road. We took with us but one wagon to carry our kit, and one water-cart. Our method of working was to begin at daylight and continue until sundown or dark, with a few hours' rest during the middle of the day. At night we slept within a rectangular enclosure called a zareba, made of thorn bushes. The wagon was placed at one end and the water-cart at the other, and between them was stretched a rope to which the horses were attached. As there were no Kafir servants with us, we had to get our own wood and water, do our own cooking, and look after the horses and cattle. This, with chopping trees all day

and doing guard duty at night, made the work very heavy. The party was composed of strong young men, largely farmers' sons from the Cape Colony, all of whom were equal to the emergency.

The troop was divided into two sections. While one section worked at cutting the road, the other acted as body-guard by following close behind, mounted, and leading the saddle-horses of the working party. Thus we were ready for action in case of surprise from Matabeles. Mr. Selous rode on his shooting pony in front of the road party, and pointed out the trees to be felled. As the Colonials cut all the way around a tree, in imitation of the Kafirs, instead of chopping on two sides of it, as do the American and Canadian woodcutters, it was necessary to be on the alert, for one knew not the direction in which a tree would fall until it started. We often came to small streams and to rivers, where we had to make fords, or "drifts," as they are called in South Africa. At most of these places it was necessary to level the banks with picks and shovels. Where the river-beds were sandy, a corduroy road was made between the bank and the water, while in the stream bags of sand were laid to make a firm bottom. Some of the river-beds were full of rocks, and we had often to roll aside the largest.

The second evening we camped near a small Makalaka village, from which seven men came to visit us. Mr. Selous talked with them through an interpreter, explaining matters thus: "The white men have paid Lo Bengula for the privilege of making a road through his country to Mashonaland; the Matabeles now say that we must not make the road, but we will do it if we have to fight them. No one is to disturb the black people along the route, and everything

obtained from them will be paid for. When the road is finished, and the white men get into Mashonaland, they will make Lo Bengula quit raiding and killing people, and stealing their goats, cattle, women, and children." Mr. Selous finally secured the services of two of these Makalaka men as guides.

Scouts were sent out each day, and I was one of the six troopers placed by the Captain on permanent scouting duty. My first experience at the work was with Alexander Duncombe Campbell, a young man from the Cape Colony. He was enthusiastic over the subject of raising bees, and said he intended going into the bee industry in Mashonaland. He was continually talking about bees' nests, and watching the trees and ant-heaps for them. There was plenty of water in this neighborhood ; and we saw much game, among which were several large antelopes called sable antelopes, thirteen Burchell's zebras, and one steinbuck.

The sable antelope were about the size of an Indian pony. They were shiny black, with white bellies, long curved horns, and erect manes. As with head lifted high and glossy coats shining, these splendid creatures stood staring at us, I was struck with amazement at their sprightly appearance and at their symmetry in body and limb. It seemed to me that of all hoofed animals the sable antelope must be, without exception, the most magnificent. At a shout from us the herd wheeled and sped away like the wind.

We went to the top of a rocky kopje, and found that it had once been a native fortification. On it were piles of broken antelope bones, which indicated that the people who had dwelt there had lived largely by the chase. The view from this high point was really beautiful. In the valley below, antelope were feeding,

but we did not fire at them, because we had strict orders against shooting at game when out scouting, as it would be likely to alarm the road party. Campbell and I were observed, and taken for Matabeles, by Captain Hoste, Mr. Selous, and Dr. Litchfield, who had gone a little way beyond the camp at sundown, and through their field-glasses espied us on the hill. The glistening of the sun on our guns made them think that they saw flashes of light from the assegais of the Matabeles. They were confident that they saw feathers in our heads and spears in our hands, and when we returned to camp, it was difficult to convince them that it was white men and not Matabeles that they had seen.

Our party labored unceasingly at the road, and by July 10th we had completed it to a river called the Umzingwani, a beautiful stream with reeds growing along its banks. On the north side there were high rocky kopjes covered with deserted Kafir fortifications, while on the flat toward the south grew large thorn-trees. It was a difficult river to ford; so the wagon was taken across empty, and afterward the goods were carried over by the Pioneers. At this place we saw a species of large antelope called the water-buck. During the night we heard them splashing in the river where they came to drink.

After leaving the Umzingwani River we crossed eighteen miles of level, waterless, bush country, and arrived on the 13th at the Umshabetsi River. As the water was running under the surface of the sand, we found it necessary to dig holes for the horses to drink from. Here we found the fresh spoor (tracks) of a herd of elephants that had visited the river the night before. We saw many places where they had actually dug in the sand for water, and with their forefeet had excavated small holes.

Several mounted Bamangwatos were sent forward to do scouting for us. One of them went out the next day in company with a man named Edgehill and myself; and as Edgehill was in charge of the vidette, he led the way. I soon noticed that he was riding in circles, but I did not like to tell him of it for fear of giving offence. We finally came across a newly made road, which Edgehill argued could not be the one cut by our troop. We followed it and, nevertheless, soon arrived at camp, thus returning much earlier than we had intended. In travelling through the dense bush, if one does not watch his shadow closely, keeping in mind the change of the sun, or should it be cloudy, observe the direction of the wind, it is difficult to follow a definite course, and one is likely to describe all sorts of curves and circles while thinking he is going in a straight line.

On July 15th orders were received from Colonel Pennefather for the road party to halt until the column, which had started from Fort Tuli on the 11th, should arrive. It had been decided that the road-makers should keep but ten miles ahead of the wagon-train. Captain Hoste, Mr. Selous, and Dr. Jameson were much annoyed by the orders, as they were anxious to push forward. The two latter returned to the main body, while the troop was left to prepare a laagering-place for the column which was to arrive on the 18th.

Lieutenant Nicholson, who was second in charge of the scouts, with two Bamangwatos, and a young man named Griffiths for interpreter, went fifteen miles beyond our camp to a high range of hills called the Nambandi. There they found a settlement of Banyai, who were said to be the original inhabitants of Matabeleland. These people were not of a warlike nature,

and they had been persecuted by the Matabeles, of whom they lived in mortal dread, until few remained. High up among the rocks, in almost inaccessible places, these timid beings dwelt in neighborly proximity to the baboons and monkeys. Their fields were in the valleys below, where they raised Kafir corn, mealies, and melons. They owned sheep, goats, and beautiful spotted cattle of a small breed; but the Matabeles were in the habit of making periodical raids on them, robbing them of their male live-stock.

One of the Banyai, who came to our camp with Lieutenant Nicholson, said that the Matabeles had pillaged his kraal (village) five days before the arrival of the white men, and had taken from him everything he possessed. These marauders made a practice of killing the grown men, training the boys for soldiers, and incorporating the women and children into their tribe. The Banyai were apparently good-natured creatures, small of stature, though symmetrically and strongly built. The scouting party came upon a man working in his field, near whom were several big, shaggy baboons industriously digging for roots. The savage was frightened at the appearance of the white men, but the baboons worked on, paying little heed to the intruders. The presence of the visitors was explained to the man, and at each pause he exclaimed, "Umbaba, Umbaba." Presently, some twenty-five of his people gathered about, and held consultation with Lieutenant Nicholson. They favored the passage of the expedition, but were afraid that the Matabeles would kill them if they did not inform Lo Bengula that the white men were in their district. In fact Lo Bengula had ordered them to do this. The old man offered the party a watermelon. In reply to the question as to how much he wanted for it, he asked if the white men

never received offerings. Then it was explained to him that English people always pay for what they get, and do not take by force, as do the Matabeles.

During the interview the baby baboons up among the rocks near the dwellings of the natives, were heard crying—exactly like human babies. The Banyai were asked if the baboons did not molest the children, but they replied, “No, they are friends with one another.”

On the morning of July 18th, which was cold and rainy, the main body of the expedition arrived, and laagered near us. It was now ordered that B troop of the Pioneers should act as rear-guard for a week, while A troop should go ahead and cut the road. The column was at this time composed of two hundred Police and one hundred and eighty Pioneers, with Colonel Pennefather in command. The sixty-five wagons were formed into a double laager at night, the Police occupying one-half, the Pioneers the other. Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, who was to be the Administrator of Mashonaland, was also travelling with the column. There were, likewise, some professional gold-seekers with us, who were engaged to do prospecting for a syndicate of the British South Africa Company Police officers.

It was rumored about camp that more or less diplomacy was being carried on between Lo Bengula and the leaders of the expedition. The Matabele king wrote, asking the officer in command what the white men had lost that they were coming into his country to find. Two important “indunas” (chiefs) were said to have been sent by Lo Bengula to the Governor of the Cape Colony, to have him stop us from going into his country. One of these was Babian, who, about a year before, in company with another chief, had visited England and interviewed the Queen. It

was believed that Lo Bengula would keep his warriors from attacking the column until the return of his envoys. Another rumor floating about the camp was to the effect that a man named Doyle had engaged a seat in the post-cart for some weeks in advance, so that the messengers would be obliged to go to Kimberley in ox-wagons. As this journey would require several weeks, it was hoped that we should arrive in Mashonaland before the Governor could order the expedition to turn back—should he feel in duty bound to do so.

We were eleven miles beyond the Umshabetsi River on July 20th. I was on outlying picket that night, and heard hyenas, baboons, and monkeys howling. Although the night was comparatively cool, there was a heavy fog, but the hot sun of the morning dispelled it. From the Umshabetsi two roads were made, from thirty to two hundred yards apart, in order that laager might be formed more readily in case of attack. It seemed to be the general opinion that we might meet the Matabeles within the next ten days, as we were to pass through rough, hilly country; and for this reason extra precautions were taken. An outlying picket of thirty men was kept in readiness with horses saddled, from reveille till daylight. For all this it seemed to me there was much carelessness. One night, for instance, six wagons, which had been mired, were left behind without a guard. It was dark when laager was formed, and it was fully eight o'clock before those wagons arrived in camp. Had the Matabeles been like the American Indians, they would have killed the drivers, plundered and burned the wagons, taken the bullocks, and disappeared.

Up to this time ninety of the Pioneer horses had died of "horse sickness." This disease, I was told, is

not understood, and is usually fatal. Some horses, however, get it every year and recover. These are called "salted," which means, I suppose, acclimatized. The malady seems to be a kind of malarial fever, which usually abates during the winter season. It is worse along the rivers, and by some it is supposed to be contracted from the reeds growing there, of which horses are fond. Possibly the germs of the disease do exist among the reeds. There are two varieties of this sickness, *viz.*: "dikkop" and "dinkop." In dikkop the head swells above the eyes; in dinkop there is running at the nose. Horses afflicted with the latter usually die suddenly and violently, apparently from strangulation.

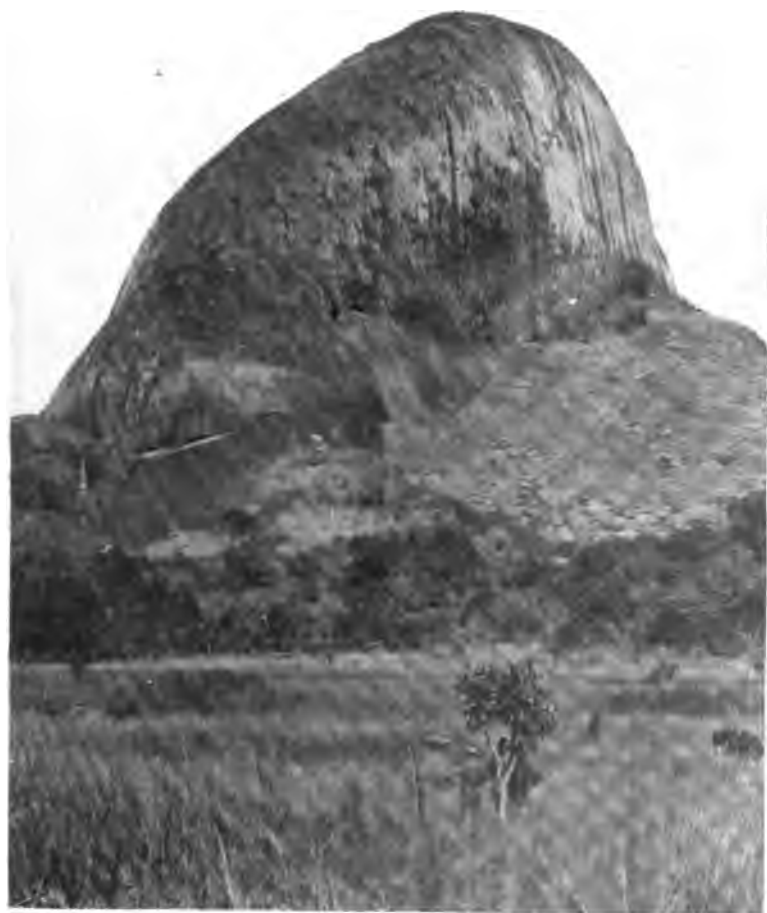
On July 22d we travelled through a district of level plains lying between hills. The latter were almost mountains in size, and many of them were dome-shaped and bare. Their appearance was yellow or rusty, and they were covered with bushes and trees part way up their sides. On the plains the grass was green in some places, and at times as tall as a man on horseback. Between many of the ranges were beautiful parks with great forest-trees, and occasionally an immense baobab.

Perched high up among the rocks on the hills were Banyai villages, whose inhabitants were likewise persecuted by Lo Bengula. About two months before, the Matabeles had kidnapped their wives and children. The robbers were followed, and when they were least expecting it, the Banyai rushed upon them with a yell. The Matabeles bolted, and the women and children fell into the hands of their own people. The natives brought peanuts, Indian corn, Kafir corn, and other articles for sale. I made a trip to their houses, situated among the rocks in an enclosure, into which they drove their goats and cattle at night.

On July 25th some Matabeles arrived for an interview with the "induna" commanding the expedition. Exaggerated reports came in the same day of the savages stopping A troop wagons. According to first accounts there were thousands of them, but the number eventually dwindled to ten.

A few days later I made the ascent of a kopje, called Sugar-loaf Mountain, near which the column halted for dinner, and carried Mr. Frye's aneroid barometer with me to determine its height. It was over six hundred feet above the valley, which was three thousand feet above sea-level. Many of these isolated hills could be seen rising abruptly from the ground like so many rounded, solid, granite rocks almost destitute of vegetation. The one in question was so steep that the summit could be reached only from one side, along which was scanty vegetation. On the top, however, were some bushes, among which I saw many lizards darting about.

It was warm work climbing during the middle of the afternoon, but the view amply repaid the exertion. To the northeast was the Lundi River, winding among hills and over bushy plains. To the southeast I could see the Ingesi and several smaller rivers which empty into the Lundi. Mountains covered with trees, bushes, and large rocks rose in all directions, many of them terminating in sharp peaks. The foliage of the trees was yellow and green, while the ripe grass was yellow or gray. Below, extending for several miles toward the Lundi, was our train composed of horsemen, wagons, herds of goats and sheep, donkeys and cattle. Just across the valley, on a hill where some huts were hidden among the trees, I could hear roosters crowing. On the sloping tops of the neighboring rocks were natives squatting in groups, scarcely discernible except with glasses, but whose



Sugar-loaf Mountain.

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APPENDIX

presence was disclosed by their loud talking. They were doubtless viewing with amazement the long procession. As the column passed that evening by the side of one of these high rocks covered with dusky spectators, a hoary-headed Banyai called in pitying accents to the horsemen below, "Oh, white men, white men! alas! alas! You are going to be sacrificed on the spears of Lo Bengula's warriors; and the White Mother will weep for her lost children!"

We arrived at the Lundi River on August 2d, and formed camp on the northeast bank. This river is a swift-running stream of considerable size, more than waist deep during the dry season. In many places the clear water runs over a rough rocky bottom. As the ford was bad, several hours were required for the column to cross, and the troopers were obliged to strip in order to help in getting the wagons over. All hands pulled in front of the bullocks by a rope tied to the trek-chain. The day was cloudy and cool, but in spite of its being chilly work, we had great sport in driving the sheep, goats, and donkeys safely through—and in pulling into the river and ducking the men who endeavored to cross in the wagons with dry clothes. Some were made very angry, particularly the apothecary, Hoskins, who vowed he would be revenged though it should take him fifty years. The parsons and the priest were not molested.

The next day Major Johnson and the Burnetts shot four hippopotami. They looked for them the following morning and found three, two bulls and a large cow, and the Major sent for me to direct the skinning operations. I cut the heads off the bulls, and the Bamangwatos and drivers skinned the bodies. These were about two miles from the laager, while the cow was three miles farther on. The Major told me I

could have the skin of the latter for the Museum, and five Pioneers accompanied me to the place where she lay, while the Bamangwatos were instructed to follow. In order to skin the animal, we found it necessary to float it down the river to a shallow place. Accordingly, Cowie, Banks, and another young man stripped and went into the water to help me. Pusey made a sketch of me while I was astride the carcass, pushing it down stream with a pole. As the water was so deep that we could not see the bottom, we were afraid of crocodiles, hence, while swimming about, we took great care to do plenty of splashing in order to scare the reptiles away. We succeeded finally in getting the defunct "hippo" to a good landing-place, where we took measurements, and then cut off the head, which we dragged to the bank. No Bamangwatos made their appearance. We proceeded to the camp, and found that, contrary to orders, they had returned with the Scotch cart sent for the two heads and the meat.

The next morning, accompanied by two Pioneers and fifteen Bamangwatos, I went with an ox-cart to the cow hippopotamus. By the middle of the afternoon we had skinned the animal and preserved the leg bones and skull. The Bamangwatos cut off every available portion of the meat, which had begun to decay. They were skilful in the use of the knife, and worked well, having been promised the meat if they did so. Major Johnson had me relieved from all duty until the skins should be preserved, detailing two Bamangwatos to assist me. They understood trimming hides, but it took great patience and much persuasion to get them started to work, and still more patience and persuasion to keep them at it.

The Bamangwatos were the most annoying people it had ever been my misfortune to meet. They were set

at road-making for awhile, but the Pioneers objected to working near them on account of their offensive odor. It was stated that they had been brought with the expedition to flatter Khama, their chief, and also to please those people in England who take special interest in the Bamangwato nation because they profess Christianity. They read the Bible, sing, and pray a great deal ; but the men of our expedition who had been at their town, Palapye, all agreed that their religion was not deep-seated.

One morning I went on patrol with three white men and three Bamangwatos. Our orders were to leave before daylight. The white men were ready at the appointed time, but the Bamangwatos did not appear. Sergeant Birkley, who was in charge of the patrol, went to look for them and found them holding morning services, with prayer and singing. Daylight came, and the impatient Birkley went again to induce them to start, but they were still praying. The sun rose, and the wagons began moving out of the laager ; still they had not finished their devotions. Birkley's patience was now completely exhausted. Going back for them again, he succeeded at last in bringing them with him. Nevertheless, they would not hurry, and the Sergeant impatiently said to them, "Oh, damn you, come on." At this they were highly indignant, and wheeling their horses around, started for an interview with the Commanding Officer, muttering to themselves, "Damn ! Damn ! Damn !" They reported that the white baas had said "damn" to them. What consolation they received from the Commander I never learned, but they were sullen during the entire patrol, and would have nothing to say to us. When we stopped to make coffee and let our horses graze, they again held religious services, with Bible reading, sing-

ing, and prayer, and then spent the rest of the time in searching for vermin in one another's woolly heads, and in their dirty, greasy clothing. The Bamangwatos were finally altogether dispensed with as scouts, presumably on account of their laziness and cowardice.

The column left the Lundi River on August 6th, and B troop was sent forward again to cut the road. On the same day word came from Lo Bengula by Mr. Colenbrander, informing the Commander of the expedition that his people had risen in spite of him and were on the road to "wipe us out," 9,000 soldiers in all. Our entire party was to be killed, except Selous, Johnson, and Cherry, who were to be skinned alive. Lo Bengula advised that the column should turn back, as he was unable to control his warriors.

That evening Mr. H. Montague informed me that I had been chosen to go scouting with him. Montague was for many years captain in the Cape Mounted Rifles, a noted South African military corps, and had taken part in several campaigns against the Kafirs. He gained distinction for bravery in the Basuto war by riding through the enemy's country with a despatch for help, when Sir Frederick Carrington, with six hundred men, was hemmed in at Mafeteng. Mr. Selous, Chief of the Intelligence Department, in sending Montague on a scouting trip to the west of the route of the column, had given him the privilege of selecting a companion; and I considered it quite an honor to be chosen.

The impending advance of a Matabele army through the hills to the west, made Montague's task of scouting in that direction the most hazardous work done by any of the Pioneers. On his ability to gain information of hostile savages, and, in the event of finding any, to get word to the column, would perhaps depend

a successful encounter with the barbarians. Or should he fail, and the force be surprised, the affair might result in the complete annihilation of our small band. These uncertainties and anxieties, together with the dangers connected with scouting, made it far more exciting than the hunting of ferocious wild animals. In fact, scouting in the enemy's country, with its incumbent dangers, is the most fascinating of all pursuits, and requires in a man—if he is to meet with success—the combination of steady nerve, quick conception of directions, and ability to take immediate advantage of circumstances and surroundings.

The next morning Montague and I took our course through a hilly country several miles to the left of the road. It was a thickly populated region, and the valleys were filled with fields of rice, mealies, and Kafir corn. The people, who were Makalakas, built their houses in rocky fastnesses. We passed one very picturesque village situated among the rocks on a hillside. At this place, a crowd of good-natured, healthy-looking men and boys persisted in following us, and we had great difficulty in getting rid of them. Although the inhabitants of this district paid tribute to Lo Bengula, they seemed to be far more independent than the Banyai. They had beaten the Matabeles in battle as often as the Matabeles had beaten them.

After crossing a rushing torrent, we were guided along a path for some distance by a native who wore a topknot of long black curly hair trained out with pieces of bark. He led us through beautiful valleys in which men and women were industriously digging the ground with small short-handled hoes. We were joined by another troop of men and boys who volunteered to show us the way through a pass between the hills. They were armed with asse-

gais, guns, bows, and arrows, and knobkerries (clubs). Their fire-arms were all old muzzle-loading muskets which they carried at full cock, thrown carelessly over their shoulders. To ride along behind them, looking down the muzzles of their loaded guns, was anything but agreeable. They invited us to their village to spend the night, but Montague objected, saying that although they were ostensibly amiable, they were not to be trusted, and that in all probability we should be murdered by them during the night for the few things which we possessed. As he had been born and reared in the Cape Colony in the neighborhood of the Kafir tribes, I naturally heeded his judgment, although it did not seem to me that such innocent-looking creatures could be capable of treachery.

They guided us through a pass over which it was almost impossible to get our horses, and at sunset landed us in a valley among the hills. Taking their pay in pieces of dry biscuit, they returned happy. These people dressed very scantily, wearing one piece of tanned skin in front and one behind fastened about the loins. They were decorated with ornaments of beads, bracelets of brass and iron wire, and charms of various kinds worn about the neck. They were apparently wealthy, as many herds of cattle and sheep were to be seen in the valleys. A short distance farther on, we came to a small stream where we watered our horses, boiled some coffee, and had supper. We camped for the night under a big spreading tree, much like an enormous apple-tree, but with denser foliage. It bore an immense amount of fruit, similar to green plums in appearance, but in taste like the alligator pears I saw on the West Coast. Bats were eating the fruit during most of the night, and seeds occasionally dropped on us.

We were in the saddle shortly after sunrise the next morning, and soon arrived at the edge of the hills, where a wide timbered plain spread out below us, covered with a mopani forest, intersected with rivers, and with here and there a kopje. Across this plain we wended our way, seeking for traces of a Matabele army. That night we slept in a mealie field, near a small water-hole. After dark we climbed a solitary stony kopje, where we obtained a good view of the plain in all directions. We spent some time there scanning the country for camp-fires, but as none could be seen we returned to our hiding-place. We did not think it advisable to keep a fire burning, and therefore suffered not a little from the cold. Our horses fared badly too, for the grass was poor. They were becoming so thin and weak, that we had decided, in case there was important information to take to the column, to leave them behind, and make our way on foot. The next day we directed our course toward a kopje which we supposed to be near the path of the column, but before we reached it our progress was obstructed by a river flowing eastward, which we concluded must be the Tukwe. As this stream ran continuously over beds of rock, it was difficult to cross.

Following along its south bank, we came to Makalaka villages. One was particularly striking on account of its picturesque appearance and defensive position. It was situated on an isolated hill, the sides of which rose perpendicularly from the bank of the river. Among the huts on the summit of the hill, a few large shade-trees were growing. We went to the bank of the stream to see if we could not induce the natives to sell us grain for our horses, and to learn if there were Matabeles about. Crowds of people appeared on the cliffs, but no one would venture down. We were on

the point of leaving, when a young man with a gun came running up behind us through the bushes. By gesticulations he gave us to understand that we must leave immediately. Montague said we had better go; otherwise we might get into trouble. At this juncture, some older men arrived on the scene, and although they seemed to know of the presence of the column, they were reticent about giving information concerning the Matabeles. From their actions we were positive that Matabeles were in the neighborhood, hence we set about in search of traces, and found two parallel trails freshly made by two columns of savages travelling in single file. We followed until the tracks disappeared among some rocky hills with heavy timber in the valleys between them. We deemed it imprudent to enter this fastness, as our horses were in such weak condition; and, as it was imperative that we should inform the column at once of the presence of a Matabele impi (band of warriors), we accordingly continued down the river, passing other kopjes with villages on them, surrounded by fields of grain and newly prepared grounds. Late in the afternoon we came to fresh horse spoor, and therefore knew that the wagons were near at hand. It was dark, however, when we arrived at camp, which had just been made on the south bank of the Tukwe River.

Knowledge of the proximity of Matabeles had preceded our arrival, and there had been a big scare the night before in anticipation of an attack on the laager. As we were a day late in returning, it had been taken for granted that we had been killed. Everyone was surprised to see us back, and we received many congratulations upon being alive! It was the Bamangwatos who had caused the alarm. They had been dismissed the day before, and had started on their

homeward journey to Palapye. At about dusk fifty of them returned to camp in a state of abject terror, reporting that they had seen 2,000 Matabeles, and that the laager was to be attacked before morning. Mines were laid around the camp, and the Pioneers cut bushes by electric light to put among the bullocks. The men stood to arms before daylight, without reveille. However, there was no attack, and in the morning it was discovered that the wires connecting the mines had been gnawed off during the night by rodents.

Even in the face of danger the sporting proclivities of the Pioneers were manifested, and the betting had been heavy for and against this probable attack. Captain Hoste won a handsome sum of money, having laid great odds against it. Had he lost, his debt would have been enormous, but he said afterward that he never would have been obliged to meet it, because the camp was situated in such a disadvantageous place, that a few thousand savages would have exterminated the entire party, and there would thus have been no call for payment.

The next day, August 11th, as the column crossed the Tukwe River, fresh rumors came in that the Matabeles were near us. Three hundred had been seen by a Banyai native, and the place where they had camped was found by two of our scouts. The latter followed on their trail, and discovered that they were moving parallel to us. Such were the reports. The next day we were to go through a pass some six miles in length. Once through that, it was thought that immediate danger would be over, as the country beyond was said to be an open plain where the Matabeles would be afraid to attack a large body of horsemen.

Before daylight the following morning, I left the

laager in company with Montague, Cowie, and Bowen. We went back across the Tukwe drift to look for traces of reported Matabeles, but saw none. That night we camped among the rocks of a small kopje in a range of hills southwest of the Tukwe. The information gained from the Makalakas was that a small band of Matabeles had left the hills and had gone to the northwest, while a large impi had taken its course toward the right of the column.

At sunrise our party divided. Cowie and Bowen went east to the road, and were to follow it up through the pass, while Montague and I took our course to the west around a small mountain, intending to come out on the plateau to the north of the pass before evening. The country was much rougher, and the distance farther than we had anticipated. On the way we met with three rivers very difficult to cross. In attempting to climb the steep bank of one of them, my horse slipped down on his haunches, and threw me into the water, where I got soaking wet. Doubtless I presented a ludicrous picture as I went sprawling backward into the river, with arms outstretched and rifle flying through the air. At least Montague's fits of laughter led me to think so.

We crossed three more of these ugly streams near the foothills at the base of the mountain. Along their banks the grass grew so rank that it was next to impossible to get through it. Night overtook us while we were still in the gulches, and we dismounted and led our horses on in the thick darkness, through gullies, and over steep rocky hill-sides, until we came suddenly upon a fire in a deep, dark ravine. We were within forty yards of the blaze when we first saw it. Instantly the fire was kicked out. We halted and prepared to fire. Our first thought was of Matabele

scouts, so we remained silent for some time awaiting developments, though we had much difficulty in keeping our horses quiet. Presently I removed my boots and approached nearer, but found no enemy. Finally, concluding that the camping party had bolted upon hearing us, we went boldly forward without being molested. A short distance from this we came upon a plateau, and made our way toward a light on the prairie to the northwest, which we took to be the fires of the laager. We soon discovered that it was only a veld fire, so we turned back to the mountain to look for the mouth of the gap, ignorant as to whether the wagons had passed through. We wandered about until ten o'clock, and as the horses had had little to eat during the day and were very weak, we decided to camp until daylight.

Montague deemed it imprudent to build a fire; hence, being wet to the skin, I soon became frightfully cold, particularly in my legs and feet. Removing my clothes, I wrapped the saddle-blanket around the lower part of my body, and put on a tunic which had been fastened to my saddle. After eating some dry biscuit I fell asleep, but awoke in a couple of hours, shaking and actually aching with cold. It did not seem possible that I could sleep any longer, but Montague came over and lay close beside me, putting part of his blanket over me, although he was cold himself. I grew warmer immediately, and slept until daylight.

At dawn the braying of a donkey disclosed the situation of the camp, and as soon as it was light, we started in that direction. At about nine o'clock we found the laager near the mouth of the gorge which Mr. Seious had named Providential Pass. A general feeling of relief seemed to prevail, for had the barbarians attacked the column while in the gorge, the advantage

would have been entirely on their side, and the affair might easily have resulted in disaster. It was now thought that the Matabeles had let slip their opportunity, and that henceforth little was to be feared from them.

## CHAPTER VIII

### CROSSING THE MASHONALAND PLATEAU

The Column Treks to the Open Plateau—Young Cheetahs—  
An Attempt to Secure the Mother Cheetah—Game-Pits  
—Appearance of the Veld—The Approach of Spring—  
Chasing Sable Antelope—Fort Charter—Former Matabele  
Depredations Between the Umfuli and Hanyani Rivers  
—The End of the Journey and the Founding of a New  
Province.

THE column moved to the open plateau on August 14th. This beautiful country seemed excellently suited for farming and grazing, and the prospectors with our expedition were of the opinion that it was rich in mineral deposits. A few low hills lay to the east and to the southwest, but the general appearance was that of the undulating prairies of Kansas and Iowa, with here and there a few trees. The altitude was found to be over 3,600 feet above sea-level. In the afternoon C troop of the Police under Major Wilmoughby overtook us, bringing the mail with them. They moved to a rise of ground not far from our laager, where they constructed a fort, called Fort Victoria, in which the troop was to be stationed.

On the 19th the column again moved forward, and Montague and I scouted westward, where we saw much game, such as tsessebe, brindled gnu, and roan antelope. We slept that night near a water-hole on the

prairie, with jackals and hyenas barking and howling on three sides of us. The days were clear and windy, and the sun shone warm, but the nights were cool—almost frosty.

A few mornings later trooper John Walker found, not far from the laager, a lair of four young cheetahs with their eyes not yet open. The mother had been frightened away by the noise of the wagons. The lair consisted of a beaten-down space in the tall grass beside an ant-heap. The young ones were strong and active, and spat viciously when handled, thus exhibiting their savage nature. Mr. Surrage, the parson, took a photograph of them. Having been led by Walker to believe that if I would interest myself in caring for the little cheetahs, I might have a pair of them to send back to Washington, I spent a good share of the day in preparing a box for them, feeding them condensed milk, and finally in trying to find a female dog with pups, in order to get her to adopt them; in which last endeavor I failed. But Walker was soon overcome by avaricious dreams so common to men who catch a wild animal or find a "curio." His expectations finally reached £50 apiece for his four cheetahs (about the price of the full-grown animals delivered in New York) and I found myself a victim of misplaced confidence.

I secured permission to remain behind after the column left, in order to watch for the return of the mother cheetah. As the rear-guard went out of sight, an hour before sunset, I began building a "skerm" (bush pen) of boughs, about one hundred yards from the lair, and commanding a good view of the meadow. Within my own lair I sat patiently waiting for the cheetah to return to hers, until the red disc of the sun disappeared from the hazy atmosphere on the western



Laagered on the Plateau, Mashona Natives in the Foreground.

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horizon. As the shades of night gathered about me, I began to fear that my watch would be in vain.

It was at this juncture that I thought of leaving, and was paying little attention to objects about me, when suddenly I perceived Mother Cheetah, not more than thirty yards away, walking along at a brisk pace directly toward her nest. This unexpected close proximity to a large animal of the cat species, wild and alive, I will admit, made me somewhat excited. She was taller than a mastiff, and seemed much larger in every way—a size greater than I had expected. I was fairly fascinated by the beauty of the spotted animal, and by her noiseless and graceful movements. Her head was extended so that its top was on a line with her neck and back, which was almost straight. Her thick, heavy tail curved downward and backward, nearly dragging on the ground.

Instantly upon seeing her, I cocked my rifle and, aiming just behind her shoulder, fired. The next second she was tumbling about on the ground, kicking up the dust and sending forth savage, guttural growls. My heart leaped with inexpressible joy as I thought, "Old girl, you are done for!" In my mind arose a picture of myself, swollen with pride, carrying the beautiful skin into the laager that night, the men crowding about to see it. But, at the next moment, my joy turned to disappointment, as with surprise and chagrin I saw her rise, stagger a few steps, and then bound off as though nothing ailed her. I sent a bullet whizzing after her, which I felt sure had missed, and then another one. At two hundred yards distant, she stood, broadside on with head up, looking in the direction whence the shots had been fired. I could get but an imperfect sight, as it was fast growing dark. My bullet ploughed up the dust about her,

and off she bounded again, but stopped at the edge of the timber at the opposite side of the vlei (damp meadow), fully four hundred yards away. There I could dimly make out her form as she stood looking toward me for a moment only, and then I could see her no more.

Wondering where I had hit her, and if I should be able to find her upon returning the next morning, I trudged on some six or seven miles over a sandy road, through strips of bush and low trees, across belts of meadows covered with dead yellow grass, and among small stony kopjes and isolated granite rocks as large as houses, finally reaching the laager at about eight o'clock.

The next day Mr. Selous sent me out with Montague for a two days' scouting trip to the left of the column, and in doing so, he kindly gave me permission to return to the last laagering-place, to look for the cheetah. Arriving there, we searched about among the grass and bushes, but could find no trace of her, neither spoor nor blood. Evidently I was unable to conceal my disappointment, for Montague remarked, "Never mind, old chap! Don't feel so bad about it; it's hunters' luck. This is your first animal of the kind. When you return to America, you will be as famous a hunter as the best of them." These were consoling words, but I could not help feeling deeply mortified all day, to think that I did not, when I had such a splendid opportunity, give the animal such a shot that she could not get away.

We then rode to the northwest, crossing many small streams, and seeing much game which was extremely wild. That afternoon we came very near riding our horses into some game-pits. They were dug by the natives, who, in that locality, are called Mashonas.

The pits were about ten feet long, and from two to three feet wide at the top. They were made wedge-shaped, and had sharp pegs sticking up from the bottom; hence, the more an antelope might struggle to free itself from the pit, the more hopeless would become its chance of escape. They were dug on paths over which game was accustomed to travel, and were concealed by a covering of grass which made them extremely dangerous to horsemen, especially at night. While out scouting a few days before, Cowie and Griffiths came near losing a horse which had stumbled into one of these death-traps. They were fortunately able to induce the natives from a neighboring village to dig the animal out with their hoes. Montague told me of a man in the Cape Colony who rode into a game-pit, and got his feet wedged so firmly between the horse and the side of the pit, that he was obliged to kill the horse and cut him open before he could extricate himself.

We travelled over some miserable-looking country covered with rocks, and with here and there large sandy hillocks, probably ant-heaps, but at last came again to the edge of the prairies of Mashonaland. Across the open country we made our way, getting on higher and higher ground, until at dark we reached the highest part of the divide, between the rivers flowing to the south and east, and those flowing to the west and north. Here we found the cart-tracks made by the road party. Thinking that the column would soon follow, we continued on the spoor of the cart, made plainer by their having dragged after it a tree of considerable size.

During most of the year this land is covered with waving grass, green in summer, and yellow or grayish in winter, but at the time in question it had been

burnt over for miles. Water was not difficult to find, and the new grass was sprouting in the vleis, so that the pasture was fair; but as we travelled that evening by the bright moonlight, the black appearance of the burnt veld was extremely desolate. Many portions, especially the sloping flats, were dotted over with large ant-heaps on which the grass grew more luxuriantly than elsewhere. On freshly burnt, level strips, the blackened ant-heaps, with here and there a grass-covered one that had escaped the fire, gave to the country a most weird and uncanny look.

We pushed on for several hours, hoping to overtake the road party. Montague was greatly annoyed by our failure to find the troop, as his horse was so weak and clumsy that many times he almost fell. The sky was cloudless, with the moon directly overhead; consequently, we could see the track for most of the way without difficulty; but we came to one broad level sandy belt in which the short grass grew in tufts, some distance apart. Here we were obliged to dismount and follow on foot. At last we reached a place where the tree had been detached from the cart, and left in the road. There the track seemed to end. While debating what to do next we discovered a fire in a clump of trees to the left, and on advancing to it, we found B troop camped near water. They had travelled sixteen miles from the last outspan.

On August 26th we heard that Mr. Selous had resigned his position as head of the Intelligence Department, and that Captain Edward Burnett had been appointed in his place. The same day Mr. Selous, Dr. Jameson, and Mr. Colquhoun, with fifteen men from A troop of the Police, left with four wagons to visit a chief called Umtasa, residing in the direction of the

coast. They took with them forty days' rations, but expected to be at Mount Hampden in a month.

The next morning Montague and I resumed our scouting, and took our course to the southwest. The day was pleasant but windy. Spring seemed to be approaching, for most of the trees, having shed their last year's foliage a few weeks before, were budding out with small delicate leaves, some pale green, others yellowish green; but the predominating colors were pink and reddish. These hues, together with the blue haze, gave to the landscape the appearance of the fall of the year in the temperate zones. The dead grass likewise added to this autumnal aspect. Now and then one could see some fresh plant in blossom. As there had been no rain, this opening of spring was due solely to the increasing warmth of the weather. A few small birds were twittering among the branches of the trees, but there was no such budding into life and rejoicing of nature as in the northern zones after a rigorous winter. In the middle of the day it seemed more like summer, as a few butterflies and other insects could be seen flitting about. Off in the distance we saw some large birds, which we took to be corona cranes. Later, we came across three little antelopes playfully chasing one another in circles.

From the small mounds of dirt thrown up in great numbers, I observed that there were many field-rats and gophers on the prairies. The natives of Mashonaland are fond of eating these animals, and their reason for burning the veld is that they may find them more easily. I had seen many places where they had been digging for these rodents with their small hoes. This open country was not inhabited, as the natives did not venture to dwell away from the hills.

We camped in a grove of trees much like the wal-

nut. As I lay that night looking toward the clear sky, with the wind blowing briskly through the leafless branches, I could almost imagine that it was early winter in Montana. This was, however, the only time while in Mashonaland that I was reminded in the least of the North American winter, as the appearance there is so totally different. We returned to the column on the afternoon of the next day, after I had shot, with my Ballard rifle, a corona crane, which I subsequently skeletonized. While ahead making the road, B troop had killed four brindled gnus, two of which, a cow and a bull, were given me for the Museum. Major Johnson and Lieutenant Borrow went with me to the place where they had been shot to help skin them, and among us we finished the work before the column arrived.

On August 20th I left the column for a shooting trip with Major Johnson and a few others. A trading wagon accompanied us, under charge of Van Eck and Fletcher. The next morning I went hunting with Major Johnson and Lieutenant Borrow, nine miles from the wagon. We saw many herds of sable and tsessebe antelope. I was mounted on an old "salted" shooting pony, called Chapman, which had twice been across the Zambesi River; and I soon discovered that he knew much more about hunting than I did. At first it was necessary to dig the spurs into him continually in order to keep up with the other members of the party, who were mounted upon younger and more spirited horses; but when we gave chase to a herd of about forty sable antelope, there was a complete transformation in the spirit of my old nag.

As we gained a rise of ground, we sighted the animals a few hundred yards away. Each individual wheeled and, with head erect, stood facing us for a

moment only; then the entire herd turned and galloped away. My companions gave chase, and at first gained rapidly on the troop, but they were soon left far behind the fleeing antelope. Old Chapman had pricked up his ears and had cantered off as fast as his old legs could carry him, but, instead of following the game, he took a course at right angles to the direction in which they were running. This seemed outrageous, and I pulled on the rein with all my strength, trying to change his course, but without effect. Presently the herd turned, and began running upwind. The sagacity of the horse was now shown, for he brought me within good shooting range, so that I was able to bring down a fine specimen. Long training under the saddle, with an experienced huntsman as master, had taught him that antelope will nearly always take their course upwind; and the old fellow knew that the proper thing to do was to head them off.

The village at which the men were trading was strongly fortified. About sixty Matabeles had been there three days before our arrival, sent by Lo Bengula to collect tribute in sheep and cattle from the Mashonas. Where they had camped a double skerm had been made. The centre of the enclosure, surrounded by a fence of bushes, was the place for the cattle and sheep. Outside of this fence was another, and between the two fences the Matabeles had slept, with their feet inward toward their small fires.

For two days Van Eck and Fletcher carried on a lively trade with the Mashonas. The latter seemed to know nothing of the use of money, and therefore would not accept it; but they bartered their meal, grain, and other products for small beads, two varieties of which were in fashion with them, name-

ly, red and white. They also accepted calico and salt.

We returned to the laager on the afternoon of September 4th. Near it a fort was under construction, which was christened Fort Charter, and in which A troop of the Police was to be stationed.

In the evening the column moved on again. As it was moonlight, most of the trekking was now done at night. About this time Walker formally turned three of his cheetahs over to me to rear on shares—as they were almost dead of starvation. One had died already, and the others expired at convenient stages, so that I was able to save all their skins for my collection. Thus ends many a dream of wealth which has no more substantial inspiration than a captive animal.

We crossed the Umfuli River on the morning of September 6th. The oxen had now become so weak that in fording rivers where the beds were sandy and the banks steep, it was found necessary for the Pioneers to help them through. The men actually placed the yokes on their own necks and thus pulled as though they were cattle. Beyond the Umfuli we found a great change in the appearance of the country. It was heavily timbered, and did not look at all suitable for farming purposes. Two parties of engineers were sent out to survey farms for the Pioneers between this river and the Hanyani; but considerable dissatisfaction was manifested in regard to the location, as the Pioneers thought that they ought to be allowed to stake their farms wherever they might choose.

The Mashona chief formerly claiming this district, together with his entire tribe, had been “wiped out” three years before by the Matabeles. Some real or imaginary offence had been committed against Lo Bengula, so he sent an army to inflict punishment

upon the offenders. The Mashonas were taken by surprise, and the entire community massacred, with the exception of the girls, who were carried to Matabeleland as slaves. Large numbers of cattle, sheep, and goats were also captured. This persecution of the Mashonas on the part of the Matabeles had been going on ever since the latter had settled on the border of Mashonaland. Every few years it was deemed necessary for some neighborhood to suffer extermination to appease the Matabele thirst for human blood.

On the morning of September 11th we entered a magnificent prairie country quite destitute of native villages. There were long faces among the Pioneers at the thought of receiving farms between the Umfuli and Hanyani rivers, where the land seemed to be of an inferior quality, instead of having them located on this beautiful rich prairie. Finally, the column outspanned about twelve miles from Mount Hampden. After a hasty breakfast, the Pioneers went to work at building a permanent fort; and presently we realized that we had reached our journey's end. More than that, it was not merely a wilderness fort that we began to erect, but the capital of a new empire.

On the following day, September 12, 1890, we held a grand parade, and in the name of the Queen, formally took possession of all the unpossessed land in South Central Africa, and as much more as from time to time it should be found desirable to add. The British flag was hoisted by Lieutenant Biscoe of the Pioneer Corps. Canon Balfour offered prayer, three cheers were given for the Queen, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the seven-pounders, and another jewel was added to the British crown.

The place was named Fort Salisbury, in honor of England's Premier. The situation was on an open

prairie, near a small river called the Makabusi. The altitude was found to be 4,600 feet above sea-level, and the latitude  $17^{\circ} 54'$  South. It was estimated that we were 1,100 miles from Kimberley, and 1,700 from Cape Town. Four hundred miles to the east lay the Indian Ocean, while the Zambesi River was less than half that distance to the northward.

I know not what others of the Pioneers may have thought or felt on this occasion, but I must confess that on my mind it made a profound impression. For the first time in my life I felt that I was helping to make history, that I had witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of what, by virtue of the natural resources and fertility of the country, would one day become a populous and valuable colony. The vicissitudes it would be called upon to undergo, no human judgment could foresee, but in the hands of the world's most successful colonial architect, its final destiny seemed a foregone conclusion. It needed no professional prophet to predict the farms, the mines, the towns and cities, the factories and the railways which a few years' time would be almost certain to bring.

There is a fine feeling of exhilaration in being present at the founding of a new state, and in five minutes after Fort Salisbury was established, I had made up my mind to stay with the enterprise, at least long enough to see the curtain fall at the end of the first act.

## CHAPTER IX

### BIG GAME AND THE RUSH TO THE GOLD-FIELDS

Equipped for Hunting Big Game—Mount Hampden and the Gwibi Flats—"The Greatest Show on Earth"—Hunting Tsessebe Antelope—Slater Finds Traces of Gold—Arsenic and Alum for a Wagon-Load of Pumpkins—We Return in Haste to the Laager—The Fort Completed, and the Pioneers Disbanded—The British South Africa Company Issues Claim Licenses—The Pioneers Rush to the Gold-Fields—We Set Out for Hartley Hills—Stalking Waterbuck—Visited by "Laughing" Hyenas—The Hunter's Paradise.

THE remainder of the month of September was spent by the Pioneers in fort building. The members of B troop of the Police, who were to be stationed at Fort Salisbury, were at once put to work at constructing quarters for themselves; but a more interesting detail fell to me. A few days after arriving, Captain Hoste sent me out to shoot game for his troop, equipping me with a wagon, span of oxen, leader and driver, some native servants, and a shooting pony. Two young men named Frost and Langerman accompanied me; and I presume there were few Pioneers who did not envy me my good luck.

This was my first experience of the free, fascinating life of the "voortrekkers," as those Boers are called who travel ahead of civilization in their wagons, and

live by hunting. Believing that the best game country lay to the west, we went thither. From our first camp, we could see the top of what seemed to be a mountain, about ten miles distant, looming up over a rise of ground. In the afternoon I rode my pony in a northeasterly direction, and in an hour's time came in full view of what proved to be Mount Hampden, which had been the objective point of our expedition. In reality it is only a large timber-covered hill, standing alone on the prairie, rising several hundred feet above the adjacent country, and forming a prominent landmark for miles around. Between us and the mountain lay a broad plain—now called the Gwibi Flats—through which flows a small stream known as the Gwibi River. The open prairie was dotted over with large ant-heaps, many of them black and bare, while others were covered with bunches of tall grass which had escaped the veld fires. On damp vleis near the river the green grass was sprouting, thus forming pastures which had attracted large numbers of wild animals.

That evening I beheld on those flats a sight which probably will never again be seen there to the end of the world. The view was not of crowded masses of game, such as were found in the early days on our western plains, nor was there a vast herd of any single species. But the variety deploying before me was almost incredible! There, within the range of my vision, were groups of roan, sable, and tsessebe antelope, Burchell's zebras, elands, reedbucks, steinbucks, and ostriches. It was like Africa in the days of Livingstone. As I sat on my horse, viewing with amazement this wonderful panorama of wild life, I was startled by a herd that came galloping around a small hill just behind me. It proved to be a number of tsessebe antelope

# Day of California



“It was like Africa in the days of Livingstone.”

TO THE  
ABORIGINAL

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with five Burchell's zebras following close behind them. I was so completely absorbed in the contemplation of this wonderful scene, and in feasting my eyes upon the beautiful creatures that galloped so near me, that I did not kill one of them. It is not uncommon for two varieties of game to mingle together in one herd, and zebras often associate with more wary animals, for by that means they secure better protection. Not unfrequently one sees a solitary tsessebe running with a herd of zebras, or a single sable antelope accompanying a herd of tsessebés. As it was now sunset, I took one more long look at the game, and reluctantly returned to the wagon, arriving there after dark. I felt that I had seen "the greatest show on earth."

The next morning before daylight we inspanned, trekked to the Gwibi River, and camped near a few small willow-trees which we found on its bank. While we were eating breakfast a herd of tsessebés came near us, but they did not notice our camp, as it was concealed behind the bushes. Seizing my rifle, I aimed at the one nearest me as they passed by, and fired. It dropped to the shot, and lay behind an ant-heap belching lustily. I ran toward it, but to my amazement it jumped up and scampered away crippled, and soon overtook the herd. Apparently it was able to travel on three legs as rapidly as its mates could on four. The boys having thoughtfully saddled my pony for me, I mounted and gave chase, soon overhauled my antelope, and gave it another shot, which ended its life.

After skinning the tsessebe, I set out on foot to see how I should fare by that method of hunting. It was a difficult task to kill game on those open flats. The tsessebés proved to be the most wary of antelope.

While a herd of females with their young were grazing on a meadow, I observed that the males stood as sentries on neighboring ant-heaps ; and it was extremely difficult to elude their keen sight. Several times I got an ant-heap between me and a sentry, and thus crept cautiously up, flattering myself that I was doing admirably, when, to my astonishment and chagrin, I saw the herd go galloping away. In these cases I discovered that a sentry stationed far away on the other side of the troop had caught sight of me, and had given the alarm. Some of the herds had three sentries on duty, thus making it impossible for me to approach without being noticed.

Late in the afternoon I came to a place where there were many ant-heaps covered with tall grass, and I rejoiced to find that at last I could outwit my game. I made a beautiful stalk, but just as I was about to fire, the entire herd, sentries and all, suddenly stampeded. I was dumfounded, and quite unable to divine the cause, until happening to turn around, I was startled by perceiving an armed savage not ten steps behind me. He wore ostrich feathers on his head, carried spears in his hands, and grinned at me as good-naturedly as if we had always been friends. Curiosity had induced him to watch quite closely the white man's method of hunting, and evidently it had not occurred to him to keep under cover for my benefit. In his primitive simplicity he had followed bolt up-right and close behind me, while I had laboriously crept along the ground, endeavoring to conceal myself from the game. Provoked by small occurrences like this, race antipathies often begin on short notice between the whites and the aboriginal inhabitants.

As the herd galloped off over a rise about six hundred yards distant, in sheer desperation I fired a shot

at the leading antelope. Almost instantly with the pulling of the trigger, a tsessebe, full twenty feet behind the one at which I fired, bounded straight into the air, and fell. Pacing off the distance, I found it to be seven hundred yards instead of six, as I had judged. The animal was stone dead, with a bullet through its body just behind the shoulder. This might be cited as the result of good marksmanship, but inasmuch as there were at least two antelopes between the one killed and the one aimed at, I am compelled to waive the claim. As it was now sundown, I returned to the wagon. Frost came in that evening from chasing koodoo antelope, with his horse completely exhausted. Langerman had wounded a lioness, but did not get her.

The following day Frost returned to the laager with the meat of my two tsessebes, and Mr. Edward Slater was sent in his place to assist me in hunting. I made a trip several miles from the camp toward the source of the Gwibi River, and before night succeeded in killing three roan antelopes. On going to them the next morning we found that two had disappeared, having been stolen during the night by the Mashonas. Everything had been taken, including skin and bones.

We then moved our camp eastward to the edge of the plateau, and although we did not find game there, we were amply repaid for our journey by the prospect that was spread before us. Stretching for many miles toward the Zambesi, could be seen broken mountainous country. As we were descending Mount Hampden, which we had climbed for a view of the beautiful landscape which lay about it, we killed a splendid sable antelope and a little duiker. The next morning before breakfast Slater went to the river with the lid of a tin pail, and found grains of gold

in the sand. Immediately, he decided to locate his farm there. In one respect, Mashonaland is like Alaska—traces of gold can be found in nearly every stream.

During the day Slater and I went toward some hills to the southwest, among which a chief called Menyamwada resided. We saw considerable game, but found it extremely wild and difficult to approach, because our horses were too weak to do much running. Nevertheless, I succeeded in bringing down a fine sable antelope, and proceeded to take measurements and to skin the animal, while Slater gave chase to its mate. It was a grand sight to see the fleet-footed and graceful beast skim across the prairie.

Upon returning to camp that evening, we found that John, the driver, had purchased a load of pumpkins, which the native men and women from the Mazoe valley had brought to the wagon to barter. At first I was pleased, but when I found that John had traded away about twenty pounds of preservative, consisting of alum and arsenic, which he had mistaken for salt, I was filled with dismay! We knew not the villages whence the natives had come, nor could we explain the mistake, as we were ignorant of their language; and before my scared mental vision rose piles of dead Mashonas, pestilence, and war on the whites—provided there remained enough live Mashonas to make it. My only hope of salvation lay in the possibility that the astringency of the alum would so spoil everything with which it came in contact, that the people would be saved. Had any of us spoken the language of the natives, we would have tried to hunt up the pumpkin-sellers, although even then it is very doubtful whether we could have found them in time to prevent a catastrophe. Hence it was that before daylight the next morning we left for the fort. We

made no mention of the matter to anyone, but a year later, when visiting the Mazoe valley, I inquired of the natives if there had been any disease among them about the time when the white men arrived in the country. They said there had been an epidemic of stomach-aches, but, fortunately, no one had died from it ; so my conscience was profoundly relieved.

When at the end of September we returned to the laager, we found that the fort had been completed, and that two rows of houses built of poles and mud, with thatched roofs, had also been constructed as quarters for the Police. West of the fort, near a large hill called the Kopje, some buildings, constituting what was designated the Ranch, had been erected by Messrs. Johnson, Heany, and Borrow.

On October 1st the Pioneers were disbanded. At that time only three gold-fields were known. They were those of the Mazoe valley, the Northern, near Lo Magondi's, and the Umfuli, or Hartley, gold-fields. The last had the reputation of being the richest, and to them the majority of Pioneers were anxious to go.

The Chartered Company (British South Africa Company), or "Government," as it is usually designated in Mashonaland, now issued licenses to those who wished to prospect—one shilling being the payment required. This entitled the prospector to peg a block of ten claims, or, if he were a Pioneer, the right was extended to fifteen. Each claim was one hundred and fifty feet in length by four hundred broad. Thus, a block of ten covered an area of fifteen hundred feet by four hundred, equivalent, I believe, to one claim in American mining districts. Doubtless, the idea of division into many claims arose from the demand in London that mining enterprises should be on a big scale. Ten claims would not sound large, but ten blocks of claims, making one hundred

altogether, would appear much more imposing—on paper. Each prospector's license stipulated that the holder agreed, if called upon, to bear arms in defence of the Chartered Territories. Licenses were negotiable, and a Pioneer's right to fifteen claims, at the time of our arrival in Mashonaland, was valued at one hundred pounds sterling. In consideration of supplying the means for opening and governing the country, the British South Africa Company required as its right fifty per cent. of the shares in stock companies formed on mines discovered. At the outset it was generally understood that the Company would take in hand the floating of these minor combines, but this has never been done. Practically, it was impossible. It still, however, claims the fifty per cent., or, at least, a per cent. large enough to constitute a controlling interest in any new mining corporation; hence has arisen much dissatisfaction, not only on the part of the prospectors, but among speculators as well.

Messrs. Johnson, Heany, and Borrow lent their wagons and oxen to the Pioneers, who were to go out on prospecting trips in parties of five or six to each wagon. As there had been so much discontent among the members of the expedition in regard to locating farms between the Umfuli and Hanyani rivers, the privilege was accorded of pegging wherever they chose, but only in blocks of six. Moreover, it was distinctly stipulated that no land was to be taken which was used by the natives for their villages and gardens. At that time occupation was required. Pioneer farm rights were negotiable, the same as miner's licenses, and were valued at £100 each. Those who had come for the sole purpose of following agricultural pursuits, went in search of lands suitable for farms. A large majority of the men, however, were seized with the

gold fever, and on the next day after disbandment, they hastened off on horseback, in wagons, or with donkeys and pack oxen, to the Mazoe, to the Northern gold-fields, and to Hartley Hills, in a mad rush to stake out their fortunes in gold properties.

Major Johnson offered me the use of a wagon, a span of oxen, and a horse for the purpose of going out to collect specimens for the Museum. He also supplied me with a driver and a leader. In exchange for the use of these, he stipulated that I should take a load of provisions to Hartley Hills to the prospectors whom Messrs. Johnson, Heany, and Borrow had sent there to develop the mines which they had located, and also that I should supply the prospectors with game. My wagon was the second to go to Hartley, and I followed on the trail of the one which had gone ahead. With me travelled several Pioneers and also Mr. Surrage, the parson, who was going to Hartley Hills to look after the spiritual welfare of the community.

I found good hunting along the way, and killed several reedbucks, some wild pigs, and tsessebes. One morning while absent from the wagon, I heard a fusillade which sounded like a battle. Upon returning, I found that a large black rhinoceros had been killed. Scarcely had my party outspanned, when two of these animals came rushing down from the bushes toward the cattle. The men seized their rifles, and began firing at the rhinoceroses as they ran by within a hundred yards. The pair consisted of a bull and a cow, the latter being much the larger. When opposite the wagon, the cow dropped dead, but the bull escaped unscathed. It was discovered upon examination, that, with all the firing, but one bullet had taken effect. No single person, therefore,

could lay claim to the trophy, for no one knew whose shot had been the fatal one, hence it was unanimously voted that the skin and skeleton should be presented to the Smithsonian Institution.

After breakfast the entire party generously set to work to help me skin and skeletonize the enormous beast. Among the Pioneers who lent a hand were Messrs. Surrage, Spreckley, King, Kermode, Stanford, and Butcher. Each man chose from my array of knives a blade suited to his fancy. The skinning proceeded, accompanied by much good-natured raillery over the possibility of subsequently seeing the skin and skeleton among the Smithsonian collections at the World's Fair, with a thrilling description of how "William Harvey 'Curio' Brown encountered and slayed this gigantic *Rhinoceros bicornis* in the jungles of Equatorial Africa!" The skin was removed in three pieces, the head and neck forming one division, and the sides, separated along the back and belly, forming the other two. We found the meat of excellent flavor, and we cut it in strips to be dried by the wind into what the South African Dutch call "biltong."

We trekked forward that afternoon, and a day later arrived at Hartley Hills. Great excitement prevailed there. We found the ground pegged off in all directions. The indications of gold consisted of great numbers of "old workings"—pits dug by the ancients, the Portuguese, or whatever people worked those mines in earlier times. Scarcely had I arrived when Pioneers came to me, almost breathless, with the query: "Have you pegged yet? You had better look sharp and peg your ground, or you will lose your chance for a fortune." As I was carried away with enthusiasm for collecting specimens, the

gold excitement did not at the start affect me in the least, and to the surprise of the goldbugs I proceeded with my favorite work.

I soon met three good-natured natives, whom I engaged to work for me. Being unable to understand their curious names, I christened them according to my own fancy with appellations more familiar, which were, respectively, George Washington, Henry Clay, and Abe Lincoln. The day after arriving I went hunting to the south of the Umfuli River, where game was said to be plentiful. On the route I came across a mining-camp where three Americans, Messrs. Rogers, Kaiser, and Bressen, were developing some ground belonging to the Bechuanaland Exploration Company. These men were enthusiastic over the gold they were finding, and showed me some excellent specimens of quartz.

Going far beyond the mining-camp into the brush lands, I presently sighted a herd of waterbuck, but found some difficulty in stalking them, because they had been disturbed during the past few days by numerous prospectors, who had been rushing madly over the country, pegging claims. After considerable tramping about I followed the antelope into an open meadow. Having read of savages stalking game by creeping along the ground and carrying a bush covered with leaves in front of them, I decided to put the suggestion into practice. It succeeded admirably, and I was able to get fully a hundred yards nearer by this means than would otherwise have been possible.

Choosing a fine buck with large horns, I drew a bead on his shoulder, and fired. He was two hundred yards distant, but my bullet struck within six inches of the spot at which I had aimed. Staggering for a few steps, the animal fell to the ground, lifeless.

The three natives then helped me at the skinning. While we were at work scores of vultures came soaring toward us and lighted on the trees near at hand. Scarcely had we finished our task and proceeded fifty yards from the place where we had left the viscera of the antelope, when a great flock of those uncanny birds flew greedily from the trees upon the remains, flapping their wings, crowding one another, and screeching with excitement and eagerness.

By the middle of the next day the skin of the antelope was preserved and dried, and the rhinoceros was also almost cured. I had saved the entire skeleton of the latter as well as its skin. In a few days' time, however, a hue and cry was raised by some sensitive associates who were camping near my wagon, against the odor emanating from the rhinoceros bones. In fact, so much fuss was made about it, that I was obliged to remove them a hundred yards from the camp, where I placed them in a strong skerm made of thorn bushes. It seemed to me that no wild animal could possibly break into the enclosure; but, unfortunately, my judgment was in error. That night our camp was visited by a troop of spotted hyenas, or "laughing" hyenas, as they are called, which have a most wonderful power of scenting carrion miles away. During the first part of the night they entertained us with a rare amount of yelling, but after midnight we heard them laughing like spotted demons in the neighborhood of the rhinoceros skeleton. As daylight approached they retired, and we could hear their hideous yelling growing fainter and fainter in the distance. At last the sound died away into occasional bursts of laughter, as though they were rejoicing over the best feast they had had for months.

As soon as it grew light enough to see I hastened

to the skeleton, and, to my dismay, found it a total wreck. Chewed fragments of bones lay scattered about in every direction for a hundred yards or more. The only thing left for me was—vengeance, which I resolved to secure by leaving poisoned meat for the brutes on the following night. I prepared the bait and put it out. They returned for it, and, if possible, were far more noisy than before. It seemed to me, as I lay and listened to them, that their derisive, demoniacal laughter was more contemptuous than ever. As daylight approached they slunk away to their hiding-places. Upon examination I found that every scrap of the meat had been eaten, but not a dead hyena could we discover.

The Pioneers and prospectors talked to me so much about losing the opportunity of a lifetime that, finally, I began to get the gold-fever myself, and to build castles in the air for the disposition of the millions I should probably make. A man named Sheppard came to me one morning and said, very confidentially, "Look at here, 'Curio,' ole chap, I have already pegged my fifteen claims, so I may as well give a friend the tip concernin' a good opportunity. Just come along with me, and I'll put you on to a fine mine." He took me to a big heap of barren-looking quartz about a hundred yards away. "This," he said, "was pegged by Jack Mahon; but he's a bally ole tenderfoot, and doesn't know nothin' about gold minin', and so, like a fool, he's abandoned it. You'd better make haste, and peg it quick before somebody else comes along." I located the ground, got a pick and shovel, pan and hammer, and began work. All day long I dug, crushed quartz, and panned, but not a sign of gold did I obtain. That evening I complained to Sheppard of finding nothing. "Oh, that's nothin', ole chap," he answered, with a

cheerful grin. "You mustn't get discouraged so early. You may not find anything on the surface, but there's always a chance, if you go deep enough, that you'll strike it rich." I concluded that Sheppard was playing a practical joke on me, and had set me to work on a barren reef; hence my attack of gold-fever immediately subsided, and my attention was once more turned to my legitimate pursuits.

On October 10th I set out with my wagon for a place six miles south of the Umfuli River, where the natives told me there was any amount of game to be found. Before reaching the river we scared up two impala antelopes, one of which I succeeded in bringing down with my rifle. It was one of the most beautiful and graceful specimens of the South African fauna, reddish in color, with delicate, lyre-shaped horns. In height it was about that of a mule deer, but far more slenderly built. The impala inhabit bush country, and they usually congregate in herds. When running they have a habit of bounding high in the air like the springbuck of the Cape Colony.

As we arrived at the stream the boys pointed to a herd of koodoos, travelling leisurely along the opposite bank, several hundred yards farther up the river. I followed them, and killed one, a fine bull with splendid horns nearly five feet in length measured along the spiral curve. He was a magnificent animal, five feet in height at the withers, grayish in color, with graceful white stripes down his sides. I was filled with joy at being able to obtain so exquisite a specimen with such long, symmetrical, and beautifully twisted horns.

We crossed the river at a ford formerly used by Mr. Selous and other elephant hunters, and just before sundown reached the edge of a long vlei, where we out-

spanned. Taking one of the natives with me, I left the wagon for a short hunt, and before we had proceeded five hundred yards, four reedbucks, antelope about the size of Virginia deer, jumped from almost under our feet out of a patch of tall grass. They ran about a hundred yards, then stopped and turned to look at us, and while they were satisfying their curiosity I brought down a doe. In the thick bushes, not far distant, we fell in with a herd of tsessebes, but they were too quick for me, and I failed to get a shot at them. Presently we made our way back to the vlei, at a point half a mile below the wagon. The place seemed alive with wild animals, but it was now between sundown and dusk, and quite too late to pursue any of them. In the edge of the bushes on the opposite side there was a group of sable antelopes; beyond these were some tsessebes; and across a wide part of the vlei, about a quarter of a mile away, a troop of large animals, which I took to be elands, went filing along. Behind them came a bunch of zebras—the most showy animals of this district. The game had evidently flocked into this place after having been driven by the prospectors from the parts it had formerly frequented.

As I gazed at this great gathering of wild beasts I was thrilled with a sensation of keen pleasure; for I felt that at last I had really reached a hunters' paradise. On the way back to the wagon we saw several more reedbucks. The one that I had killed near camp had been carried over and skinned by the natives, and we had fresh antelope liver for supper. Whenever I went out with my rifle I saw several varieties of antelope, and from not a single hunt did I return empty-handed. In fact, fresh trophies accumulated so rapidly that it was actually impossible

to preserve them all. Finally, a drizzling rain set in, which continued off and on for nearly a week. This made it difficult to cure skins, and in consequence the hair began to slip on some of the specimens before I could get them dried.

My three servants, George Washington, Abe Lincoln, and Henry Clay—or “Dendery Glay” as John, the driver, interpreted it—had in some mysterious way communicated with their numerous friends and relatives at their native village, so that we were soon surrounded by a crowd of men and boys, forty or more in number, all eager to assist in carrying in the game and skinning it. In this work I found them very useful. Like the vultures that they were, it was the meat that had attracted them; and the surplus of what I gave them they cut into long strips, which they hung on the trees to dry. By their continual singing, laughing, and talking I was impressed with the fact that they were exceedingly happy in having all the meat they could eat; and whenever I was absent they felt it incumbent upon them to steal loads of venison to send home to their wives and children. Nevertheless, their idiosyncrasies supplied me with much amusement. John interpreted some of their songs, but I must confess that their music was not of a particularly high order, nor was the sentiment the most elevating. Their effusions ran much in this strain, which is by no means a translation of any particular ditty, but is a good sample of their idea of sentimental music:

Father killed an eland bull,  
Eh-e-eh-e-eh, eh-e-eh,  
Mother stewed a big pot full,  
Eh-e-eh-e-eh, eh-e-eh,  
Piccaninny ate his belly full,  
Eh-e-eh-e-eh, eh-e-eh.

Then follows as a chorus a squeaky, melancholy warble of "Eh-e-eh-e-eh," until you are tired.

Throughout much of the night my self-invited guests were busy, cooking and eating meat. In fact, I do not believe that they had had such a glorious picnic since the days when the elephant hunters left to them the carcasses of the elephants that they killed in the neighborhood.

During the three weeks I spent at this hunting field, called Lemuka by the Mashonas, I shot and preserved specimens of the eland, the roan antelope, tsessebe antelope, reedbuck, sable antelope, Burchell's zebra, koodoo, oribi, impala, wart-hog, and jackal. Having a wagon-load of skins, skeletons, skulls, and horns, I returned to Hartley.

## CHAPTER X

### MORE BIG GAME HUNTING

A Message from Lo Bengula—Preparing Shelter and Food for the Rainy Season—The Bluejackets as Bullock Drivers—We Exchange Meat for Native Products and Ethnological Specimens—The Vitality of Large Game—A Trip to Guidzema—Prehistoric Gold-Mining—Serenaded by Lions—My Native Servants Attempt to Give Me the Slip, but Fail—Christofison's Night with Lions—"Vot Goot it Make Dot I vas Prave?"

ON my return to Hartley I met Mr. James Dawson, who had been sent from Bulawayo in company with some Matabele chiefs, with greetings to the white men from Lo Bengula, and messages from the great king to the effect that he was glad that the white men had succeeded in arriving safely in the country without accident or sickness. Even an African savage knows what it is to put up a bluff.

As there was much wet weather, it now became apparent that I should have to turn my attention to building an abode for the rainy season, and likewise a shelter for my specimens. Messrs. Johnson, Heany, and Borrows' people had taken possession of one of the kopjes at Hartley, and had erected upon it several huts of poles, dagga, and thatch. Mr. Heany, who was there at that time, gave me permission to build a hut for my own use on the same hill. Forthwith I



Hartley Hills, Shortly After the Occupation.

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went into the woods with my servants, cut a wagon-load of poles, and hauled them to the hill. In a few days the natives had constructed the framework of a hut. Then we went out again with the wagon, brought in a load of grass, and spent a few days more in building the walls of poles and grass, and also in thatching the roof. I bought a "wagon-sail" (a large piece of canvas about twenty feet wide by thirty in length), which I spread over the top of the roof, thus making it perfectly water-proof. I considered myself fortunate in being able to purchase such a luxury, for at that time, with the rainy season staring several hundred shelterless men in the face, wagon-sails were at a premium. In fact, I had to pay for the one purchased a sum amounting to \$45.

I had now given a full month to the collecting of specimens for the Museum, so I decided to let this work rest until the rainy season should be over, and turn my attention to laying in a supply of food. Of course food was not plentiful, and the little we were able to purchase consisted of Boer meal, sugar, and split peas. Although at the time the prices seemed high, I do not think they were exorbitant; and, in fact, they were little if any more than the actual cost of transporting the goods to that very inaccessible part of the world. For meat, an ox was killed occasionally; but we had to depend principally upon our rifles.

On November 5th I went with the wagon north from Hartley to a river called the Sarua. Here I found game plentiful, but by no means so abundant as at the place where I had been a week previous. I killed several head of roan antelope and other species of game, the meat of which the natives cut into strips and hung in the wind to dry into biltong. Having obtained a good wagon-load of meat, I told

the boys to lead us to a village. We crossed a road which was now pretty well beaten down by travel ; and here we met a party of Pioneers who had come from the Mazoe valley.

They were not particularly enthusiastic over the gold they had found, but as the party consisted of bluejackets, who had never before had any experience in gold-mining, their opinion did not count for much one way or the other. They had been doing their own driving with a native Mashona as a leader, and they complained that the boy had run away the night before, leaving them to attend to the oxen. At inspanning time it is customary for the driver to crack his long whip as a means of calling the herd-boy to come at once with the oxen. When we met the sailors they had been cracking their whips vigorously for more than an hour, and were much annoyed because the bullocks did not come. Having previously noticed that the oxen always appeared when the whip was cracked, they had erroneously arrived at the conclusion that the animals had been thus trained, and they were much disappointed on discovering their mistake. The cattle had strayed so far away that it took the sailors, assisted by my boys, several hours to find them.

The next morning we arrived at the home village of the guides. Our driver, who had had some experience at trading, announced to the people that we wished to exchange meat for grain and other products. Crowds of men and women came with Kafir corn, beans, rice, meal, Indian corn, and sweet potatoes. John carried on a lively business, and we procured several bags of produce. It was amusing to watch the excitement of the Mashonas as they crowded around our commissionaire, talking loudly and offering their supplies for sale. It reminded me forcibly of hack-drivers at a

Western railway-station crowding around a passenger who has just alighted. I succeeded likewise in trading for a valuable collection of ethnological specimens such as spears, battle-axes, musical instruments, and domestic utensils. I noticed that the young men and boys fondled one another, and went about with arms around each other, just as one sees the girls do in civilized communities. In fact, a great many customs seemed to be exactly the reverse of ours. The second day, accompanied by a guide from the village, I went about half a mile away, and killed two tsessebe antelopes. I brought each down with a single shot at two hundred and forty yards, and began to feel a little proud of my marksmanship.

We left the village with the intention of returning to Lemuka. On the way we saw several wild ostriches—a cock and a hen, with a number of young following them—but they were too wary to allow me to get near them. The days were now becoming hot, although the nights were generally cool. The vegetation was budding out vigorously, much more rapidly than I have seen it elsewhere. We had just crossed to the south bank of the Umfuli River when a zebra came trotting up within a hundred yards of the wagon. When I shot him he cantered a little way and stopped. I fired at him again, and he went off farther. I circled around, approached from behind a clump of trees within a hundred yards, and fired at his side as he stood on a knoll. He then turned, facing from me, and, profoundly mystified because he did not fall, I put another bullet into him. As I had only three cartridges left, I sent Henry Clay to the wagon for the Ballard rifle and more ammunition. The zebra stood a while longer, then staggered backward, and fell. I went up to him as he was lying on his side,

still struggling, and, wondering what was the matter with my shooting, sent a ball into his heart to put him out of pain.

I found that three of my bullets had gone through his lungs, one through his viscera from the flank, and one into his heart. The amount of vitality that some of these animals display is marvellous. Oftentimes, when one fires at game, it goes away as though not hit, when in reality the bullet has struck within a few inches of where the marksman aimed. Hence the advisability of always following the spoor of a wounded animal. The next morning I killed a male tsessebe about five hundred yards from my camp. I shot him straight through his lungs, just behind the shoulder. He ran nearly three hundred yards before he fell, and even then he struggled some time before dying. The zebra meat tasted somewhat insipid, or at least I thought it did, although it may have been a fancy caused by my imagining that I was eating horse-flesh. We heard lions roaring all the following night, but failing to find any of them, I set out the next morning for Hartley. On arriving there I spent several days in building a much-needed addition to my hut, for the original structure was already filled with specimens.

On November 16th, with a cart and eight oxen, I started for a place called Guidzema, situated on the Umfuli River thirty miles below Hartley. Major Johnson's agent had requested me to take down a prospector, Mr. Krohn. We had proceeded only a few miles when a heavy downpour of rain came upon us, so we promptly outspanned, and Krohn ingeniously arranged his small patrol tent over the cart in such a way as to make a comfortable shelter. Under this we spent the rest of the day, reading novels.

Guidzema was an interesting place, as about it were

indications of a vast amount of prehistoric gold-mining. Along the river the soil and gravel had been turned over, evidently in the search for alluvial gold. The quartz-reefs in this neighborhood had likewise been worked to a considerable depth, some of them to fifty and sixty feet, which was apparently water level. On the hills near at hand, which had been inhabited by the ancient miners, were numbers of grinding-stones with the upper surface hollowed, on which the people who had mined the gold had ground the quartz, preparatory to panning it. There were also the remains of two old houses built of adobe bricks. These were forty feet in length by twenty in width. Possibly they were those of a Portuguese Jesuit mission station, or, more probably, the dwelling-place of some Portuguese trader, who may have lived there fifty or one hundred years before, buying gold from native miners.

Krohn decided to make his camp on the top of one of the kopjes, from which the view was superb. One could look over the forest-covered country for many miles. To the southwest were ranges of hills which assumed the proportions of mountains, and high hills arose in other directions also. A strange sensation came over me while I viewed the quiet valleys below, and thought of the activity that must have prevailed there at some earlier period. The vleis were covered with young and succulent grass, rapidly shooting up from the abundant rains. Feeding on the green sward were herds of zebras, tsessebes, sable antelopes, and reedbucks.

That evening I managed to get the cart to the top of the kopje, and camped there. I had never before, nor have I since, heard such a serenade of lions as we were favored with that night. There seemed to be dozens

of them in different directions, and the roaring continued till sunrise. I spent the day in hunting, hoping that I might run across some of them, but in this endeavor I was disappointed. Just before sunset I wounded a male waterbuck, the shot failing to kill him outright. The timber was thick, but I could easily follow the blood spoor. The animal was cunning enough to take his course down the wind, so that whenever I might have approached near to him, he had scented me and travelled on. I followed until after sunset; then gave up the chase as hopeless and started for camp. On the way back I crossed the trail again, and observed that over my own footprints were the tracks of a lion which had been following me on the blood spoor! Not to be outdone, I turned about, and attempted to overtake the lion; but it soon became too dark to make out clearly the sights of my rifle, so I reluctantly returned to the cart, arriving there some time after dusk.

That night we were again serenaded by lions. It sounded as if the beasts in fifty menageries were being fed at one time. The brutes seemed to go serenading in parties. One led off with a prelude, then another took up the roar, followed by another and another, until the troop fairly made the surrounding elements vibrate. When a chorus of two or more companies of lions pealed out on the still night air, the earth seemed actually to quake beneath us. They came several times close under the hill on which we were camped, and we were inspired with respectful awe for the great king of beasts. As dawn approached the music gradually melted away, and upon awaking at broad daylight after a last morning's nap, all was so quiet that I half felt as though I had been having a nightmare. Doubtless it was

fortunate for our oxen, and possibly even for ourselves, that we were not camped upon the flats beneath the kopje. One lion had exercised his melodious voice in the neighborhood of the wounded antelope, and as he remained during the whole night in one locality, I concluded that he had overtaken the waterbuck, and was enjoying his evening meal. With the approach of dawn his roaring also ceased. As soon as it was light I hurried off, but after searching for several hours I gave up the hope of finding the lion, went back to the cart, inspanned, and started for Hartley.

Prior to my Guidzema trip I had given permission to my three Mashona servants to return to their village for a short visit. Several days elapsed after the time they had appointed for returning, and they did not appear. As I was new in the country, and from books had gained the idea that savages are exceptionally honorable, I had very foolishly paid them in advance for three months' work. Determined not to be swindled, I set out to find them, and eventually discovered them sitting around the fires at their village, perfectly contented, and evidently without the slightest idea of ever returning to complete the time for which they had been paid. They were much surprised at seeing me, as they apparently had never dreamed that I should be able to find them. George Washington and Abe Lincoln decided to fulfil their contract, but Henry Clay ran off among the rocks and hid; so the chief sent another boy in his place, and him I named Thomas Jefferson.

In the latter part of November the lions about Hartley became a great annoyance. Many of them seemed to have migrated from Guidzema, and a number of horses, cattle, and donkeys fell victims. Dur-

ing the entire night of the 29th, at a camp on the opposite side of the river, there was a tremendous roaring intermingled with a succession of shots. I concluded that without doubt several lions had been killed, so the next morning I went across to investigate. The shooting had occurred at "Jock" Frazier's camp, where, in Frazier's absence, a young man named Christofison was staying alone. The frame of the hut was made of saplings, but the walls were of grass, hence they were no more a barrier to lions than so much paper. At the end of the house, and adjoining it, was an enclosure built of upright poles, ten to twelve feet in height. In this Frazier kept his horse, and the structure was sufficiently secure to make it impossible for a lion to break through. Frazier possessed also a big bull-dog, which had sense enough to keep inside the house after dark, and lie quiet. The lions had paraded up and down, roaring lustily, and evidently much put out at being prevented by Christofison's continual firing from having a feast. This young man had spent most of his life as a bank clerk, and hence had never been accustomed to "roughing it." He said he would not stay another night by himself in that place for any amount of money, as he had been in mortal dread lest the lions should rush in upon him.

Later in the season Frazier moved to the north side of the river, and slept in a tent with his horse tied to a neighboring tree, where he could keep guard over him. One night he went away, and left his steed in charge of a German named Pietratz. At about eight o'clock in the evening, while the latter was lying in the tent, reading by candle-light, a lion pounced upon the horse. Pietratz lifted the edge of the tent to see what was causing the commotion, and discovering the lion

within a few feet of him, decided not to interfere. The horse was killed, dragged away, and devoured. Frazier's wrath was uncontrollable when he returned and found what had happened. He upbraided Pietratz for cowardice, but the German replied, "Vot goot it make dot I vas prave? Ven I vas killt, all de peoples would say, 'Look at dat bloody vool. He tink he drive a lion away from a horse de same vot he drive a pig away from a dog!' No, no, de vools vas not all dead any more!"

## CHAPTER XI

### THE GOLD FEVER, AND A HUNT FOR CLAIMS

The Rainy Season at its Worst—The Mining Outlook—A Serious Attack of Gold Fever—"Thomas Jefferson's" Father Leads us to a Fine "Magodi"—We Decide that it is an Old Paint Mine—Some Hunting, by Way of Variety—The Natives Reveal Another Ancient Gold-Mine—We go Farther Afield, and Discover Acres of Old Workings—Lions, the Umsweswe River, Crocodiles, and "Honey Birds"—Mr. John Hawes Offers the Benefit of his Knowledge of Gold-Mining—"Oh for the Power of Supernatural Vision"—We Visit the Eiffel District—A Terrible Night in the Jungle—Hardships at Hartley—A Barefooted Trip to Salisbury—Malarial Fever and "Rand's Kicker."

By December 1st, the rainy season was fully upon us. Such continuously wet weather I had never encountered. Both day and night the sky was overcast with heavy clouds, and showers occurred at almost hourly intervals. Sometimes the rain came as a light misty drizzle; at other times it was a tremendous drenching downpour, accompanied by heavy peals of thunder. The surrounding country soon presented the appearance of one vast frog-pond; and in spite of my best endeavors, my specimens and other belongings stored in the grass hut became covered with mold.

As there was absolutely nothing to be done in my line of work until the wet season should be over, I thus had time to look about me and see what was going on in the mining districts. Quite a community of Pioneers and prospectors had collected at Hartley, the largest camp being situated at the junction of the Zimbo River with the Umfuli. Although the ancient workings thereabouts were interesting, they were not of a striking character. They consisted merely of mounds of earth, long trenches, and other excavations made by the prehistoric miners in digging out the gold-bearing quartz. These workings did not extend continuously along a reef, but were sunk in places where rich ore was found. The quartz-veins are similar to those in America and Australia, in that the gold is erratic in its occurrence, some parts of the reef being absolutely barren, while others contain exceedingly rich deposits.

In October a new gold-bearing locality, called the Concession Hill district, had been discovered sixteen miles from Hartley. There had been a big rush to that place, but now that the excessive rains had set in, the prospectors had begun to return to Hartley to arrange dwelling-places in which to spend the remainder of the season. Some had built huts of poles and grass, but many were still living in tents. Besides the Pioneers, there were companies of men engaged in prospecting and developing for Messrs. Johnson, Heany & Borrow, for the Bechuanaland Exploration Company, for a syndicate of the British South Africa Company Police officers, and for syndicates representing the different troops of the Chartered Company's Police force.

I went around to the various camps and saw men crushing quartz in small iron mortars, and taking the powdered stone to the streams to pan it, in order

to see what gold it contained. The fascination of seeing the yellow metal thus produced soon brought upon me the contagion, which is almost inevitably certain to visit everyone who spends any time on a gold-field; and, at last, I was seized with what is termed the gold fever.

The ancient miners had been thorough in their search for treasure, therefore any outcroppings of quartz which had not been previously worked were always found to be barren. Consequently, the method now adopted consisted in paying the Mashonas in blankets, articles of clothing, or whatever the prospector had to spare, to lead him to some old gold-mine off in the thick bushes. One day the father of my new servant, Thomas Jefferson, came to visit his son. In conversing with him, I learned that he knew of a fine "magodi" (old working) about a day's walk down the Umfuli River. I promised to give him and his brother a blanket each, if they would lead me to the place; and we at once set out.

We traversed a level strip of country covered with thick bush and trees, mainly mopani and machabel. Although we were delayed considerably by rain we arrived at our destination just before dark. The natives promptly set to work to build a beehive hut of poles and thatch. They cut quantities of bushes and piled them around the outside, thus making the enclosure so strong that lions and other prowling animals could not enter.

The next morning, on inspecting the site of the ancient mine, I was astonished at the enormous amount of work that had been done there. Over a surface of nearly five acres the earth had been dug into pits and thrown into mounds. It seemed rather to have been placer diggings than a quartz-mine. Run-

ning east and west beyond the end of the workings were four parallel reefs of white quartz, while extending at right angles to these, and apparently joining them at the excavations, was another reef of the same character. I have been told that it is at the junction of lodes that the best gold is to be found, and this seems to have been the case with the mine in question. However, knowing nothing of gold-mining, and having no tools of any sort with which to prospect, my first conclusion was erroneous. As the formation was of a reddish slate or clay, which when pounded up made a very good red paint, I decided that it was nothing more nor less than an old paint mine, whither tribes of natives had come in ancient times to decorate themselves; hence I left the place in disgust. I afterward learned that in Georgia, gold occurs in a similar formation; but before I could find the mine again another man had located it.

What was of more interest to me than anything else in the neighborhood of the "paint mine," was the large number of elephant skeletons lying about, the remains of animals which had evidently been killed for ivory in earlier days. As we were leaving the place one of the boys pointed out an animal, about one hundred and fifty yards from me, which at first sight I took to be a rhinoceros, but which immediately dwindled down to a large wart-hog—one of the most hideous of animal species now living. I managed to get within seventy-five yards of the beast, and shot it. It was a fine specimen, with tremendous tusks curling up over the top of its snout. On our way back to Hartley I heard firing in different directions, and thus knew that other Pioneers were wandering about through the wilderness on errands similar to my own—that of finding a fortune in gold-mines. At first I was amazed at the

ability of the natives in taking a straight course toward home through the dense bush, but later I was obliged to discount their powers, for they became bewildered, and had to climb trees in order to get their bearings.

We had not travelled far when we came across a black' rhinoceros feeding in a meadow. Forthwith I crept within two hundred yards of him, and was just taking careful aim from behind an ant-heap, when the roar of a gun from another direction sent the animal thundering away through the bushes, snorting like a steam-engine. I was greatly annoyed at finding that one of my own guides had fired with his old muzzle-loading gun. Even if the native had been fortunate enough to hit the animal, the penetrative force of his weapon would not have been sufficient even to send the bullet through the creature's hide.

A few days after our return to Hartley, Abe Lincoln's father came to my camp, and announced that he knew where there was an old working that he was sure I would consider a good one. As the gold fever had by no means subsided, I followed him. He led me into a district which was called the "fly country"—that infested by the tsetse fly, the bite of which is fatal to domestic animals. We made slow progress, as the natives persisted in following every "honey bird" that came chirping near us. These little birds chattered about, apparently in a state of great excitement. When followed, they invariably led us to a bees' nest. Presumably, the bird desires to have the nest destroyed that it may obtain a share of the honey or young bees. Although I have observed dozens of nests opened, I have never in a single instance seen the natives leave anything for the bird. What they do not carry with them, they bury in the ground so



A Party of Pioneers and Prospectors Leaving Hartley for a Neighboring Gold-field.

# TO VINU ABROGLIAO

that the bird cannot find it. Whether this proceeding was the result of depravity or of a desire to compel the bird to lead them to another nest, I was unable to determine; we will assume that it was the latter. The natives obtained great quantities of honey from the bee-trees, which they felled and opened with their axes.

We finally arrived at a river called the Mondetonga, on which the ancient workings were situated. We made a camp on the top of one of the neighboring hills, which showed evidences of having been inhabited by some ancient race of miners. Many grinding-stones were scattered about, and close to the river, chiselled into the solid rock, were small mortars, which had evidently been used for the purpose of crushing quartz. In the neighborhood were thick patches of jungle, among which rose enormous conical ant-heaps. Apparently the grass had not been burnt for several seasons; thus, with the vigorous new growth which had sprung up as a result of the prolific rains, many places were difficult to penetrate. Flocks of guinea-fowl came to roost in the large trees of the jungle. Elephant spoor was plentiful, these animals having recently visited the place, and having left paths which were as easy to travel over as a well-beaten road. Many branches had been broken from the trees on which they had been feeding. The natives told me that elephants visit that district almost every rainy season, returning again toward the Zambesi in the dry months of the year. I was well pleased with the appearance of the old workings, but was somewhat doubtful concerning their worth, as I had no way of ascertaining the value of the gold which they contained. Nevertheless, I went to Hartley the following day, and registered the claims at the Mining Commissioner's office.

Having obtained an old pick and shovel, I returned to the Mondetonga River, and spent some days on the claims, prospecting in a crude way, as others did. My quartz-mill consisted of a stone and a small hammer. With this I crushed pieces of quartz into dust which I took to the river and panned out in my frying-pan. One evening Messrs. Borrow and Stevenson came along with a party of natives who were taking them out to show them some old workings. They were much astonished at finding me there with no white partner, having flattered themselves that they were farther afield than any prospector had yet been. They assumed a mysterious air concerning their destination, as gold-seekers usually do when they think they have a rich find ; hence I asked them no leading questions. They camped just across the river from me, and on the next morning took their course toward the Umsweswi River.

With my three boys I followed down the Mondetonga to see if I could not find some ancient mines better in appearance than those which I had located. In less than a mile from my camp we found extensive old workings, and tramped over acres and acres of them, until at last I became quite bewildered. Having a right to only one block of claims, I was sorely puzzled to know where would be the best place to locate it. I spent a day there, breaking up pieces of quartz, panning the crushings in my crude appliance, the frying-pan, and finding such excellent traces of gold that my excitement became intense. The next morning we resumed our journey toward the southwest. During the day it rained several times. In fact, about every hour there was a thunder-shower, so that my clothes were wringing wet nearly all the time. About the middle of the afternoon we came to the bank of a

small river, and almost ran against a herd of waterbucks. They were so amazed at seeing us, that they did not move until I fired a shot, which brought one of them to the ground. They ran up the opposite bank, and stopped to look again. I shot another one, which fell, but immediately jumped up and ran off.

I decided to camp there for the night ; so the boys built a hut, and then skinned the antelope. I had started from Hartley with only ten pounds of Kafir meal—nothing else, not even salt. The natives had lived entirely on meat and honey. That night I ate my last meal of porridge, and from thenceforth was obliged to subsist on the same food as my boys. Just at dusk lions began roaring not far away, in the direction in which the wounded antelope had gone ; so I concluded that they were having a feast. The natives quickly went outside, and cut more bushes and poles in order to strengthen our hut. They seemed a little uneasy, and said, “Panu skellum meninge” (a bad place for lions). The lions continued roaring all night, and at one time were certainly within a hundred yards of us.

The next morning as soon as it was light we packed up our few belongings, and started toward the place where we had heard the roaring. I soon discovered a pair of ears sticking out of the grass forty paces in front of me. Believing that they were owned by a lion, I aimed with my rifle between and beneath them, and fired. The bullet struck, but went singing off a mile beyond the animal—which to my great disappointment I found to be a large wart-hog. The ball had entered his head, and had travelled the entire length of his body. If we were near the lions, the firing had now put them on the alert, so that they remained concealed.

A few hours later we arrived at the Umsweswi River. Here we saw hippopotamus tracks. We journeyed down the right bank, and had not proceeded far when I saw an enormous crocodile stretched out on a sand bank on the opposite side. Its length I estimated at eighteen feet. Although there was no possibility of doing anything with the skin, this was too good an opportunity to miss, so I took careful aim at the animal's head, and killed it where it lay. I wanted the boys to cross the river with me, but they stubbornly refused, saying that they were afraid of the Matabels. They were more interested in honey than in scaly old crocodiles. In fact, they seemed to have the honey fever as badly as I had the gold fever. Whenever a honey bird appeared they persisted in following it, in spite of my protestations.

Again we came across great numbers of ancient workings, all of which seemed to be situated at the junction of granite and slate formations. In the latter there appeared to be no trace whatever of quartz. The next day Thomas Jefferson accompanied me on a visit to some neighboring hills. We found them covered with old stone walls, which at one time had been strong fortifications, doubtless belonging to the people who had formerly mined there, whether natives, Portuguese, Phœnicians, Arabs, or the subjects of the Queen of Sheba. We fared very well on honey and meat, and after a day or two returned to Hartley.

Arriving at the Zimbo River, near the camp, I sat down to rest and quench my thirst. I met there Mr. John Hawes, who, with his brother, was prospecting for a syndicate of the Police officers. I told him that I had seen miles of ancient workings, and was really puzzled to know where to locate my claims. At once John became confidential, and assured me that we would bet-

ter keep the matter to ourselves. He offered to go with me in order to give me the benefit of his experience, and knowledge of gold-mining; and he agreed to locate my claims first on the best ground we could find, and then to peg three blocks for the officers' syndicate. John talked learnedly in prospecting parlance concerning the "hanging wall," the "footwall," and the "angle of inclination" of reefs, and the "metallic lustre" of quartz; hence I inferred that he knew a great deal about mining. I accepted his offer; and the next day I started again for the Mondetonga and Umsweswi rivers in company with Hawes.

We went over the ground I had previously covered, and visited the various ancient workings. Hawes was soon as much excited and perplexed as I had been at seeing such an enormous amount of unpegged ground. We both felt that somewhere in that vast area lay our fortunes, if we could only hit upon the right spot. But we feared to "locate," lest we should make a mistake, and take ground which was valueless. Oh, for the power of supernatural vision that we might divine the secrets of the earth beneath us!

We finally determined to spend a few days in examining the Concession Hill district. While there, I went in company with my boys to a valley in which I had been told were great numbers of wild hogs. I did not expect to see them as plentiful as they had been represented, and was greatly astonished when looking down upon the valley from a hill to see droves of them rooting about, appearing like small herds of domestic hogs. I killed two, and then crossed the hills to the Mondetonga River. As we were travelling along, the odor as of something dead arose from a neighboring ant-heap. My natives began to sniff about, and

followed in the direction whence the smell came. They found a dead pig that had been shot by some prospector several days before. In spite of my vigorous protestations, the boys persisted in taking the meat. I offered to kill another pig for them at once, but the instinct for picking up whatever carrion they could find was so strong within them that my objections were futile, and they had their way.

Before we reached camp a tremendous downpour came upon us, and I was drenched to the skin. We met a gang of Mashona hunters, who were arranging a shelter from the rain. My men insisted on stopping and spending the night with their friends, saying that they would follow me early the next morning; so I let them remain and went on alone. It was farther to camp than I had anticipated, and night overtook me before I had got through the hills. The heavy rain continued. Drenched and shivering, I wandered in inky darkness through the wilderness, bumping against trees and stumbling over rocks, until at last appeared a welcome gleam of light from a prospector's camp, where I found shelter for the night.

There were rumors afloat of an excellent find in a district which had been named the "Eiffel," but the discoverers maintained the greatest secrecy concerning the locality. One day Hawes and I were delighted at finding the trail of a wagon which had taken Mr. Harmon, a mining engineer, to the Eiffel reef. We were tempted to follow the track. Early the next morning we started, but had proceeded only a few hundred yards when we observed a small outcrop of quartz, a piece of which had been broken off by the wagon wheel. Hawes was in the habit of picking up bits of quartz, licking them with his tongue, and looking for indications of visible gold. On examining the chunk

knocked off by the wagon, he found to his exultant joy that it was covered with gold. His excitement was tremendous. He slapped me on the back, and triumphantly exclaimed, "*Brown, we're made men!*" We hurried back to camp, got a pick and shovel, and worked all day with the enthusiasm of boys making play-holes in a sand-bank. We dug several deep trenches, but by night gave up in despair; for we could find nothing more than a small "stringer" of quartz about an inch wide.

The next morning we breakfasted early (on boiled rice and dried meat cooked on the coals), and again set out to follow the wagon trail, determined to do no more loitering along the road. Hawes was armed with a prospecting hammer, and I carried a Martini-Henry rifle, which was my constant companion, both day and night. It was the first day of January, 1891. The sky was overcast with heavy clouds; the atmosphere was damp, and the day warm. We tramped all the forenoon, thinking every moment that we should overtake the wagon. Much of the country through which we travelled was covered with enormous ant-heaps and thick jungle.

In some places the tsetse flies were exceedingly troublesome, even biting through our clothing. It was three o'clock before we arrived at the end of the wagon track. There we found Mr. Robert Jameson and Mr. W. K. Stier, camped at what was then considered the richest gold-field yet discovered. They were evidently astonished at seeing us, but with the usual hospitality of the frontier, they set forth an excellent dinner of wild meat, bread baked in the ashes, and stewed canned potatoes. As we were by this time ravenously hungry, we were exceedingly thankful for what we received. They showed us some of the neigh-

boring reefs, and our eyes actually bulged with astonishment at the quantities of visible gold which the quartz contained.

Not realizing how late in the day it was, we turned our faces toward camp, which was fully twelve miles away. I considered myself an expert at taking directions, and as the wagon had followed a round-about course, I decided to make a short cut. The Eiffel district is on a plain to the north of a range of hills running westward from Concession Hill. I thought by getting on top of this range and sighting an isolated peak which we called Lone Kop, situated on the level plain to the south of the ridge, that I could get my bearings from there, and that we could then go straight to our camp by a much shorter route.

As I gained the summit, I was surprised to see another row of hills about a quarter of a mile beyond us. We made for that, but a tremendously heavy rain set in, and, although we had good waterproof coats with us, and took shelter under the trees, we nevertheless became drenched to the skin by the water which ran down our necks. The heavy storm lasted for half an hour. Upon reaching the highest part of the second divide, I was still more surprised to find another beyond it. We surmounted the third, and then another before we sighted the Lone Kop. Thus there were four ranges instead of one, as I had supposed. We were much relieved at seeing Lone Kop, for we now had our bearings exactly, and knew that we were only six miles from camp.

It was growing dusk, and as the jungle was difficult to travel through on account of rocks and ant-heaps, as well as a thick growth of grass, bushes, and trees, we determined to remain where we were for the night. John had managed to keep his box of matches dry,

and we attempted to kindle a fire. But everything had become so thoroughly saturated with water that we could find nothing dry enough to burn, and we used match after match in vain. Just as John struck the last match, a lion gave a tremendous roar a short distance to our left. Needless to say, the light immediately went out. The first roar was followed by one on the opposite side, and then another not far from that. John said he didn't like the sound, and proposed that we climb into a tree and stay there the remainder of the night.

For some unaccountable reason I had come to believe that the king of beasts will not disturb man except when wounded, and at that time I had not the slightest fear of lions. Subsequent observation has taught me the error of my belief. I did not like the idea of spending the night in a tree, as we were already wet to the skin, and shivering with cold. We therefore set out for our camp, Hawes leaving it to me to lead the way.

It was a long and dreary tramp. Many times we got into thickets so dense and dark that we had to feel with our hands. Often we ran up against a big tree or an ant-heap, and were obliged to turn back and grope our way around the obstacle. We trudged on and on, Hawes never uttering a word of complaint. For this I was very grateful; for there is nothing more distracting, when in an uncomfortable plight, than to be accompanied by a grumbling companion. When we had covered about three miles along the range of hills, we discovered to our joy a gap through which we went to the opposite side. We now found ourselves in a wide valley, which we undertook to cross; but presently we came to the edge of a broad sheet of water that I had not expected to see. The heavy rain had sent

such an enormous quantity of water down the valley, that the narrow outlet was not sufficiently wide to carry it through; thus a large pond had been formed. I felt sure that we were going in the right direction, so we decided to cross, and waded in, for better or for worse. Several times we got into depressions up to our necks, and we thought we should never get through. This sheet of water was really about six hundred feet wide—but it seemed a mile—and we were much relieved when at last we landed on the other side.

In crossing, my attention had been taken from our surroundings, so that I felt somewhat puzzled now as to our exact location. We therefore decided to stay where we were until the moon should rise, and, although it was cloudy, make it sufficiently light for us to regain our bearings. The lions had ceased roaring shortly after we had left the place where we had attempted to make a fire, and they had gone completely out of our minds. We lay down on the grass close to the water's edge, and, soaked as we were, went to sleep, although the midges and mosquitoes tormented us considerably, and the frogs made such a din as one hears coming from a boiler factory where hundreds of hammers are beating rivets.

I have no idea how long we slept, whether it was one hour or several. Eventually we were awakened by the roaring of lions just across the water, in the direction whence we had come. I thought nothing of it, and presumed they had happened there by accident, but it is possible that they had followed our spoor, and upon losing it at the edge of the water had given vent to their disappointment by roaring. However this may be, it was doubtless just as well

for us that we did not lie down and go to sleep before crossing the pond. The moon had now risen, so that it was light enough for us to continue toward camp. We travelled along the south slope of the divide, while the lions proceeded in the same direction on the opposite side, keeping up a continual roaring.

Finally we reached our hut, the lions having passed it within five hundred yards only a few minutes previously. Our boys, who were sleeping soundly, apparently quite unconcerned as to our fate, got up and rubbed their eyes, blew the embers of the fire into a blaze, and proceeded leisurely to remove the barricade of poles at the doorway, that we might enter. They stewed a pot of rice for us, of which we partook, while listening all the time to the roaring of the lions, growing fainter and fainter as they continued their course in the direction of Hartley Hills. It was nearly dawn when we fell asleep.

The morning after our nocturnal tramp we felt much fatigued, and did not rise as early as usual. By nine o'clock, however, we had packed our blankets and other belongings, and started for the Eiffel reef. At midday we stopped to cook some dried meat. As we had used all our matches the night before, it was necessary for the natives to make a fire by the most primitive method in existence—that of rubbing two sticks together. A stick about a foot long was shaved flat on one side. At the middle of the flat surface a small conical hollow was gouged out, from which a groove was made extending over the side. Holding the flattened stick to the ground with his knees, Abe Lincoln then took a round one about the size of a lead pencil which Thomas Jefferson had sharpened at one end. Placing the sharpened end into the notch, Abe

rolled the stick rapidly between his hands, and thus ground out dust, which began to smoke as it travelled down the groove to some dry tinder. The skilfully directed breath of George Washington soon fanned the smoking dust into a blaze, and our dinner of broiled venison was quickly served.

In the meantime Thomas Jefferson had discovered a bees' nest in a small ant-heap near by, and our three dusky companions feasted on the milky juice of the tender young bees in the comb. Judging from the way in which they smacked their lips, it must have been a delicious feast. In fact, Mashonas usually seem more eager for the larvæ than for the honey.

We spent a week at prospecting in the Eiffel district, and finally concluded that there were only two blocks of ground unpegged which were worth taking. One promised great possibilities, while the indications of the other were only fair. When put to the test human nature will assert itself, hence it was that when the question of the ownership of the claims arose, John suggested that the fairest way of settling the matter would be to toss for the choice; but I told him that I could not see it that way, as at the beginning he had promised to let me choose first.

John had often warned me with regard to the greediness of speculators, and had pointed out that one should be well on his guard when they are examining a property with a view to purchasing. "If they came to buy mines from me," he said, "and I found they were trying to get the best of me, I should let them pick out the quartz and do the panning, but the crushing I should do myself. A fellow should always carry a few small pieces of rich ore in his pocket, and when the speculators were not looking, I would drop a piece

into the mortar. That would fix it so they wouldn't get the best of me."

On this occasion, John said to me, "Well, if you don't want to toss for the thing, it doesn't make any difference anyway; but that ground you want isn't half as rich as you think it is. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go down and get some quartz from both blocks, and pan it; then you can see for yourself." This we agreed to. John set me to work at crushing, while he did the panning; but he did not let me see the results. He simply gave a verbal report on what he was finding, which was decidedly better concerning the ground he did not want than that which he did.

Alongside the stone on which I was pounding up the ore was some very rich rock. John's advice with regard to speculators occurred to me, and believing that he was not playing fair with me and was bent upon having the best ground regardless of our prior agreement, I yielded to temptation. Having done so, I watched him out of the corner of my eye, and soon saw that he was becoming terribly excited. He stopped talking and began looking intently into the pan, shaking it again and again. When he returned for another crushing of the same kind, I said to him, "Well, John, how is it turning out now?" He answered in the most unconcerned manner, "Oh, a slight trace—fair to middling, but nothing particular to speak of."

He panned a few times more, and then said, "Well, considering that you are young and inexperienced, and are of opinion that you have a right to the first choice, I suppose that I had better let you have it." I took it, and John went to the other reef and loaded himself down with quartz, which he carried to Hartley Hills, to pan when he got there. I never asked him how it turned out, and he never said anything about

it. I mention this incident solely to show what a demoralizing influence the search for gold, and the chance of suddenly becoming the possessor of a fortune, often has over men—even when the best of friends, and in the ordinary walks of life straightforward and upright in their dealings—in quickly leading them from the paths of strict rectitude. As a just retribution, neither of us has ever realized a cent out of those claims.

We next crossed to the Mondetonga district, where Hawes located two blocks of ground on a reef which he called the Etna, and I staked a half block more, and named it the Maryland property. This done we returned to Hartley Hills to remain until the excessive rains should cease.

During that season the men at Hartley spent much of their time in grinding mealies and Kafir corn in a hand-mill. Many had laid in a goodly supply of honey, so that when our Boer meal and sugar gave out, we had corn-meal mush and honey, as well as beans, rice, pumpkins, and biltong. We were later reduced almost entirely to pumpkins and rice, which the natives in the neighborhood gave us in exchange for empty brass cartridge cases.

Owing to the want of nourishing food, as well as to the unhealthfulness of the climate, not a few cases of malarial fever appeared in camp during February. Toward the end of the month a wagon-load of Pioneers and prospectors, some sick with fever, started for Salisbury. They had a difficult time in going through, as the wagon was continually getting mired in the soft ground.

By the middle of March food had become so scarce that I decided, in company with two Pioneers, named Birkley and Colquhoun, to tramp to Salisbury. Birkley was just recovering from an attack of fever, and

could not travel rapidly. We aimed to reach a village each night, where we could obtain food and shelter. It was the longest trip I made barefooted—sixty miles—but as I had been without shoes for a month my feet had become well toughened, and I did not mind it. The country was so swampy that it was by far the best way to travel, for we were obliged to wade almost continuously through water and mud. Birkley wore a pair of top-boots, but suffered intensely from the blisters that they made. On our way we met Orr and Alexander, returning to Hartley with some provisions. They had a span of oxen dragging a sled, which at that time could be drawn more easily than a wagon. Before we reached the Hanyani River, Birkley had another attack of fever, which somewhat retarded our progress. At the Hanyani we found a number of wagons outspanned, and one of the men, although a stranger, invited us to take supper with him. It was the first square meal we had had for months.

On March 15th, weary and travel-worn, we arrived at Fort Salisbury. The rainy season was now ended, over fifty inches of rain having fallen between October 10, 1890, and March 15, 1891. This was nearly double the ordinary amount of rainfall in Mashonaland. In fact, it was an extraordinarily wet season throughout South Africa.

We met many friends who were glad to see us, some of whom were sporting new “ammunition boots” (English-army shoes), of which they seemed exceedingly proud. Unfortunately the supply was exhausted, and we were unable to purchase any for ourselves. We were given a respectable supper of beef-soup and beefsteak pie, but scarcely had I finished eating when I was seized with a fit of ague, and in a trice was down with fever. The change from Hartley to the bracing

altitude of Salisbury seemed to bring out the malaria with which my system had become saturated. Christofison, who had also returned from the Umfuli and was living by himself in a little "wattle and daub" house near the end of the kopje, kindly invited me to stay with him. The fever lasted considerably over a week. This was the loneliest experience I have ever had. My host was absent during the day, and I was left to amuse myself by cursing the time I first thought of visiting such a forsaken country. Dr. Rand dosed me with some horrible medicine called "Rand's Kicker"—an excellent fever mixture—which soon played havoc with the malarial microbes. When I became convalescent, Christofison supplied me with the best food his larder contained, but I could not relish it greatly, as it consisted solely of boiled split peas and dry ship-biscuits.

## CHAPTER XII

### SOME HISTORIC EVENTS

A Veritable City of Tents and Wagons—Hardship, Privation, and Death—The “Stand-Pegging” Craze—Clash with the Portuguese over Umtali—Activity Begins at Fort Salisbury—An Unreliable Gun—Some Results from a Reliable One—Journey to the “Fly Country”—Game in the Eiffel District—Wild Dogs—American Experts Examine Gold-Mines—The Town of Salisbury is Surveyed and Established—All the Surrounding Land is Staked in Farms—Mr. Rhodes Visits Mashonaland—Reaction and Exodus—Dr. Jameson Becomes Administrator—Organization of the Mashonaland Horse.

DURING March the Pioneers and prospectors from the various mining districts began to gather at Fort Salisbury. Along the east side of the kopje there was a veritable city of tents and wagons. The only buildings thus far erected besides the Police barracks and the houses at the ranch, were the Administrator's quarters, a few huts belonging to Bird and Hunter, a rectangular hut owned by Friday Wallace, and Christofison's “wattle and daub” house.

Many of the Pioneers had undergone severe privations, and for months had subsisted almost entirely on pumpkins and rice. Some were greatly emaciated, and yellow with fever and the results of exposure. Those who had been corpulent presented a ludicrous picture, the fat having been absorbed, while in its

place folds of wrinkled skin hung down from their chins and necks, giving them much the appearance of thoroughbred bull-dogs. In spite of hardships, however, there were few deaths, as the men had all possessed healthy, robust bodies. In consequence of the heavy rains, there had been no communication with the outer world for several months, and although trains of wagons loaded with provisions had been despatched to Mashonaland by way of Fort Tuli, the flooded rivers and muddy roads had delayed them. Hence, food was scarce at Fort Salisbury, and the little there was to be had was excessively dear.

Following the peaceable occupation of the country in September, 1890, a rush of fortune-seekers started for "golden Mashonaland," travelling with ox-wagons, pack-donkeys, carts, on foot—any way to reach the new El Dorado. At that time there was as great excitement in South Africa over Mashonaland as has been experienced lately in America over the Klondike country. People went blindly forward, ignorant of what lay before them in the way of inclement weather and sickness. Great and unexpected hardships were encountered. Hundreds who were delayed by the swollen rivers contracted fever, and scores were buried by the roadside. In many instances men who began their journey at the close of the rainy season, when the floods had subsided and the country had become dry, were able to overtake and pass those who had started months before.

In June, 1891, settlers began to pour into Fort Salisbury, many wagons bearing prospectors representing syndicates which had been formed for exploring the new gold-fields. Traders who came with goods received fabulous prices for them. Candles were sold for ten shillings per packet of one-half dozen. Jam and other



The First Auction on Pioneer Street.

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luxuries brought similar returns. Five pounds was not an uncommon amount offered by a thirsty soul for a bottle of brandy. Auction sales were instituted, at which all sorts of odds and ends were disposed of at enormous profit. Not a few who arrived at Salisbury were so disgusted with the hardships which they had endured en route, that they at once returned to the Colony, without even going out to look for gold. The vast majority, however, began to wander over the country in search of fortunes.

As yet, there had been no town laid out by the Company. In fact, a site had not been decided upon, and there was some talk to the effect that it would probably be located sixteen miles from Fort Salisbury, near the Mazoe valley. Notwithstanding this, the restlessness of the settlers and the eager desire to obtain possessions in the new country had induced many to take by "squatter's rights" the ground on which they were camped, pegging off town-lots, or "stands" as they are called, on both sides of what was soon designated Pioneer Street. I located a stand of one hundred feet frontage on the spot now occupied by Deary & Co's. large store; and as soon as I was able to get about, I obtained an ax, went to a grove near by, and began cutting poles for the purpose of building a shelter for my specimens, which I wished to fetch from Hartley Hills. It was my desire to make the specimens secure until such time as I should be able to forward them to America. Mr. H. C. Moore, of California, kindly offered me the use of his wagon and oxen for hauling the timber, and in a short time, by working between spells of fever, I erected two quite respectable-looking buildings. In one of these a fireplace was constructed, which, barring the oven at Brewin's bake-shop, was the first built in Salisbury.

About the end of March a call had been made for Pioneers to go to Manicaland in order to occupy that country. An additional farm-right was offered to volunteers, as well as other inducements in the way of mining claims. And thereby hangs a tale.

The party, composed of Dr. Jameson, Mr. Colquhoun, Mr. Selous and others, which it will be remembered left the Pioneer column the previous August near Fort Charter, had proceeded to Manicaland, and almost simultaneously with the arrival of the main expedition at Salisbury, had obtained, in behalf of the British South Africa Company, a concession from the paramount chief, Umtasa, for the mineral rights of the country. At this same time a corporation known as the Mozambique Company was pushing forward a claim to the territory from the Portuguese side. Whether or not Umtasa had granted rights to the Portuguese, as well as to the English, it is difficult to determine; certainly it is within the limits of a Kafir chief's idea of contract to sell his country to one man one day, and to another the next.

At all events, shortly after the arrival of the Administrator at Fort Salisbury, information was received that two Portuguese officers, Gouveia and Colonel Andrada, were proceeding to Umtasa's village with the object of taking possession of the country. Immediately, Major P. W. Forbes, supported by not more than thirty officers and Police, was despatched to Manicaland. Upon arriving at Umtasa's he found that the Portuguese officers, backed by two hundred and seventy armed negroes, were in the kraal holding a conference with the chief. The English promptly entered, placed the two Portuguese leaders under arrest, and proceeded to disarm their followers.

There was such consternation among the retinue, that most of them fled before the Police were able to disarm them. Through an interpreter the English officers pacified Umtasa's people, who naturally were somewhat agitated, by telling them to take neither side, as it was simply a quarrel between the English and the Portuguese. As a matter of fact it was Umtasa's shrewd wish to take sides with the victors, whomsoever they might be!

Major Forbes then went to Massi Kessi, the Portuguese fort, and took possession. The majority of the inhabitants residing in the neighborhood of Massi Kessi at that time, it is interesting to note, were American and English gold-miners, and hence not unfriendly to the British occupation of the country. A few small offices under the Portuguese were filled by Frenchmen and Italians. At the head of an army (composed of six troopers!) Major Forbes now boldly advanced to the Pungwe River, about one hundred and fifty miles distant, and was on the point of embarking in canoes for the capture of Beira, the port of entrance at the mouth of the Pungwe, when he was overtaken by a messenger, bearing an official despatch ordering him back. Although armed Portuguese were garrisoned at Beira, there is, nevertheless, not the slightest doubt that, except for the recall, Major Forbes and his six troopers would have captured the town. Immediately following the recall, the Chartered Company yielded possession of Massi Kessi, that place being considered the frontier boundary of the Portuguese territory.

Nettled by the action of the Chartered Company in taking Manicaland, the Portuguese made preparations to send a force to drive them out. To resist this force, and at the same time genuinely to possess the

country, was the object in obtaining Pioneer volunteers to proceed to Umtali.

In the early part of May, 1891, a hundred Portuguese white soldiers, with a levy of four hundred blacks from Angola, arrived at Massi Kessi. Captain Heyman with fifty Pioneers and Police was stationed on Chua Hill, not far distant. His camp was visited by a Portuguese officer, who informed him that if the British South Africa Company forces were not withdrawn from Manicaland at once, he would proceed against them with his army. The Portuguese had with them eleven of the best modern machine-guns, but upon leaving the fort the next morning to give battle to the small force upon the hill, they deemed it unnecessary to encumber themselves with those really formidable weapons. With a body of five hundred men, one hundred of them white, they were confident of an easy victory over a paltry fifty ragged and half-starved frontiersmen.

The only large gun the English had was a seven-pounder, and at the time of the Portuguese officer's visit this was concealed by a stack of patrol tents. When the enemy approached the place occupied by Captain Heyman, firing began. The Portuguese, however, with their modern rapid-firing rifles, aimed altogether too high, so that their shots passed over the heads of their antagonists. The Pioneers and Police, armed with Martini-Henry rifles, made great havoc in the ranks of the enemy, and when the seven-pounder began belching forth canister, the black levies from Angola broke ranks and fled, and the white soldiers soon followed. Massi Kessi was abandoned, and Captain Heyman's army of fifty reoccupied the fort and secured large quantities of loot, including the eleven machine-guns. Later on, six hundred Portuguese

volunteers were sent from Lisbon to wage war against the Chartered Company, but in the meantime a settlement was reached between the Portuguese and English governments, giving to the Company that portion of Manicaland now known as Umtali.

*Note*  
It is impossible to overestimate the importance to the cause of progress in Southeastern Africa of this bold stroke in obtaining Umtali. A beautiful and healthful land, rich in minerals and in agricultural resources, has thus been opened for settlement by enterprising pioneers from the Cape Colony, the British Isles, and Northern Europe. Had the Portuguese gained the victory, the country would have been occupied largely by objectionable Indian traders, as well as non-progressive people from Southern Europe; and there would have been no end to the inconveniences imposed upon colonists passing between Rhodesia and the coast, and of impediments to the transmission of merchandise. It is much to be regretted that a deal has not been made with Portugal for that portion of her water-front which forms a barrier between Mashonaland and the sea. We can, however, rest assured that a vigorous active race will not for many decades submit to being shut up in the interior, a long distance from a seaport of its own.

But we must return to Mashonaland, and the year 1891. During the previous season prospecting had been confined principally to the Mazoe valley, Lo Magondi's, and the Umfuli region, but many of the more adventurous now went farther afield, to the Mount Darwin district and to the Angwa River. I mentioned previously the craze in Salisbury for pegging stands. The new arrivals continued to put in their pegs next to the earlier ones until two streets were formed, which are now Pioneer Street and Manica Road. Strange to

say, however, up to August 1st there was no move on the part of the Chartered Company toward laying out a town. Meanwhile, the impatient settlers had begun erecting buildings of poles and thatch, on the chance of the place being made the site of an important mining centre. Only a few farms had been taken, as there was so much country to choose from that everybody felt at a loss to know where to locate. It had likewise been announced that no farms could be pegged nearer to Fort Salisbury than six miles.

The 27th of July saw the issue of the first newspaper in Mashonaland. It was a cyclostyle sheet, no printing-press having yet arrived, and Mr. W. E. Fairbridge was the enterprising pioneer editor. The paper was known as the *Mashona Herald*, which later became the *Rhodesia Herald*, and it still lives under the supervision of the same editor.

The mails that came in at the close of the rainy season were difficult to read, for they had been immersed in rivers so many times that they were water-soaked until they were almost unintelligible. With them came word from the authorities of the Smithsonian Institution that they wished me to do four months' more collecting than they had originally planned, making eight months altogether of time that I should give entirely to that work.

By August 5th I had completely recovered from my attacks of fever; so with a wagon and span of oxen I started out to spend a few months in hunting, intending also to bring into Salisbury the specimens which I had left at Hartley. I had recently purchased a new express-rifle, made in England specially for a well known gun-dealer of Cape Town. Just now I found to my utter dismay that I could hit no game with it, and began to fear that my marksman-

ship had deteriorated, for the gun had been recommended as most accurate. Finally matters reached a climax when one day I brought down a sable antelope—the finest, by the way, that I have ever killed, as its horns measured forty-five inches. It was standing at a distance of one hundred yards when I fired. I had aimed carefully just behind the shoulder, and the animal dropped in its tracks. Upon examination I discovered to my horror and disgust that the bullet had struck underneath the ear! I now tested the gun at a target, and found that at a range of two hundred yards the right barrel carried exactly three feet to the right of the mark, while the left carried two feet above it.

Falling back, then, upon my old Pioneer rifle, an Enfield, the next bullet fired, which was at a tsessebe two hundred yards distant, went through the lungs of one animal and struck another standing beyond it, breaking both femoral bones and lodging in the skin on the opposite side. Before the herd escaped I killed a third antelope with another shot. The next time the gun was used it brought down a koodoo, and a few days later followed an opportunity to use it on some wild boars of the wart-hog species. As we were trekking along in a wagon they ran across the road. I seized my rifle and ran down to the place where I had seen the hogs enter a thicket, and came unexpectedly within fifty yards of them. One quickly succumbed to the first shot, and I sent a bullet through a second as he was running away. This caused him to tumble over, but he immediately regained his feet and ran on again. My young retriever dog, Nap, appeared just then, having broken away from the boys at the wagon. He at once took up the blood-spoor, and brought the pig to a standstill in

a direction opposite to that in which he had started. I ran to the place and found the boar sitting on his haunches, grunting at the dog, while the latter was jumping about barking at him furiously. Eventually the animal would have died of his wounds, but I sent a bullet into his head and finished him at once. These hogs were excellent specimens, having magnificent tusks.

On this journey I was accompanied by a Mr. O'Connel. In accordance with the spirit of the times, Mr. Arthur Lea, O'Connel, and I had formed our gold claims into a "syndicate" for the purpose of developing them. We left the wagon and oxen at Machiangombe's village in charge of the natives, and engaged a gang of Mashonas—one lot to help O'Connel in shaft sinking, and in carrying material and provisions into the "fly country," and the other to assist me in my hunting and collecting. We proceeded to the Eiffel district, where my companion went into camp close to the reef I had pegged in January. A number of miners were scattered over this region, developing their claims—that is, sinking shafts to a depth of thirty feet and cutting through the reefs, a requirement imposed by the mining laws of that date. Some of the prospectors had already gone beyond the Umsweswi River toward Matabeleland, as far as the banks of the Umnyati.

I established my camp near a water-hole, which was the only spot for miles around where game could drink; hence numbers of animals were attracted there. I have never seen guinea-fowls more plentiful, and every evening hundreds of them came flocking down to the pool for water, so that I almost fancied I might knock them over with a club. Still they were such active, restless creatures, that it was more difficult to

kill them, even with the rifle, than I imagined. Warthogs were there in great numbers; and my natives participated in feasts such as they had probably never enjoyed before. There were ostriches also on the open flats, between the patches of bush.

The finest eland bull that I have ever killed fell to my rifle at that place. Early one morning I espied him walking leisurely through the bushes. Stalking within seventy yards, I gave him a shot behind the shoulder, which started him off at a brisk trot. As he was running away I sent another bullet after him, which struck about midway along his ribs. My natives gave chase with their assegais, but the eland was so large and fat, and so badly wounded, that he soon came to a standstill. I then ran up and despatched him with a shot in the head. He was exactly six feet in height at the shoulders, and from the ground to his brisket the distance was two feet eight inches. He had a girth of body behind the shoulders of eight feet, and the girth of his neck was five feet. He was a magnificent animal, in excellent condition, and his meat tasted more nearly like beef than any game meat I had ever eaten. It is no wonder that in England the use of the eland as a meat-producing animal has been seriously considered.

There were many wild dogs (*Lycaon venaticus*) in the neighborhood. One evening just at sundown, to our great astonishment, a koodoo rushed up to our camp, and stopped. He was evidently seeking protection from the wild dogs which were chasing him. Three of them were at his heels, and when the koodoo came to a standstill, they halted just beside him, with their tongues lolling out, making no attempt to take hold of him. I ran to our skerm for my rifle, but before I could get it, the antelope was off again in

the bushes, followed by a pack of about thirty wild dogs, and also by our entire gang of natives, armed with assegais and clubs. I pursued in the direction of the hunt, and saw one of the pack running through the bushes at right angles to the course of the quarry. Farther on I noticed others going in the same direction, evidently with intent of cutting off the koodoo, which shortly reappeared, having completed a circle. It was too dark, however, to shoot any of the brutes, as I would gladly have done.

It is not an uncommon thing for antelopes to circle round a camp for protection. When an animal has been chased to exhaustion, the dogs set upon it and tear it to pieces. Several times I have heard small antelopes bleating when they were being thus tortured; and it was most pitiful to hear them. That night we heard the dogs eating the koodoo, and making a great fuss over it. All we could get the next morning was the horns. One night, two weeks later, we heard hyenas and wild dogs quarrelling over a roan antelope which the latter had killed. I was anxious to get out early the next morning in order to shoot some of these merciless creatures, but my natives got ahead of me. I attempted to stop them by shouting, but my efforts were futile. Running to the place as quickly as possible, I found that the savages had already driven the dogs away, and, hyena-like, were quarrelling with one another over small pieces of meat and useless strips of skin. As there was any quantity of meat at our camp, I concluded that these people were acting by instinct inherited from their ancestors, who at one time doubtless had been dependent for their meat upon what they could steal from beasts of prey.

Two American mining "experts," Messrs. Perkins and Rolker, in company with Dr. Jameson and Mr.

Beit, while on a tour through the country, came one day to inspect the Eiffel reef. The experts seemed resolved to criticise adversely everything they observed in the way of gold. I saw them examining a reef which was eight feet in width. Three feet of each side was composed of solid quartz, and between the two layers was a strip of soft yellowish sandstone two feet wide combined with chunks of ore full of visible gold. The sandstone was also mixed with gold. They took samples only from the solid portions of the lode which averaged 35 pennyweight of gold to the ton of ore. The rich central portion called "rotten reef" they would not take into account, as they did not consider it reef proper, and said it would not continue deep into the earth. William Rogers, an American prospector, who was sinking the shaft, said he had spent a good many years on the gold-fields of America and Australia, but that these were the first men he had ever met who were so gifted with the power of vision that they could see exactly what lay beneath the ground without the necessity of digging. He was of opinion that the rotten reef would continue down as well as the other, but whether it did or not, the gold was there, and ought to be taken into account in testing the value of the mine. At another place, about five hundred feet farther on, the vein widened out to twenty feet. There were here six feet of solid quartz on either side, and eight feet of rotten reef between the solid strata, equally as rich as that portion of it where it was only two feet in width.

I obtained a lot of donkeys, and with these and my carriers was able to take to Hartley the large number of specimens that I had collected during my three month's residence in the Eiffel district. While at Hartley we met another distinguished gentleman,

Lord Randolph Churchill, at that time making his celebrated journey through South Africa.

O'Connel and I returned to Fort Salisbury in the early part of November; and I was astonished at the progress that had been made. Mud-houses with thatched roofs were to be seen on all sides. There were two respectable brick buildings, and several stores and hotels had been opened. The Government, fearing that the settlers might take matters into their own hands, had surveyed a town site near the kopje. A public auction of stands had been held, and a few around the market square had been sold at £200 each. I was disappointed to see the streets laid out very narrow, as in a country where land is plentiful it seemed as if there should be room for wide thoroughfares. The stand which I had chosen I was pleased to discover was situated in a desirable part of the town.

Dr. Harris, the Secretary of the Chartered Company, having arrived at what was now Salisbury, and no longer "Fort" Salisbury, had assumed the management of the country, and instituted new regulations. He announced that anybody and everybody could locate farms anywhere and everywhere within three miles of the fort, on condition of bona-fide occupation. The territory adjacent to native villages was of course excepted, and the land immediately surrounding the town was to be left for a commonage. The country was therefore pegged into farms for miles, where three months earlier all had been unpossessed. Many of the Pioneers had already disposed of their farm-rights. In fact, more than one-half these rights were even then in the hands of commercial syndicates; and therefore, in consideration of the expense and difficulty companies would have in securing men to live on these



One of the First Houses Built in Salisbury.

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farms, the occupation clause had been removed from the Pioneer rights. Each of the Company's Police troopers was entitled to a farm similar in size to that of a Pioneer, but occupation was required.

Considerable excitement had been caused by a threatened trek into the country, of Boers from the Transvaal, who had intended to take possession of what was now a part of Mashonaland, the Banyai district. These had been checked at the Crocodile River by some of the British South Africa Company Police, supported by the Bechuanaland Border Police; also by protests from President Kruger.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes was now in Salisbury on a flying visit, the first he had made to Mashonaland. He did not remain long, but while there he was waited upon by a delegation from the public, demanding certain reforms and redress of grievances, the chief of which was the fifty per cent. of mining interests claimed by the Chartered Company. No advantages were gained on the part of the public, and most of the leaders of the agitation left the country, some of them saying that there would be time enough to begin operations in business enterprises when a railway to Salisbury should have been completed.

August, September, and October had seen great activity, not only in Salisbury and Victoria, but over the country in general. But the tide now turned, and an exodus began. This was brought about principally by the failure in finding the fabulous fortunes which it had been predicted people would not have the slightest difficulty in obtaining. The inclemency of the previous rainy season, together with the privations which had brought on sickness and discouragements, were likewise instrumental in turning the tide. Even the announcement on the part of the experts that the

mines had not been sufficiently developed to make it possible for the wisest men to say for a certainty that the gold-fields were fabulously rich, medium, or valueless, was misinterpreted as meaning the last. The faint-hearted left, and in the reaction people went to the other extreme of condemning the country as worthless. Great disappointment was also experienced in the failure to open and to operate a wagon-road from the East Coast to Mashonaland. The difficulties met in attempting this enterprise were insurmountable.

Toward the end of 1891 Dr. Jameson began the duties of Administrator of the country. According to the charter, the Company was required to keep an armed force of several hundred men in Mashonaland. As a matter of fact all the inhabitants were armed, and under the conditions on which they entered the country, they had pledged themselves to fight in behalf of the Chartered Company within the limits of its territory. This, however, did not cover the ground of the demands of the charter, as it was necessary to have soldiers ready for action upon immediate notice. The various troops of Police constituted, it is true, the stipulated number of armed men; but the maintenance of so large a force was a heavy drain on the Company's finances, so that in the early part of 1892 a movement was set on foot, ostensibly by the citizens themselves, for the formation of a volunteer corps. The people of Salisbury entered into the undertaking with enthusiasm, and a force was organized called the Mashonaland Horse. As usual, the volunteers had the choice of their officers, and Major Forbes, the popular and able leader, was elected as their commander. The men were equipped with rifles, uniforms, horses, and saddles. The promise of having a horse to ride naturally induced many to join

who might otherwise not have done so. I, of course, entered into the movement with the rest, and became a volunteer. The members continued at their ordinary pursuits, and were called out only on special occasions for drills, and skirmish practice over the commonage. Times were lively in Salisbury during the rainy season, especially among merchants, on account of the money which was being spent in the place by the numbers of Police who were stationed there, receiving monthly wages from the Chartered Company. And then came a surprise! No sooner was the volunteer force well organized, than to the consternation of the merchants, most of whom had joined the corps, nearly all the Police were disbanded. This had not been counted upon by the public. Many of the discharged troopers left the country, and as "hard times" seemed imminent, the merchants complained that they had been duped.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE SEAMY SIDE OF LIFE AT HARTLEY

A Journey to Hartley—The New Township—Matabele Rascality—A Buffalo Hunt—The Aborigines and Malarial Fever—A Drinking Bout at Hartley—"Rats"—Marshall Sees Spiders—Liquor Versus Malarial Microbes.

IN February, 1892, I left Salisbury in company with Mr. William Rogers, for the purpose of making a journey to the "fly country" to re-peg some claims which we had located there. We took with us two donkeys, but no Kafirs. The first object of interest which we met was the newly constructed telegraph line, at that time just reaching Salisbury. We found the road extremely muddy, but after two days' tramping we arrived at one of Machia-ngombe's villages, ruled over by a chief named Umjojo. Here we obtained carriers, and then continued our journey to Hartley Hills.

At Hartley there were now three quartz-mills running, each of ten stamps. A township had been surveyed there, and the Chartered Company authorities had anticipated a boom in the district, and a consequent large sale of stands. Dr. Frank Rand had been officially sent from Salisbury to investigate as to the healthfulness of the locality; but he returned with the disappointing report that any man who should live two years in the place chosen as a site for the

township would at the end of that time "be either dead or a lunatic."

Great numbers of Matabeles now came to Mashonaland seeking work, and many of them were employed around Hartley at the batteries, and by prospectors and miners. They were, however, the source of great annoyance, as their propensities for downright roguery and thieving led them to commit daring depredations. It was not an uncommon thing for a prospector, while travelling through the wilderness with ten or a dozen Matabele carriers, to find himself robbed of all his worldly possessions, and deserted. Pursuit was impossible, for Lo Bengula allowed no white man to cross the Matabele border. There had also been some cases of attempted murder, one of which was of especial interest to gold-miners. A prospector who was sinking a shaft near the Umnyati River had two Matabeles working at the windlass. Having placed and lighted a charge of dynamite at the bottom of the shaft, he called to the boys to draw him up; but no response came. Luckily, the timbers of the mine were so arranged that he could climb out; but when he had got about half way to the top, one of the Matabeles peered down, saw him coming up, and immediately threw the heavy windlass into the shaft. Fortunately, it only grazed the man, and just as the dynamite exploded he reached the top, in time to see his two employees disappearing into the bush with his gun, blankets, and other belongings. Misdemeanors such as these were being continually committed in the year 1892.

From Hartley, Rogers took his course down the Umfuli, while I journeyed in the direction of the Mombi River. I had with me as carriers three Matabeles whom I found at Umjojo's village, and four Masho-

nas, two of them sons of Umjojo. About midday we arrived at the place where John Hawes and I had found traces of gold along the wagon-spoor, and had spent a day in fruitless digging. There I saw a slate-colored animal standing in the road about four hundred yards in front of me, and the boys whispered "Inyati, inyati," which in the Kafir language means buffalo. It was the first live specimen of that species I had ever seen. As I fired, the animal wheeled and ran into the bushes.

The natives took up the spoor, and soon informed me that the buffalo was wounded. An irregular footprint indicated that it was crippled in one of its forelegs, while on the bushes were traces of blood. We had followed the spoor about half a mile when we came to a wide trail through the grass, which had been made by a large herd of buffaloes. Just then a cold rain set in, but we tramped along the trail for several miles, through country densely covered with bush. Finally, the boys became tired of the work, as the rain was continually beating down hard on their naked skins, and the Matabeles were shivering with cold. I had given up the idea of overtaking the troop, and was just on the point of levelling my rifle at a zebra grazing near by, when one of the Matabele guides, pointing across a meadow, said, in a subdued whisper, "Inyati, inyati!"

About thirty buffaloes were travelling along like a bunch of cattle. They soon disappeared in the bushes, so we made for the place where we had last seen them, and took up their spoor. A few hundred yards farther on I sighted one about a hundred paces from me. Evidently he had scented us, for he was standing still and looking intently in our direction. As his side was exposed, I aimed at his shoulder with my Ballard rifle,

and fired. Immediately, we heard the animals stampeding. We were able to follow their trail at a swift trot, as they had beaten down the grass level with the ground to a considerable width. They must have run a quarter of a mile before stopping. We came to a spot where they had apparently turned to look back, but they had walked on somewhat scattered, so that the spoor was more difficult to trace. Crossing a wide ravine, I saw them standing in a grove of large trees, and taking good aim at a fine bull, I fired. Off they galloped again, but very shortly afterward we heard a bellow. I wanted to give chase in order to see if I had not killed one, but the natives said that I had missed, and insisted on remaining where we were, and making camp, for they were still shivering and it was beginning to grow dark.

The Kafirs built a makeshift hut, and although it was uncomfortable lying on the wet ground, we soon went to sleep. At three o'clock in the morning I heard animals grazing near the hut. They sounded exactly like cattle biting off the coarse herbage, and now and again I could hear one low. I knew that the buffaloes had come back, so I slipped out and crept cautiously down through the wet grass to see if I could get a shot at one. The intense darkness rendered it difficult to distinguish the herd, as they were somewhat below me, and under some large, spreading trees. Presently they left off grazing, for they had discovered me. Everything was perfectly quiet. I tried to creep closer to them, but suddenly there was a tremendous snort of alarm within a few yards of me, then a rush of footsteps, and the entire drove went thundering away through the forest. Following the spoor the next morning, we found a dead buffalo near where I had fired the second shot ; and one boy, Makommona,

forthwith returned to his village for more men to carry the meat.

That night the three Matabeles were sick with fever. I did not feel well myself, from being so much in the wet the day before; but at Hartley I had obtained from Dr. Edgelow a small bottle of medicine which he said would prevent fever. African aborigines are not, as some people think, exempt from malaria. Their power of resistance, however, is greater than that of Europeans. It is a peculiar thing that natives, as a rule, do not get the fever in the locality in which they reside, but on visiting a district some distance from their homes, they seem to succumb to it almost as quickly as white men. Possibly their systems are accustomed to dealing with the germs in one particular place, and upon visiting another neighborhood, they come in contact with a new and more vigorous variety of malarial microbes which get the upper hand for awhile.

There were a few prospectors in the neighborhood of Hartley during that rainy season, and on the evening of my return I found them celebrating the intended departure of one of their number, who had come in from an outlying district for provisions, and had laid in a large supply of gin, whiskey, brandy, and other liquors which he had purchased from Weir's store, at that time the only store in the district. Hearing much laughing and talking, I went to the hut whence the sounds proceeded, and found half a dozen men, more or less under the influence of liquor. On a table in the middle of the room stood several bottles with the corks pulled. Of course, the owner of the liquor was the man upon whom were showered compliments, and on this occasion he was a person of exceptional distinction. One of the party, named Skellum (the names are

fictitious, as I desire to give no offence), a tough-looking Irishman, had gone to Weir's store that afternoon and had purchased a bottle of Cape brandy, which he had left with his mate, Dishley. In the midst of the conviviality Dishley appeared in front of the hut, crying out, "Where's my Skellum? Oh, Skellum, Skellum! Why did you go off and leave me?" Dishley had consumed the entire bottle of Cape brandy left behind by Skellum, and had started out in search of more, but upon discovering the loss of his power of co-ordinated action, he had begun to call on Skellum for help. The party immediately jumped to their feet, and rushed out to render assistance to Dishley, who had tumbled down on the ground and lay there helplessly rolling about. Carefully lifting him, they proceeded to carry him back to his hut, at the same time doing a tremendous amount of arguing as to how the patient ought to be handled.

One who was a little more sober than the rest, named Plimmer, remained behind. He said he thought there would be enough of them to put Dishley to bed without his assistance; besides, he never liked to mix up with these drunken broils. He took his seat by the table where all the bottles were, and began to deliver a lecture on the subject of temperance. He said, "You know, a man's a fool to let liquor get the best of him; in fact, as regards myself, I very seldom drink, and when I do drink, it's more for the sake of sociability than anything else. In fact, liquor's a thing I don't have any taste for at all. You know, I have had an excellent education. I am an extraordinarily skilful penman, a good bookkeeper, and, in fact, am capable of holding almost any position, and if it hadn't been for my ill-health, I

should now be a wealthy man. The principal cause of my success in life is due to the fact that I am always temperate as regards the use of liquor, very, very seldom touching it; and when I do, I never, under any circumstances, allow it to get the best of me." During all the time he was talking he was watching me out of the corner of his eye, and whenever he thought I was not noticing he poured a big drink, first out of one bottle and then out of another, until the entire collection had been sampled. The longer he talked the more talkative he became, and likewise the more incoherent were his sentences. Finally, he tumbled off his seat, and fell asleep on the dirt floor.

In the meantime the jabbering of the crowd who had gone to put Dishley to bed had ceased, and all was quiet with the exception of the rushing of the waters of the river, an occasional hooting of an owl, and in the distance the demoniacal yell of a hyena, or the faint roar of a lion. I then took my way to the thatched house where I was intending to spend the night. It was about five steps from Skellum's hut. On the path I found one man lying sound asleep against a tree fifty yards from any shelter. A little farther on I stumbled over another individual stretched across the path. I could rouse neither of them, and as they were large fellows, it was with no small difficulty that I dragged them into the nearest dwelling. Arriving at Skellum's, I saw a pair of feet sticking out of the doorway, which possessed no door. Their owner was snoring loudly enough to be heard at a considerable distance. I struck a match and there was Dishley nicely tucked into bed, peacefully and musically snoring. As a matter of fact, the entire party had been so overcome with exhaustion from attending to the wants of their comrade, that they had all collapsed. I was



An Early Day Mining Camp at Hartley, near the Junction of the Zimbo River with the Umfali.

to visit  
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profoundly impressed by the absolute recklessness of these men and the wanton exposure to which they subjected themselves, as they lay there on the damp ground enveloped in pestilential vapors, while at the same time they were in imminent danger of being dragged away by prowling animals, such as lions, leopards, or hyenas.

I passed into my own hut, closed the door, and went to bed. Presently I heard a yawn and a mumbling. Then someone staggered up against the outside of the wall and began to kick it vigorously. Skellum's voice roared out: "Where am I? Where's my home?" Then he kicked more vigorously still. "Look here, ye boulder! I want ye to tell me where my home is. Ye're too mean to tell a man where he is, are ye?" I said nothing, but I laughed to myself, for as a matter of fact, the hut I was occupying was supposed to be empty. Skellum again kicked angrily against the wall, and cursed, and fumed. Finally he said, "All right! If ye're too low down in the world to tell a man where his home is, I'll settle with ye to-morrow. I'll be able to find ye, for I'll know this building wherever I see it by the trees that grow around it." In reality, there were trees about all the huts, so that one could not be distinguished from another. Skellum took about five steps and tumbled into his "home," where he lay on the ground with his legs sticking out of the doorway as far as his knees.

The next morning I was awakened by a revival of the conviviality, and again I went to the scene of commotion. There was a great amount of arguing going on about all sorts of things, but the most heated discussion was being held on the subject of "fleas." Tilman, the owner of the liquor, who was a Scotchman,

called Skellum an Irishman. Skellum retorted by calling Tilman a Scotchman, and adding that he was no man at all because he allowed fleas in his hut. Arguments in various degrees of heat were going on among the other members of the party fully as profound as the flea controversy. While Tilman was cleaning his rifle, he accidentally pulled the trigger. The gun was loaded and went off. The bullet kindly passed between Skellum and me as we sat on a stretcher, and blew a hole in the wall as large as a man's head. Skellum tumbled over, evidently thinking he was hit, and said, "Ye're trying to kill a poor Irishman, are ye?" but all the satisfaction he got out of the Scotchman was, "It would have served you right if it had killed you, you drunken old animal, getting in the way like that!" Then the discussions continued as though nothing had happened.

As a sequel to this incident, Tilman was found the following morning jammed in between his bed and the wall, choked to death by his own blanket, which had accidentally got wrapped around his neck. One member of the party died two months later at his claims in the fly country. Plimmer succeeded in getting as far as Salisbury, and expired in the hospital. Another was afterward laid to rest in Bulawayo. Dishley, who was a young man, took a lesson from the fate of his associates, and mended his ways. As to Skellum, he was such a tough case that it is doubtful if he ever dies, even of old age.

As can easily be surmised, *delirium tremens* not infrequently results from such escapades. Men in Africa when thus afflicted usually see rats instead of snakes, as is the case in America. Hence it is common to hear such expressions as "In the rats," "Got the rats," or "Ratty." Persons who are accustomed to

seeing imaginary rats are more or less nervous in the presence of real ones, lest the latter be likewise an hallucination. On one occasion three half-tipsy boozers sat at a rough-and-ready table in a rough-and-ready hut playing at cards by candle-light. In the midst of the game a rat ran down the wall to the table and then jumped to the floor. Each of the men grew pale at what he supposed to be a phantom rat. Not one raised his eyes or uttered a word, for each firmly believed that he "had 'em" and wished to conceal it from his comrades.

Occasionally, however, these apparitions present themselves in the form of spiders or scorpions. A Mashonaland prospector named Marshall was playing billiards one day in Snodgrass & Mitchell's hotel, when a big real spider ran across the floor. Marshall made a futile attempt to crush it with his cue. His companions began joking him, saying that it was not a real spider and that he "had 'em again, bad." Evidently he thought he had, for presently another spider appeared close to his feet. He looked at it suspiciously and said to it, with emphasis, "No you don't. You fooled me before, but you don't this time." Then he continued with his playing, quite at ease.

Heavy drinkers are, as a rule, the first to fall victims to malarial fever, although it sometimes happens that the hardest boozers live for years in sickly places, and subject themselves to reckless exposure that would quickly kill men of more exemplary habits. It seems to be the opinion of physicians that the moderate drinker stands a better chance against the fever than the total abstainer. However, so few total abstainers have ever tried living in extremely malarious countries that there have been scarcely examples enough

to give the matter a fair test. Acting upon the advice of Dr. Edgelow, I took a drink of whiskey religiously every morning before breakfast during one fever season ; but at the end of that time I fell sick with one of the worst attacks I have ever had. I concluded that in my own case, at least, whiskey was no fever preventative, and I therefore discontinued the treatment.

## CHAPTER XIV

### DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE MASHONAS

A Tramp to Machia-ngombe's—Native Clearings—Men and Women Trudge Homeward from the Fields—Machia-ngombe's Villages—A Cordial Reception—An Invitation to Dine—Attire and Personal Appearance of my Hostesses—A Mashona Hut and its Furnishings—The Dinner—Matrimonial Gossip—Makombo Returns from Marketing—A Night-Long Dance.

WHEN the mists had cleared away on the morning after the drinking, I got the donkeys ready, and turned my face toward Salisbury. I had hoped to get some more medicine from Dr. Edgelow, but upon arriving at the Mining Commissioner's camp, I found that the doctor had gone to Salisbury with Mr. McKay, who had been for some time at Hartley, too critically ill to be removed. I followed the path leading from Hartley to Machia-ngombe's villages, it being my intention, as I was short of food, to reach a village each night where I could have shelter from rain, and food such as it might be. The walking was slippery, and as I trudged along, I felt that not much time remained before I should be visited with an attack of fever.

The path led first through an open glade, and then, for about a mile, across a thick forest of machabel-trees. Alongside the path were to be seen the bleached

bones of several elephant skeletons, which were the remains of those killed twenty or more years before by the old elephant hunters in the days of Hartley, for whom the two rocky hills had been named. Emerging from the timber, I traversed a stretch of country almost evenly interspersed with patches of bush and open glades. While crossing one of the latter, a pack of wild dogs, with long, lank bodies and big heads and ears, crossed the path some distance in front of me, coursing swiftly, like a pack of greyhounds. Before they were out of sight, I saw that the object of their pursuit was a brown donkey, which had evidently strayed from its master into the bush and become wild. As I was quite alone, and had my own donkeys to care for, I could not go to its rescue. My efforts would most likely have been futile, for the quarry, followed by the pack, soon disappeared over a distant rise.

Not far from this I came to native grain-fields, made in deadened forests of umsassa-trees. The Mashona, no less averse to work than the African race generally, chooses for his lands, not the most fertile ground, but that which is most easily cultivated. This is found in sandy forest belts in what is known as the granite formation of the country. The natives make no effort to renew the soil by fertilizing; hence, as this light loam does not produce well for more than three seasons, the men go forward and begin to devastate a new forest by climbing into the trees and cutting off the tops. These are piled around the trunks and, when dry, burned, thus deadening the trees, while at the same time making the earth more fertile with the ashes. The women follow after with their hoes, turn over the ground into narrow furrows, and plant it in mealies and other grains. These deadened forests with ugly trunks, ungainly limbs, and black-

ened stumps give to the country in which they occur an appearance of desolation. The most fertile portions of these granite belts are the open, marshy glades, called vleis, near the small streams. The soil in the vleis is exceptionally fertile, and by drainage seems capable of producing almost any crop, but the natives utilize these sections only for raising a limited amount of an excellent quality of rice.

As I proceeded, the path wound through fields of mealies, Kafir corn, rukwaza (a sort of millet), sweet potatoes, pumpkins, peanuts, and then across rice-beds in the marshes. The people working in the fields greeted me with "Molla, Inyamazona" ("Good-day, Inyamazona"). Inyamazona, which means "game" or "wild animal," was the name they had given me because I had killed much game. Others were already on their way to the villages, which were at some distance, and from all about came the plaintive melodies which they sang as they trudged homeward. The men were armed with guns or assegais swung across their shoulders; while the women, each with a babe on her back, and upon her head a bundle of fire-wood or a basket of produce, carried over one shoulder a large-bladed hoe with a short, curved handle. Small boys were driving homeward herds of little Mashona goats and cattle which they had been minding during the day in the meadows between the fields of grain. As we approached the villages, groups of girls and women, bearing on their heads black earthen pots, passed us on their way to the spring for water.

Machia-ngombe's numerous small kraals were scattered among the broken granite kopjes on both sides of the Umfuli River, about twelve miles from Hartley. They contained from twenty-five to one hundred huts each, which may be said to represent on

an average four souls to a hut. Each village was governed by a sub-chieftain, over whom Machiangombe was paramount. I directed my steps toward Umjojo's village, which held about two hundred people. It was built on a level plot of ground, surrounded by kopjes composed of large and small boulders, among which were caves and recesses, partly natural, but supplemented with artificial stone walls, thus making an excellent refuge and fortress in case of attack. On top of the large boulders, scattered more or less over all these kopjes, were small grain-bins, each about four feet in height by three feet in diameter, built of mud and sticks and covered with a small thatch roof, giving them the appearance from a distance of thick-stemmed toadstools. The village, consisting of about fifty huts, was surrounded by a stockade built of upright poles and banked outside with thorn bushes. This served as a barrier to prowling night animals and also answered the purpose in case of attack of checking the enemy long enough to let the people escape into the caves among the rocks. On the different sides of the village were openings through the stockade, which were closed at night with heaps of poles leaning up from the inside, thus making the entrances the most impregnable portions.

As I tramped along the path between two kopjes I came in sight of the induna, Umjojo, surrounded by a group of men and boys who were sitting near a fire just outside the fence. As soon as they saw me, I heard one of them announce, in his native language of course, "Here comes Inyamazona." Then they all arose and pressed eagerly forward to meet me with broad grins on their faces, clapping their hands and saying, "Molla, Inyamazona! Molla, Inyamazona!" I fancied that their mouths were watering

with the thought that my presence brought to them of the delicious feeds of meat which had been supplied by my rifle, and of the many more that might come to them in the future from the same source. The induna lifted my gun from my shoulder to carry it for me, while several others lower in rank drove the donkeys, making sure to be noisy enough about it to call my attention to the fact that they were assisting me.

We sat down by the fire, and the chief began to talk about my trip. The boys, he said, had all returned. The Matabeles were still sick with fever, and they were looking very thin and pale—if the latter term may ever be applied to black men. Makomona had gone with a party of huntsmen to the Mombi for the buffalo meat.

The Mashonas resumed their various occupations. Some were smoking “daka” (crushed hemp-seed). One old fellow had a goat-skin stretched out with pegs, and was scraping it with an iron instrument made for the purpose. Another was melting down some brass cartridge cases. He first pounded them flat with his rough hammer, then rolled them up, placed them in a crucible a little larger than a tea-cup, and heated them on a fire of charcoal fed by a blast from two bellows made of goat-skins. These he worked, one with each hand, holding them to the ground with his feet. Previous to melting the brass, he had formed a mould by thrusting a stick into the ground and had lined it with wood-ash. Into this hole the molten metal was poured and allowed to cool. Afterward, removing the clay, he exhibited a rough brass rod which was to be beaten into bangles to be worn by the women on their ankles and wrists. Another man with a scoundrelly look on his face was

binding the stock of his musket in fanciful designs with brass and copper wire. They were all, as Mashonas generally are, repulsively filthy. It is not their custom to wash their bodies more frequently than once a month, and many, I am confident, do not perform this irksome duty oftener than once a year. They simply allow the dirt to wear off. I sometimes asked them their reason for not washing, and the answer invariably was, that they were afraid of the water. Most of them wore charms encircling their necks, and they were all attired in the usual costume of two pieces of breech-cloth, one in front and one behind, fastened around the loins. Some carried dirty old blankets thrown over their shoulders. The induna, Umjojo, was draped in a large gray one. He held in his hand a small iron sceptre. In stature, this patriarch was inclined to be heavy-set, with the usual long, ape-like arms of the African. He had a woolly head and an expressionless face—unless one might say it expressed degradation and stupidity—with a small, scraggy, curly beard and a mustache. His feet were large, long, and absolutely flat on the bottoms; and he was slightly affected with umbilical hernia, an affliction very common among Mashona children, but which, as a rule, is outgrown before maturity.

Being very hungry, I hinted to the chief that I wished something to eat; and as he had already finished his own supper, which had been brought to him at the fire, he took me into the village. We passed through the main entrance of his stockade, near the outer side of which was a large heap of ashes. Inside, there was the general appearance of shiftlessness common to Mashona settlements. As a rule, a native town is occupied until the filth, vermin, and rats accumulate to such an extent as to become unbear-



Mashona Huts and Grain-bins.

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able ; then a new site is looked for, and built upon ; and the old one is left to grow to weeds and grass, and to be burnt by the veld-fires during the next dry season. The chief took me to the hut of his oldest wife, Tambudza. He said to her, "Here is Inyamazona. Give him some supper!" Then he went back to his place by the fire outside the kraal. There were at this hut, besides Tambudza and her little child, Maki, a wrinkled old granny whom they called Ambuya, one of the induna's daughters, named Chu-uti, and another girl, Neana, the daughter of the chief of a neighboring village.

They all came out of the hut smiling, clapping their hands, and greeting me with "Molla, Inyamazona ! We are just ready to eat our supper, so you would better come in and eat with us." They would scarcely for a moment have thought of asking a Mashona man to do this, as he would have considered it beneath his dignity to eat with women ; but white men were looked upon by the Mashonas as anomalies, who do not come under the rules of ordinary humanity. In fact, during the first two or three years after our advent into the country, the natives regarded us more or less as a lot of harmless lunatics, who were temporarily wandering about, shooting game and searching for gold-mines, who gave them plenty of blankets in return for showing the locality of these deserted ancient workings secluded in dense thickets, and from whom they received nice presents of beads, calico, and empty brass cartridge cases for their agricultural products. Consequently, any breach of etiquette on the part of the "children of the white mother" was to them, in their conceited opinion of their own superior worth, the source of considerable amusement. I was ravenously hungry, and, more-

over, this was an opportunity for observing domestic life among this primitive people—an opportunity which I could not afford to lose ; so I accepted the invitation. It was already dusk, and the mosquitoes and midges were biting so hard that I was glad of a chance to escape from them by getting inside of a Mashona hut, which, with its one small opening and the presence of fire and smoke within, is fairly proof against the entrance of these pests. I went in on my hands and knees through the low, narrow door.

The women were attired in the usual Mashona costume—two pieces of breech-cloth made of goat-skins, one in front and one behind, tied around the body just above the hips. The aprons of the young women were worked in triangles of red and white beads. The two older dames wore in addition large cloaks made of tsessebe antelope skins. Tambudza's little child, Maki, whose only wearing apparel was a string of red beads around its neck, was secured to its mother's back by her cloak. Each of the women exhibited a collection of brass and iron bracelets on her wrists, extending half-way to the elbow. Tambudza had one heavy brass bangle on each ankle, while the younger women carried half a dozen smaller ones on theirs. The latter wore rolls of beads about their bodies and also several iron rings around their necks. Both had their heads closely shaved with the exception of a small portion on the top, from which radiated little strings of red and white beads tied to the hair, forming an artistically drooping corona in which lumps of dirty grease had been daubed to prevent vermin from propagating.

Chu-uti's small black eyes were far apart. Her nose, which was flat and slightly pitted with small-pox marks, was wide at its beginning between the eyes,

but it continued to widen until at the opening of the nostrils it occupied one-third the entire width of her face. Her lips were moderately thick, her arms long, her waist straight, the calves of her legs disproportionately small, and the bottoms of her feet as flat as a board, while her heels protruded some distance backward. She was a large, strong woman, and except for the slight defects mentioned, might be said to be physically well formed. Neana was of smaller stature, somewhat more comely, with a higher and narrower bridge to her nose, and an attempt at an arch in her foot. Both possessed pearly white teeth, marred only by reddish dough of the sadza, which, after eating, had not been removed from the bases next to the gums. They were tattooed with small rows of little cuts across the forehead and on the temples, and with straight rows across the chest and abdomen. Their ebony bodies shone with oil with which they had been rubbing themselves in anticipation of a dance which was to take place that night.

Ambuya was a little dried-up old woman of indefinite age, whose kinky hairs were almost equally divided between gray and brown. There was little else of her arms, legs, and body than skin and bone. By hugging the fire too closely on cold winter nights, the wrinkled folds on her stomach had been burned into ugly scars, as is often the case with aged Mashonas. Her nostrils were powdered inside and out with dirty snuff, which she used inveterately. Several of her teeth were missing, and of those remaining, the molars were worn flat on their surfaces, through years of masticating food mixed with a goodly percentage of sand and grit, just as one sees the teeth of old oxen worn smooth in very sandy countries where the grass grows short. Her face was squinted and wrinkled almost exactly

like the face of an old monkey. In fact, there was something so suggestive of the ape in the features of all these women that I burst out laughing when I thought of it, but at once excused myself by saying that I was laughing because I was so glad to see them.

The hut was built and furnished in the style common to the Mashona nation. In shape it was circular, with a diameter of fourteen feet. The walls were about five feet six inches in height from the floor. As the floor was eighteen inches beneath the level of the ground, the outer portion of the wall was not so high. This wall was built of upright poles about three inches in diameter, firmly bound together with laths and bark. Inside, it was smoothly plastered with mud; outside, the bare poles were exposed to the weather. The roof was thatched with grass on top of a framework made of long slender poles placed closely side by side, and reaching from the top of the wall of the hut upward and inward, until all converged at a point directly over the centre of the floor, the entire framework being bound firmly together with bark. The roof really resembled a great conical basket turned upside down, so that its apex pointed skyward, while the large open rim rested over the top of the wall of the hut. The thatch was made of long grass, placed with its tops downward, extending in layers from the highest point down to about two feet beyond the wall. The thatching was so skilfully done that not a drop of water could enter during a hard rainstorm. The floor was made of pot-clay obtained from large ant-heaps, and it had been beaten down smooth and hard; in fact, it was so hard that the destructive white ants could not penetrate from below. At the centre of the floor was a circular depression, more than a foot in diameter, which was the fireplace. Alongside the fireplace

a portion of the floor, six feet by four, was built to a height of six inches; this constituted the Mashona's bedstead. The single entrance to the dwelling was closed by a thick plank, hewn out of the trunk of a soft wooded tree. This door opened from the inside, and was barred at night by a large wooden peg shoved into a hole in the doorsill.

A bright fire was burning in the middle of the room, while the smoke from it curled up through the blackened thatch and rafters. It was made of several small fagots radiating from the centre. Three stones, each half the size of one's head, supported an earthen pot from which the steam was rising. Leaning against this large pot was a smaller one resting on two sticks of burning wood. At the left of the door was a narrow stack of fire-wood, squeezed against the wall by two upright poles fastened firmly into the floor and then to the roof. At the right of the door stood a miniature circular mud-tower, four feet high, with small arched openings in the levels of its different stories. This was the chicken-coop, and in it nestled for the night were fowls, scarcely larger than bantams. Dangling from the roof above was a little grass basket in which a hen was sitting on some eggs. Next to the chicken-coop was another mud structure with only one opening at its side; this was a grain-bin. Back of it and hanging to the wall were an old muzzle-loading musket and some assegais. Not far from the fire, suspended by a loop of bark rope, hung a bundle of dirty old skins and blankets, which were used by the owners for keeping off the cold during their nightly slumbers. Against the wall opposite the door was a raised clay bench or platform, on which rested seven earthen pots as large as bushel baskets. There were smaller pots on

top of these, then smaller ones again on those, until at the top were little pots scarcely larger than one's two fists. In some of them were put away for safe keeping all manner of trinkets, beads, and clothing; others held different kinds of grain and meal, while in still others there were dried meat and locusts. One large pot contained the drinking-water, and in several, sealed up securely with clay, was Kafir beer which had been made a few days previously, and was to be used to celebrate the return of the hunting party that had gone to the Mombi. On the floor a flat stone, two feet long by eighteen inches wide and slightly hollowed on its upper surface, constituted the primitive grist mill on which (with a small stone in their hands) the women and girls ground the meal, accompanying the work with their mournful ditties. Then, too, there was a wooden mortar, carved from the trunk of a tree, which served as a mill for hulling mealies. Next to the wood-pile, and near the wall, was an enclosure made of sticks in which some goats and a yearling calf were quietly chewing their cuds.

The only light in the hut was the bright fire. The supper, which was served in small wooden plates and in pots, was placed on the floor, and we all sat around it in Oriental fashion. It consisted of sadza (a thick reddish porridge made from meal obtained from a small grain called rukwaza), peanut-sauce made of peanuts ground up finely and cooked in water with a seasoning of salt, a few boiled ears of green Indian corn, some boiled vegetable marrows, and a pot of stewed dried zebra flesh. As it is the custom to eat with fingers only, Ambuya brought forth a gourd of water and poured some on my hands, which I washed preparatory to beginning the meal. It was very evident from the squeaking of the rats climbing about the roof that they were

aware that supper was ready, and wished to come in for a share of it. A big ugly one came boldly down the wall and cautiously approached us with head outstretched, and comically jerking the end of his nose, as he sniffed the savory viands. Tambudza endeavored to strike him with a stick, but he quickly scampered to the top of the wood-pile, where others joined him in chattering—scolding us apparently—while we proceeded with the meal. All ate out of the same plates and pots. To a person not to this manner born and bred, eating with the fingers seemed rather awkward. I watched the others each take a chunk of the thick sadza between the thumb and index finger, dip it into the peanut-sauce, then eat it; and I did the same. This continued, with an occasional plunge with the fist into the pot of zebra meat for a chunk of that dainty, until the first part of the repast was finished. For the second course we ate vegetable marrows and Indian corn. If one is extremely hungry, and feasts with closed eyes, without asking what he is eating, whether it died or was killed, a Mashona supper is comparatively palatable.

My hostesses were very talkative, and asked many questions. Had I killed much game on the Mombi River? What were the white men doing at Harali (Salisbury)? Had any of them brought their wives and children with them? Were they building huts to keep off the rain, or were they still living in tents and wagons? Next they wanted to know what the white men intended to do with the gold they were digging, and how soon they would have enough of it and all return to Diamond (Kimberley). They said if we remained very long the Matabeles would come over and kill us while we were working in the mines. I told them we had not the slightest fear of the Mata-

beles; as a matter of fact, we were anxious to have them come to fight, so that we could show them how completely we could whip them. This they seemed seriously to doubt. Then further I said, "We are here for all time, and in a very few years, thousands of white men will come with their wives and children, and build big towns out of burnt red mud—towns larger than all Machia-ngombe's villages put together." They shook their heads again, and began to ask how the white men live in their native land. "Do the white women use the same kind of hoes we do in cultivating the gardens, and do the men go into the fields with their guns and keep watch while the women are hoeing the corn?" "How many wives has each white man? They own so many cattle they must be able to buy plenty of them."

In turn I tried to learn from them some of their customs. When the subject of marriage came up, they all wanted to talk of their own personal affairs. Tambudza said that her husband, Umjojo, had seven wives in the village besides herself, each living in a separate hut. In addition to these, he had several others who were too young to leave their homes. Chu-uti, the chief's daughter, who, as also her companion, might have been any age from sixteen to twenty, did not seem to be worrying herself particularly about her matrimonial affairs. She said her father had promised her to Sakwe, a paramount chief near Harali. Two years yet remained before she would have to leave her father's home. Sakwe was so old and decrepit, that death was sure to overtake him before that time, and she would, in that event, fall a heritage to his son, Bankele, who was said to be a fine-looking young man. The other girl, Neana, was apparently more concerned about her

nuptial prospects, as the time was near at hand for her departure to her new home. She had also been promised to an old man, a chief near Lo Magondi's, called Shambadi. When the others had left the hut, Neana became embarrassingly confidential regarding her coming marriage, which she evidently contemplated with disfavor. She said she would rather drown herself than be Shambadi's wife—"an old man with nine wives already, and ugly, ugh! with a face like this," distorting her own in imitation, "with one ugly tooth here, and two there, and none at all on the other side. I want a young man for a husband." She finally ended by placing me in an extremely unpleasant position for a single man by proposing to elope with me. I said to her, "I am sorry I can't help you out of your difficulty, but if you are really seeking romance, how does it happen that you don't run away with one of the young men here in the village? They all want wives." "Where could we escape to?" she replied, "they have no cattle to buy me with. Shambadi is to give seven cows for me, and my father would be so angry at losing them, that he and my brothers would pursue us, kill my man, and very likely beat me to death. Yararra, there comes someone. Come in! Mae-way! If it isn't Makombo, just back from Umfuli. Why, ewe Makombo-way, you are all wet! Did you fall into the river? Squat down by the fire, child, and dry your skin."

"Molla Baas," said Makombo, in greeting to me. "Mora Makombo," I replied. "Hark!" said Neana, "there is someone calling me. Hey?" "Ewe Neana-way," shouted Chu-uti from a neighboring hut, "see if my dancing rattles are hanging on the wall in there?" "No, Shamari!" (friend) Neana shouted back. "They are not here." Then she continued:

"Your mother will be in presently, Makombo, and give you some supper. There is caterpillar-sauce stewing in the little pot, and some dried rats are cooking in the big one. The sadza is being made in Kimbunga's hut. Inyamazona has just been telling us all about his wives and children at Diamond. Psa! Uh! Uh! Make haste! Take that pot away from the dog. Uckgluk! Uckgluk! Ewe imbuga-way!" and she picked up a cudgel and mercilessly hammered over the back a yellow cur which was persistently sticking its nose into a pot. The brute stoically received the blows without a whimper; then it turned, and with a snarl bounded out of the door. She continued: "Ewe Makombo, what did the Umlungu (white man) give you at the store for the things you took there to trade?"

Makombo, the chief's youngest son, a lad of about fourteen, began to untie his packages. From the bottom of a calabash (a large gourd) he brought forth a rag and unrolled from around it two feet of twine, taking out of it some coarse salt, which he exhibited in his hand. "This," he said, "is what I received from the white man for mother's ground nuts." Producing similar dirty rags from the other calabashes and baskets, he showed a tablespoonful of small red beads which he had received for his sister's one-half dozen ears of Indian corn; then he displayed two tablespoonsful of white beads, which was the payment received for the meal sent to market by his father's youngest wife, Sonoa. One yard of muslin was for Ambuya's one dozen eggs, and then, lastly, with a broad grin on his face, he pulled out four dirty little empty brass cartridge cases, all his own property, given to him by a white man in exchange for some honey, which he had got out of a hollow tree on the way to market in the morning.

“Maebaba-way!” said Neana; “there go the drums. Come, Inyamazona! come see the people dance.” At one end of the village, in the dim moonlight, the dancers were arranged in two rows facing each other—one of women, the other of men. To the beating of the drums and the melody of their voices they bent and shook their bodies and clapped their hands in unison. In turn, a man from one side and a woman from the other, stepped into the space between the rows and each performed a series of muscular gyrations and acrobatic evolutions—the men far excelling the women in the display of agility and artistic finish. Those who leaped high into the air and showed the most abandon in the exhibition of their imaginary contests with wild beasts and savage enemies, received greatest applause from the spectators. I had not viewed the performance long, when an invitation was given me to come forward and show them “how the white men dance.” Not wishing to displease my hosts, I promptly stepped into the ring and went through a series of bounds into the air, contortions, and tragic attitudes in exhibition of fanciful contests with enemies, and blood-curdling struggles with savage beasts, which, judging from the prolonged applause in the way of shouts and laughter that followed, must have been creditably done. My exertion was rewarded by a severe chill brought on by the cool night-air, and I at once retired to the hut which the chief had hospitably offered me, he expecting, of course, on the morrow to be doubly paid for his kindness. The chill was soon followed by a high fever, and upon the hard clay floor with aching head I sleeplessly tossed about, while through the night, till the gray dawn had given way to the brighter sunlight, the dancing continued, accompanied by the weird chorus

of voices, supported by the deep monotony of the drums with their *tum-pit-ty-tum-pit-ty-tum-pit-ty-tum-pit-ty*. Oh! how I did wish them one and all at the bottom of the sea!

[It is presumed that the reader understands that the Mashonas do not speak English, and that a free translation of their language has been given in the foregoing chapter.]



The People who Danced all Night.

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ABSTRACT

## CHAPTER XV

### MASHONA CHARACTERISTICS AND CUSTOMS

Purchasing Ethnological Specimens—A Primitive Method of Greeting—Marriage Customs—Charms, Fetiches, and Witchcraft—A Witch-Doctor's Ceremonies—A Mashona Practitioner and His Kit—Burial Customs—"Dead Relative" Dances—A Description of One—On the Wings of Ecstasy—A Mashona's Idea of the Movements of the Sun—A Lunar Controversy.

HAVING spent a few weeks in the Salisbury hospital with fever, I was by June 1st again off on a shooting trip. Much had been said concerning the Umnyati River on the border of Matabeleland as an excellent locality for game; hence I journeyed in that direction. Upon arriving at the proposed hunting ground, however, I was greatly disappointed, for between the Matabeles and the prospectors, nearly all the game had been frightened away, and that which remained was exceedingly wild. I therefore decided to go to the Angwa River, northward toward the Zambesi.

On my way into Salisbury I spent some time at Machia-ngombe's villages, purchasing ethnological specimens. The natives seemed to have many varieties of musical instruments—primitive flutes, banjos, and pianos. I found one man there who, as savages go, was an excellent musician. He did good execution on a little contrivance consisting of a bow with

one string. The resonance body was formed by a calabash, the hollow side of which the musician placed against his abdomen. The instrument was called a "hugu."

Having by this time acquired a fair knowledge of the native language, and being accompanied by a valuable interpreter, a colonial Kafir named Tom, who drove the oxen for me, I was able to learn a great deal concerning the customs of the Mashonas. One is likely to notice first their method of greeting. This begins with an attempt at a hand shake by simply touching one another's hands. Then each individual claps his hands together, and pats himself on the ribs with one hand, usually the right, at the same time uttering some such expression as, "I am glad to see you well." If, for example, two parties have met along a path, after the preliminary greeting they will all squat down, and while one crowd chimes in with the continual "Yes, yes!" of attention and approval, the leader of the other group will narrate everything that has happened to him since early morning. This may seem to us, in the conceit of our civilization, a superfluous and silly custom; but these people have no daily papers, and for a Mashona to omit to tell every particular incident of his day's experience would be a serious breach of etiquette.

The following is a fair example of one of these greetings when translated: "I (Mazungu) and my sweetheart's brother, Umtanitchani, decided yesterday to take some fowls and meal to the white man's camp and trade them for red-white-eye beads, which we want to give to our sweethearts at the next dance. As soon as it was light this morning I was awakened by the bleating of the goats in my hut. I didn't sleep very well last night on account of the rats nibbling at

my ears and nose—my blanket being so short I could not cover my head sufficiently to keep them off. I got up, yawned, put on my breech-cloth, and then went over to Baba's (father's) hut and told Mae (mother) to get some breakfast. I then went to Umtanitchani's hut and called him, after which I went out and sat upon a big granite boulder and picked lice off my blanket. Mae called me to bring a few coals of fire from the hut of Baba's other wife, Kazimbi. When I went to Baba's hut with the fire, Mae was sweeping the floor, while my little sister, Chona, was letting out the cow. Baba keeps only one cow in his hut now; the other three are kept in Kazimbi's hut. I helped Mae make a fire, and the smoke blew into her eyes and made the tears run. Mae then handed me a gourd of water, and I poured water on her hands while she washed her face; then I took a big mouthful of water and squirted it on my own hands and washed them and my face also. Chona put a pot of water on the fire with which to make the sadza. Baba was sleeping, with one foot sticking out from under the blanket close to the fire. He woke up, sniffed awhile as though smelling something savory, and said, 'Mazungu, Mazungu, is Mae cooking meat for breakfast?' I answered, 'No, Baba, there is no one cooking meat for breakfast.' Then he said he must have dreamed he smelled it, and he covered his head with the blanket and went to sleep again. Mae's piccaninny sat up, rubbed his eyes and cried, and then Mae shouted, 'Ewe Chona-way, come here, child, and take care of Piccaninny while I cook Mazungu's breakfast for him.' Just then Baba jumped up and howled, '*Yo-way! Mae-way! Wa chesa gumbo onko!*' (Oh, my mother! My foot is on fire!) And then he scolded us because we didn't tell him before

that his heel was burning. Umtanitchani came in with his assegai and battle-axe, and said, 'Haven't you finished breakfast yet, Mazungu?' After that Umtanitchani, Baba, Piccaninny, and I squatted down, and ate the sadza. I took my two calabashes of meal on my shoulder, and then Chona gave me my two assegais and my knobkerrie, and Umtanitchani took his fowls and tied them to his assegais and put them across his shoulder, and we went to the men's fire just outside of the stockade. There we sat down with the induna and smoked daka while the witch-doctor threw the 'akata' and found that we were going to get a good price for our produce.

"The induna's brother, Wambe, came along and gave us all a pinch of snuff. We left by the path that leads around the big hill by Manyenga's village; there we saw Mopunga's wife, Kanawanga, with her baby on her back, getting sweet potatoes out of a bin. She said, 'Where are you two boys going?' We answered, 'We are going to Harali (Salisbury) with these fowls and this meal to trade for beads to give to our sweethearts.' Then she laughed and said, 'Go on, sons, you are crazy.' When the path reached the Harali road we followed along that past the new place where the white men are digging for gold. A little way the other side of the Hanyani River we came to a wagon where there were two white men camped, one named Blough and the other called Mondavana. We squatted down by their fire and Mondavana said, 'Do you Kafirs want work?' We said, 'Yese, Baas.' Mondavana said, 'How much money do you want?' Umtanitchani said, 'One month, one pound.' Mondavana said, 'All right, I will give you a pound a month, and you can begin work now if you like.' Then we said, 'No, Baas, we can't work, because we

are going to see our mother, who is dying, and who has sent for us to come at once and give her some beer.' Then both the white men said, 'Damity nogud bludylic; maninge lazy bloodyfulu; hamba wena, vootsache damity niggers.' Mondavana threw stones at us and Blough got the long ox-whip and chased us down to the river, where we dodged him in the bushes. Then we came upon this path, which we followed around that stony hill yonder, where we saw some baboons that scratched their ribs as we went by, and yelled, 'Haw-um, haw-um, haw-um !' at us. On the other side of the path we saw three sable antelopes grazing in a meadow. They ran away when they smelled us. Then we came through the bush to this stream of water, where Umtanitchani took a drink with his hands and I lay down on my belly and took a drink ; then Umtanitchani took another drink, after which we both peeled bark off some umsassa bushes to make a rope. Then we saw you come down the opposite bank, and that is all !''

This finished, the spokesman of the second party similarly narrates all his experiences since arising in the morning, and the greeting is ended. After taking a little snuff and then smoking daka together, they are ready to pass on. Time is no object with the African aborigines.

Their marriage customs are likewise peculiar. The father of a girl receives payment for her in cows. Ten is the number established by time-honored usage. Owing, however, to scarcity of kine, due to Matabele raids in former years, a far smaller number, with other contributions, is now sufficient. Frequently only one cow and a few goats, or even a gun and some blankets, are given. These articles are received "on account," so to speak, with the understanding that more are to

be presented subsequently ; but once a Mashona gets possession of his wife it is highly improbable that the remainder is ever paid, unless, perchance, the wife should intrigue with her relatives and flee to the home of her father, to be held as a hostage until the rest of the lawful debt or a good portion thereof be forthcoming.

A woman has no voice in the choosing of a partner, but must go with the man to whom her father sells her, or, in other words, betroths her. Girls, as a rule, are betrothed very young, even when babes, and not infrequently they are bargained for before they are born. Often, before the girl reaches the age to be taken to the home of her husband, who in many cases is an old man for whom she has no liking, her affection has become fixed upon some lad of her native village. This leads to a romance, ending perhaps in elopement, sometimes in murder, and occasionally even in suicide. In the event of desertion, if the wife is at fault, her father is supposed to refund the amount paid for her. If, however, the husband is at fault, the property is not returned to him. In either case, both sides are sure to assume to be in the right, and the affair usually ends in a family feud.

The majority of Mashonas have but one wife. This is due, not to any limit placed by law or custom as to number of wives, but to the want of means for purchasing them. Some have seven, eight, and even a dozen. The more important chiefs, being the wealthier members of the community, are the ones who possess most wives. Those who can, however old and decrepit they may be, are particular always to have a young wife on hand. I have seen wrinkled old men, just tottering on the verge of the grave, with wives too young to leave their fathers' homes. Matabele

raids have caused a scarcity of women as well as cattle among the Mashonas, so that the monopolizing of the women by old men leaves many young men wifeless. The latter, therefore, must bide their time till the patriarchs have passed away or new generations of females have seen the light. Barbarous customs such as these naturally lead to much immorality among the natives, although the men guard their wives with jealous vigilance.

The negotiating for marriage is done by proxy—an old woman usually acting as mediator or agent. The marriage rites are complicated, and to understand all the intricacies of the ceremony it would be necessary for one to be a participant in the performance. Among other customs, the bride and groom are imprisoned in a mud hut, where they remain together for several days isolated from the rest of the world, while an old woman supplies them with food and drink through a chink in the wall. When the bride reaches her new home the event is celebrated with a big dance and a "beer drink."

As a race, these people are as superstitious as savages generally are. They believe in charms, fetiches, and witchcraft. The latter is the source of great dread to a Mashona, who fears that death or accident may overtake him through the instrumentality of some fellow-being who may perchance hold against him a grudge. But a greater dread than this is of the visitation of evil by the spirit of a departed friend or relative whom he may have slighted while living. For the purpose of avoiding these calamities, charms are worn about the person, usually around the neck. Divining bones or blocks of wood called "akata" are thrown by the witch-doctors to discover a witch or an evil spirit, and they are also employed to ascertain the prob-

able result of a journey, a hunt, or a battle—in short, any and all of the events of life.

I became acquainted with an old witch-doctor at Machia-ngombe's, whose home was among the Matabeles. He came annually across to Mashonaland to visit his numerous friends there. He assumed to have learned many magic arts from the Zulus, and he was eagerly consulted by the Mashonas, especially on the occasion of starting on a hunt for wild animals. I noticed that even when dealing with his most particular friends, he never refused the offerings of various kinds which it was the custom to give in payment for his services. I once saw him perform ceremonies preliminary to the chase. Fat of the zebra, eland, and other game was mixed with dirt and put into a small pot. Then some live coals were placed on the grease which caused it to burn, so that clouds of thick smoke arose. The huntsmen sat in a circle around the pot, with the muzzles of their old flintlock and cap guns sticking into the smoke. In unison they bent over and took a smell of the fumes, and at the same time called out the name of the medicine or spirit they were invoking, which was Saru, saying thus: "Saru, I must kill game; I must kill game, Saru! Now, Saru, I must kill game!" After this performance was finished, each of the candidates in turn sat down near the doctor to be personally operated upon by him. He placed a bowl of medicated water upon the huntsman's head and stirred it with a stick while the latter repeated the names of all the kinds of game he wished to kill. This was to ascertain whether or not the hunt was to be successful. If any of the water splashed out and ran down over the patient's head and face, success was assured. If not a drop of water had left the bowl, then the huntsman might as well have laid aside his gun and assegai,

for his efforts would have been doomed to failure. In the cases of those whom I saw resort to these magic rites, success was predicted.

The witch-doctors are doctors of medicine as well. At Umjojo's I obtained from a native practitioner samples of all his medicines and medical instruments. I tried hard to purchase his original stock, but with these he would not part under any consideration, as they had belonged to his father. He had been an undutiful son, had been guilty of misdemeanors toward his father's younger wives, and had neglected to give beer to his father at his death. Consequently, he was in mortal dread lest he should be visited with evil and die young, unless he scrupulously treasured whatever had belonged to his departed parent. In return for a large quantity of beads and cloth, he gave me a sample of each of the things in the medical line which he possessed. One of the articles obtained was a small antelope horn called "egona," in which was a mixture of ground-nut oil, and a medicinal bark known as "unchanya." The concoction is taken out on the end of a stick termed "mutira," and administered to the patient by dropping it into his ear. The doctor stated that it was a sure cure for headache. Another horn, four inches long, called "mulimete," was for the purpose of cupping and bleeding, and is used in this wise: An incision is made with a knife into the body, the large end of the horn is placed over the wound; then a vacuum is formed by the doctor's sucking the air out through an opening at the little end. The small hole is closed with wax, and the horn is left until it has become filled with clotted blood. This is the process of curing rheumatism and other maladies which are supposed by the Mashonas to be literally drawn out with the blood. Bleeding is prac-

tised extensively, and I have seen natives bled from legs, arms, body, and head until they were so exhausted that weeks were required for their recovery.

Another important instrument secured from the doctor was a brush made of a zebra's tail, among the hairs of which were tied many small roots and herbs possessing various medicinal properties. One of the remedies was known as "gwandere," and taken internally was a sure cure for worms, so the doctor stated. The brush was called "muskwa," this being the name for any animal's tail. The doctor demonstrated its use by operating upon a man in my presence. He placed some powdered herbs in a bowl of water, then dipped the brush in and sprinkled the patient. Next he performed several magic evolutions with the brush around the patient's body, at the same time repeating, "May the sickness leave this person. May the sickness leave this person," etc. The doctor told me that after this operation the patient was certain of recovery, unless some witch or spirit intervened to prevent it or to cause his death.

When a member of the community dies, he or she, as the case may be, is usually buried under a shelf of rock in a reclining position, with arms folded and legs doubled up. In some districts, where heaps of rocks are scarce, I have seen graves made in large ant-heaps. As a rule, a small canopy or thatched roof is built over the grave, and under this it is common to see placed as an offering a pot of beer and a plate of sadza. The beer evaporates and the ants eat the sadza, but to the Mashona mind the disappearance is due to supernatural causes. At the burial the near relatives of the deceased cry aloud. I was camping one night near a village where a child died. The obsequies took place the next morning between dawn and sun-



A Mashona Kraal.

TO THE  
LIBRARY

rise. The mother cried loudly while the ceremony was proceeding, but her wailing ceased soon after the funeral, and there was no more noise made over it. I went into the village about two hours later, and saw some men, women, and children quietly sitting around the hut in which the death had taken place, and looking very solemn. The child was about two weeks old, and the cause of death was attributed by the Mashonas to the fact that the mother had not given beer to her grandfather when he wanted it at his death.

If a woman's husband dies and she afterward procures another, the new man takes up his abode in the hut of the dead one, becomes owner of his assegais and battle-axes, and assumes his name. Whether or not the second husband is supposed to enter into possession of the spirit of the deceased, I could not discover. Some Mashonas have told me that they believe that the spirits of their departed relatives enter the bodies of animals, particularly those of lions.

At the end of the lunar month during which a death has taken place, the surviving partner, man or woman, kills a goat, and its meat is cooked, as well as quantities of other food, and a large amount of Kafir beer is brewed. The people gather from the neighboring kraals and an all-night feast and dance ensue. Monthly "dead-relative dances," which are called "machae," are very common, and if no one has been accommodating enough to die during the month, the feast and dance may be held in honor of someone who departed years before.

I happened to be at a village on the occasion of one of these ceremonies. The dance continued all through the night and until the middle of the next day. As usual, a goat had been killed, and there were gallons of beer on hand. The chief dancers were a man, his

wife, and his daughter, who had in some way at some time in the dim past neglected their grandparents, and who were therefore in imminent danger of dying if they did not perform at this time what may be termed the religious rite of dancing "machae." They were from another town, but had come to this place where some of their friends lived who had volunteered to assist in the orgies. Crowds from all the surrounding villages were present as spectators and participants. Tom-toms were the only musical instruments used, and to the beating of these they danced. The dancing seemed chiefly to consist in showing their agility in jumping about to the music of the drums. The men were much better performers than the women, that is, they seemed more "to let themselves loose," so to speak. The three principal dancers carried a brush made of the tail of a brindie gnu—the same as those used by the doctors for medical purposes—and they took it in turn, and flourished it about during their frantic athletic feats. As they danced, they sang a melancholy sort of melody in which all present took part, as did they also, whenever the excitement reached a high pitch, in keeping time with their feet and bodies to the music of the tom-toms. It was quite like a Southern darkey camp-meeting revival, with its clapping of hands, amens and glory hallelujahs, accompanying the prayers and singing in the height of fervent religious excitement. It was amusing to see the babes on their mother's backs being shaken to the rhythm of the music.

At intervals of about an hour there were short interims during which the entertainment ceased, when those who felt inclined replenished their thirst with beer, and the exhausted girls and women tumbled

down in heaps on the floor and fell asleep. When the dancing began again the slumberers were aroused by their friends, helped to their feet, and then assisted to stand till their power of co-ordinated action was once more restored. Some of the women seemed determined to go to sleep again. They reeled about, fell from one side to the other, or gave way altogether, and tumbled backward into the arms of their assistants, who they evidently knew were there ready to catch them. I may do them injustice, but this part of the performance certainly seemed to me largely affected, for presently they started, their legs and bodies began to move, and then they jumped about with an activity that showed no symptoms of exhaustion. Some worked themselves up to the pitch of crying, and streams of tears rolled down their dirty cheeks. Others could not contain themselves for joy, their mouths being stretched from ear to ear with laughter, while yet others whooped and yelled.

On another occasion, while viewing one of these dances, I saw a man so carried away on the wings of ecstasy that he jumped upon a hot fire in the middle of a hut, and began doing the "light fantastic" with the tips of his toes on the fagots of burning wood that radiated from it. Higher and higher swelled his feverish joy and excitement, as well as that of his audience, while with feathery step he whirled and bounded until, alas! the false roll of a fagot landed him plump in the middle of the burning embers. There he sat, his visage beaming with a benign expression of blissful resignation only to be compared to the sanctified happiness seen on the face of a hypnotized convert at a "holiness meeting." As not a move was made on the part of the spellbound spectators to pull the poor creature out of the fire, I took

pity on him myself and saved him from serious and permanent injury.

Primitive as these people are, they are not without scientific hypotheses. An old Mashona one day gave the following as his theory concerning the movements of the sun : "The sun has its origin in a river called the 'Zambesi.' In the evening it goes to rest in that part of the river far to the west of us. During its nightly slumbers it floats down stream to the river's mouth, which is east of us. At the mouth there are two large rocks, one on either side. In passing between these rocks, the sun is awakened by bumping against one or the other of them. It jumps up at once from the water, and this constitutes what we call sunrise. If the sun ever passes between the rocks without bumping against either of them, and floats out into the big water beyond, it will never appear again, and upon that day the world will end." One proof put forward in support of this theory about the sun was the difference in the length of the nights in summer and winter, or the wet season and the dry. In the summer when the floods are on, the sun floats down the stream quickly, and the nights are short. In the winter the river is low ; consequently, the sun floats more slowly, and the nights are longer.

The Mashonas reckon the year as made up of thirteen months. Each is named from some distinctive characteristic, as the month of the winds, or the month of the harvest. Upon one occasion a month was lost count of by the natives in the neighborhood of Mr. A. D. Campbell's farm, about twenty miles east of Salisbury. It happened in this wise : In consideration of the abundant harvests, which had just been reaped, a time was set aside for rejoicing. For more than a month they danced, and drank beer, and,

in consequence, were so continuously drunk that they paid no attention to the different phases of the moon. When they came to their senses the new month was well under way, yet they reckoned that they were still in the month in which they had begun their carousings; hence for more than a quarter of a year thereafter they did nothing but discuss the profound problem, "Is the present month the month it is, or is it the month it isn't?" At all hours of the day, and far into the night, the debate continued—men, women, and children entering fervently into argument over the weighty subject. Opinion was about equally divided, and it is difficult to say how long the dissension might have lasted had not one day a large swarm of locusts put in an appearance. The natives' predilection for fried locusts led one and all into the bush to collect for present and for future use. By the time they had grown tired of this work they found that the season for hunting field-rats had begun, and off they went again into the wilderness. Thus by degrees the interest in the lunar controversy subsided; but even up to the time of the outbreak of the recent native rebellion, there were many who still entertained grave doubts regarding the question, "Is the present month the month it is, or is it the month it isn't?"

## CHAPTER XVI

### SIX WEEKS' SPORT NEAR THE ANGWA RIVER

Journey to a New Hunting Field—The Rev. Isaac Shimmin and His Lion Adventure—Two Cockney Prospectors Kill a "Rhinostrich"—My First Rhinoceros—An Invitation to Hunt with the Eyres—"Ally Sloper"—Hunting on Lemon Creek—We Chase Lions—Arthur Eyre Kills a White Rhinoceros—En Route for Dichwe—A Big Eland Herd—A Prize Buffalo—Hobnobbing with Topsy Matabeles—Remains of an Ancient Fort on the Angwa River—Tracking a Wounded Koodoo—Lions Parade about our Camp—A Day with Buffaloes—Return to Salisbury—A Town-Site War.

IN the present chapter I shall give an account of six weeks of shooting, in order to convey to sportsmen an idea of what big game hunting in Mashonaland was really like a few years ago. Upon my return to Salisbury the misfortune befell me of having my Enfield rifle stolen, and I was therefore under the great disadvantage of being obliged to purchase new guns, the shooting qualities of which were uncertain. It was on September 12th that I left for the Angwa River. The "foot and mouth disease," which was spreading over the country among the cattle, had delayed my departure, and before I had gone fifty miles from Salisbury it broke out among the oxen which were drawing my wagon. Eventually, however, I arrived

at the Mining Commissioner's camp near the Hanyani River.

I there met the Rev. Isaac Shimmin, who was on his way to Lo Magondi's to establish a Wesleyan mission station. Being a sportsman, he was likewise intending to do some shooting on the Angwa. He had killed a leopard, and had taken part in a lion scrape, where he exhibited such bravery as to gain the admiration of everyone. The incident occurred in the early part of 1892, on the road between Salisbury and Umtali. A party, consisting of Mr. Shimmin, Mr. C. T. Stevens, and two others, went in search of a wounded lion, which was concealed in a thicket. When they came within forty yards of the bush, the infuriated beast set up a terrific roaring and charged the party. Shimmin took aim, but was not aware that his rifle was locked, and therefore was somewhat delayed in making a shot. In the meantime, Stevens wounded the lion, which then made straight for him. Upon firing, he immediately jumped behind a sapling, against which the animal sprang with such force as to knock him backward to the ground. With extraordinary presence of mind, Stevens stuck out his foot, which the beast seized and began to chew. By this time Shimmin had his gun in working order and shot the brute from a distance of two paces, thus saving his companion's life. When the lion made his first charge the other men bolted, but they came up in time to give him a final shot in the head.

I established my chief camping-place near the limestone caverns of Sinoia, situated between the Angwa and Hanyani rivers. Engaging some guides and carriers, I made my way straight to the Angwa, which was not more than ten miles distant. On the road I met two cockney prospectors, recently from London,

who on the day previous had actually killed a rhinoceros. Their description of their experience was extremely amusing. Upon sighting the beast they took it to be a "helephant," and both fired. Through sheer luck one bullet penetrated the brain, and the animal rolled over on its back, with its feet projecting heavenward. As the bold hunters approached, one cried out, "It's no helephant! It's a wagon turned hupside down." "G'wan Bill!" said the other, "it's a rhinostrich!"

At dawn on the third morning, before I had risen and dressed, my black boys ran to my tent, excitedly exclaiming, in subdued tones, "Inyamazona! Inyamazona!" (Game.) I looked across the flat in front of our camp, and saw a large rhinoceros walking leisurely along. This was game indeed. Delaying only to put on my shoes, I snatched up my rifle and bandolier, and ran up the river in order to head him off. Slipping cautiously around to the place I expected my rhinoceros to pass, I peered over the rise and down the flat; but there was no rhinoceros in sight. Turning around, I was astonished to see him staring at me, not two hundred yards away. For a moment it seemed as if some antediluvian monster had been suddenly resurrected. Before I could lift my rifle he wheeled, and made off at full speed. I sent a flying shot after him, but missed, and then gave chase on foot. At the end of a mile I was fairly left behind, and, finally, when quite out of breath, returned to camp, shooting a roan antelope on the way as a sort of consolation prize.

I spent most of the day working on the antelope skin and deploring my failure of the morning. Toward evening I packed my carriers and started for Sinoia. We had proceeded not more than four miles,

and were crossing a long open vlei, when to my great joy I espied my lost rhinoceros browsing in the edge of the timber. At first sight the animal appeared as large as an elephant—just as my two English friends had said. The native carriers travelling behind me at once dropped into depressions in the ground and concealed themselves. Taking cover behind mounds of earth, I finally reached an ant-heap within a hundred yards of the great beast, which now came out of the bush into the open. I took aim at his right shoulder, as he was walking obliquely toward me, but evidently I did not pull as quickly as I should, for the bullet entered his side, and lodged near his tail.

To my astonishment that mountain of flesh immediately jumped up and down like a bucking horse, and then he ran in a circle, as if chasing his tail. As soon as he began these antics the boys bolted for the timber where they could climb trees. Apparently the rhinoceros saw them, for he now came charging toward us, puffing like a steam-engine. I thought he was going to run by me, so I lay quiet, intending to give him a shot as he went past, but the first thing I knew he was coming straight for me. Evidently he had perceived my head above the mound. When twenty steps away I gave him a shot in the chest, and had barely time to jump to one side before he ran over the mound, stepping on the very spot where I had been lying. He swung around to charge me at short range, and as he turned I shot him through the lungs at four paces. Then he rushed straight forward for a hundred yards, but suddenly changing his mind, he wheeled around, and once more started toward me. He had advanced only a few steps, however, when he fell dead. I ran up to him, jumped on his side, danced a griffin's jig, and gloated over him in the most ap-

proved fashion. One can kill his first rhinoceros but once.

It was now sunset, but before I went to bed that night we had the magnificent specimen nicely skinned. Of course it took lively work and plenty of it. At eleven o'clock the next morning the wagon reached the scene of action, and after loading the meat and the skin we returned to Sinoia.

A few days later I met Mr. Arthur Eyre, who was making preparations for a big hunting trip with his brother into the "fly country;" and he invited me to accompany them. Having gladly accepted the invitation, I set out for their camp at Tchininga's, and arrived there on the evening of the 24th. I found them at work on the skin and skeleton of a white rhinoceros cow which Arthur Eyre had recently killed, and which they were preserving as a museum specimen. This species (*Rhinoceros simus*) is now almost extinct. They had likewise succeeded in capturing a calf alive. He was a vicious little animal, and charged everyone who came near the body of his mother. The creature was given the distinguished title of Ally Sloper, and he had the honor of being carried for many miles on a framework made of poles and supported on the shoulders of an army of loud-talking aborigines. Nevertheless, Sloper persisted in dying, much to the disappointment of his captors. Had he lived a reasonable time, he would have landed in London Zoo, and spent the remainder of his days in rank luxury.

On September 27th our hunting party, consisting of Arthur Eyre, Herbert Eyre, and myself, accompanied by thirty-two carriers, left Tchininga's, and went nine miles northward to a small stream which we named Lemon Creek on account of the large lemon-

“One can kill his first rhinoceros but once.”



To ym  
Abraham

trees growing along its banks. Numerous fresh tracks indicated that that game was plentiful, and we decided to camp there.

During the two days following I killed one tsessebe, two reed-bucks, and one sable antelope. The Eyres each killed some buffaloes, but I saw none of the latter. While hunting along the creek the second day, I came across some natives extracting salt from coarse marsh grass. They burned the grass on clay floors, dissolved the ashes in water, and then boiled the solution.

On September 30th Arthur Eyre started for Mount Domo to see if he could find a large male white rhinoceros which he saw there at the time he shot the female. As I was going hunting that morning in the same direction, we travelled together for about a mile. Some distance ahead of us we saw three animals which appeared to be roan antelopes. Arthur looked at them through his glasses, and immediately exclaimed, "Begorra, they are lions! Come on!" He started off at a run; and the objects, which proved to be a lioness and two half-grown cubs, soon disappeared. Arthur was about twenty steps in front of me, and as he gained a rise he caught sight of the lion cubs running and playing together. Thinking they had got our wind, and were making off, he said to me, "Come on, Curio! They're off!" and ran hard after them. We had gone only a few steps farther when I saw the lioness walking leisurely along with her head down, evidently unaware that enemies were near. Arthur's attention was so taken up by the cubs in front that he had not noticed the mother. This I did not know, but thought that with characteristic Irish pluck he was running up to have a shot at close range. Just as he was even with her,

and not more than thirty yards distant, the lioness looked around, saw him, and instantly bounded away. I now perceived that he had not noticed her, and as she was leaping into the air I fired, and brought her to the ground with a bullet through her spine.

We had several running shots at the cubs, but they disappeared into a patch of tall, dry grass. After making an unsuccessful search for them, we sent the boys to the other side to set the grass on fire, while we took positions to windward. As for the young lions, we waited in vain, for the only thing that came charging from the flames was a bush-pig, which I also secured. It was the first animal of the kind I had seen, and seemed to be a variety between the bush-pig of the Cape Colony and the beautiful red river-hog of west Africa. This ended my sport for that day, for I spent the remainder working on the skins of the lioness and the pig.

On the evening of October 3d Arthur Eyre returned from his hunt at Domo. The rhinoceros had been there recently, but he failed to find it. However, as he succeeded in killing it on a subsequent occasion, I shall here insert a description of the hunt which he gave in a letter written home shortly afterward :

“I started off with eighteen boys, and at the first pool I visited at Mount Domo (where we camped when I shot my first white rhino) I found the spoor, but it was a week old. I went around to all the pools, and at last came to the place where the animal had drunk that morning. It was then pretty late, two o'clock in the afternoon, and I was a long way from my camp on the Racouty River. I had John Bushman with me, who is really a wonderful tracker, so I decided to go a little way on the spoor. In two hours we came up

with his highness. I first saw him feeding one hundred yards off, and stalked to a large tree which brought me thirty-seven paces from him (I paced it afterward). Unluckily, on the day before, the back sight was knocked off the 303-rifle, so I left it in camp. For some seconds I stood meditating whether to use the Gibbs-Metford or the 12-bore, and decided in favor of the former. I knew I could not shoot the beast through the brain, as he was so huge; I therefore aimed just below the ear and fired. At the shot he dropped on his knees and then came charging past me (seven paces). John let drive with his Martini, when the animal dropped on one knee. I thought at the time that he was going to fall, but he did not; and I gave him another shot behind the shoulder.

"The boy with the 12-bore gun had fled to some trees, so I was left with but one rifle. I ran after the rhino, and had I not expected every moment to see him fall, I could have given him at least three more shots before he got out of sight. I continued on his spoor till after sundown. Luckily, his course was in the direction of my camp. The next morning I was again on the spoor with blankets and some food, followed all that day, and found he was going due north. That night I slept on the trail, sent the two boys back to bring on the camp to a certain point about ten miles distant, and then went on again with three boys, following the tracks till two in the afternoon, thus allowing time to get back to camp, which I reached at sundown.

"I found the spot where the rhinoceros had been rolling, and reckoned this to be at least thirty-five miles from where I had shot him. Next morning I started off with eleven boys, carrying enough food with us to last a fortnight. We took up the spoor at

eleven o'clock and followed till after sundown, making a skerm to sleep in. At sunrise the following morning we were off again. This was the most disagreeable part of the hunt, as we were obliged to go through long, wet grass, ten feet high, and I soon became drenched through. At nine o'clock we overtook the rhinoceros, and found him lying fast asleep under a thick bush. I got within twenty yards of him, and looked through the grass. The only thing I could see was his ear wagging. This time I took the 12-bore, and let him have it behind the shoulders. Up he jumped, and ran off as if he had not been touched.

"We ran on the spoor and saw any amount of blood. Wherever he had stood there were pools of it. At twelve o'clock I came up to him again, and found him lying under a tree, got about forty yards from him, and let him have another shot with the 12-bore on the off side. The one before was on the near side. Off he went again. Then I took the 303, and hit him on the rear hind-quarter, when the blood began to come from his nostrils. Going another hundred yards, he dropped. I ran up and jumped on his back, but the boys said he was still alive, so I gave him another shot with the 303 behind the ear. I found his measurements to be as follows:

Height.....	6 ft. 4 in.
End of nose to tip of tail.....	13 ft. 8 in.
Length of front horn.....	2 ft. 11½ in.
Length of small horn.....	11¾ in.
Circumference of base of large horn.	2 ft. 2 in.

It took five days to cure the hide and bones, and seventeen boys to carry them outside the 'fly country,' where I had a wagon waiting. Mr. Rhodes bought

the skin and skeleton,\* and presented them to the Cape Town Museum, where both now are. Rowland Ward, of London, set them up, and made a splendid job of it. It is the record specimen."

After sending all trophies thus far collected to Tchininga's to be stored at Eyre's camp, our party left Lemon Creek for a place called Dichwe, where there were said to be great numbers of game. Our carriers with their loads made quite an imposing caravan winding across the flat in single file. At about eleven o'clock we came across a herd of eland. While the rest of the party continued on the journey, I remained behind with my boys in order to get some of these magnificent animals, but they ran away before I could approach near enough for a good shot. Tracing their spoor for fully four miles we came up with them again. I brought down two young bulls before the herd was well underway, and killed a large cow as they were running at three hundred yards. I wounded a big bull, and had to pursue him for several miles before overtaking him. All were fine specimens, and I spent the rest of the day in preserving their skins.

Toward evening a large crowd of men, women, and children from Penyame's kraal came for the "inyama" (meat). Indeed, these people seem possessed of almost supernatural powers for scenting meat. The weather being dry and windy, the skins cured rapidly, so that the natives were soon able to carry my specimens to Tchininga's. Having at last succeeded in getting the meat-loving savages to move on their homeward journey, we started again for Dichwe, where we arrived an hour before sunset. Following down the little river, we came to the place where the Eyres were camped. I found Herbert sick with fever. His

\* The price paid for this splendid specimen was £250.

brother had been out again, and had shot a young lion, and had afterward run across a drove of five hundred elands! He had killed several of them, and said he could easily have secured thirty.

The next morning I went out with Arthur Eyre to search for this big eland drove. We had not gone far from camp when we came across a troop of roan antelope, one of which I wounded. They ran about three hundred yards and as they turned to look at us, I gave another a fatal shot through the lungs. The wounded one sped away, and Eyre gave chase to it, while I remained behind to skin the one killed. I had almost finished the task when one of Eyre's boys came running back to tell me that his baas had found the "mpofo" (eland).

Leaving four natives to complete the skinning of the antelope, I accompanied the guide. We had run about two miles when we discovered Eyre sitting under a tree. He was out of breath, his face was as red as a boiled lobster, and he was using impolite language about his bad luck that morning at shooting. He had chased the elands for more than two miles, had fired away all his cartridges, and had got nothing. The herd had divided at this place, so Eyre took up the spoor of one lot, and with my boys I followed on the trail of the other, finally overtaking them.

There were fully one hundred in my bunch, apparently all cows and calves, with the exception of one large bull. As they were extremely wary, I found great difficulty in getting near them. Once I chanced a shot at the bull as he stood at three hundred yards, but fired over him, when the herd immediately started off, trotting in a curve and eventually taking their course up wind. I ran through the bushes, and fired at them again, wounding a cow. She fell behind an ant-

heap, and when I had finished her with another bullet, I found that my first shot had struck her horn only, thus merely stunning her. Running after the herd again for about a mile, I came within two hundred yards of them as they stood in a clump of trees, and brought down another cow. Covering the carcasses with twigs to prevent the vultures from finding them, I returned to camp, and on the way back secured a reed-buck and a tsessebe, each with a single shot. As the day was hot, I suffered much for want of water, and became so out of patience with the "niggers" for their stupidity that I chastised them severely. Upon returning to camp, I found that Eyre had succeeded in killing five elands out of his herd.

The next morning, accompanied by a party of natives, I went out to skin my antelopes. We had not proceeded far when we saw buzzards circling around a grove and found that they were eating the dead body of the roan antelope which I had wounded the day before, and which had travelled four miles from where I had shot it. This made six head of game that I had killed in one day, five of them with a single shot each. Later, while waiting for the boys to tie up the skins, a large buffalo bull came running past us. As he was disappearing behind some bushes near an ant-heap, I fired twice at him, the first ball entering his flank, while the second penetrated his shoulder and lodged in his spine between the first and second ribs, bringing him struggling to the ground. As I had heard that buffaloes are dangerous when wounded, I approached carefully from behind, and gave him a shot in the back of his head every time I saw his ear wag, finally sending a bullet into his brain.

This animal carried a pair of tremendous horns, each measuring three feet along the curve. Up to this

time I had been feeling somewhat chagrined that the Eyres had killed several buffaloes while I had not even seen one. But the splendid trophy now obtained was such an exceptionally fine one that it made up for all past disappointments. The rest of the day I spent in the drudgery of skinning and skeletonizing, and returned to camp long after dark. As Herbert Eyre was sick, he had lent me his gun—an exceptionally accurate Enfield—which doubtless accounted largely for my two days' successful shooting.

After curing the buffalo skin and other specimens, I accompanied the carriers with them to my camp at Sinoia. On the way I met a band of forty Matabeles, who had been on a hunting trip to a place called Tchechenini, where there were numbers of black rhinoceroses. The Matabeles were participating in a Mashona "beer drink," and in consequence were so tipsy as to be disagreeably insolent, while assuming to be friendly. Their arms consisted of large elephant guns and rifles. One old warrior, while dilating upon the excellent qualities of his rifle, kept it at full cock pointing at my stomach. He pretended to be doing so unconsciously, but I noticed that whenever I made a move to one side, the gun was swung around until it pointed at me again. Evidently he was testing my nerve. I, in turn, displayed the good qualities of my fire-arms by giving him an exhibition of my skill in the use of a Colt's six-shooter at a neighboring stump.

On the morning after our return to Dichwe, October 17th, we broke camp and started for the Angwa River. The carriers annoyed us greatly, as they insolently persisted in whistling during the journey, thus frightening away the game. It was impossible to discover the culprits, as the other Mashonas would not inform against their friends. We reached the Angwa the

next day, and took our course up the stream. Ancient placer diggings were numerous there, and in fact many miles of both banks of the river had been turned over for alluvial gold, some of the excavations being of tremendous size.

Near our camping site were the remains of an old fort, four hundred and fifty feet square, presumably Portuguese, as it was built in the European style of fortress. A deep trench had been cut on three sides and the dirt thrown inward, while the ancient river-bed lay close to the south embankment. At two corners were large heaps of earth, apparently bastions for the mounting of cannon, and at the centre of the fort was a mound, the remains, doubtless, of an adobe building. Around this there had been an adobe wall, and small towers had been built at the corners of the inner enclosure. Evidently the fort had been erected for the protection of the mines. The appearance of the earthworks did not indicate an age of more than fifty years, but judging from the large trees which were growing over the ruins, the structure may date back to one hundred and fifty years and even more. It was in a convenient place for water and in a position commanding the valley. On the neighboring hills, overlooking the surrounding country, were the remains of what, probably, had been villas—the residences of the wealthy mine owners. When the gold had been worked out to the greatest extent possible by the crude appliances used in earlier centuries in mining, this district had been left to become again the haunt of savage beasts. In viewing these scenes of former activity I was led to wonder if a similar fate awaited the close of the new era of mining which was just opening in Mashonaland.

While out hunting the next day I climbed several

ranges of hills, endeavoring to obtain a bird's-eye view of the picturesque landscape ; but as there seemed always to be a higher range ahead of me, I became discouraged and turned my attention again to hunting. I soon espied a herd of koodoo, and wounded a large bull. He galloped off, but my boys followed the tracks, and we came up to him several times in the thick brush where we could not see him, although we could hear him bounding away and bellowing at each jump. Whenever the animal had crossed an open space he turned around and took his position in a thicket where he could see us approaching. We continued on the spoor, which in some places was very hard to discern, and in an hour and a half we overtook the quarry in an open glade. By this time he had become weak, and in a dazed condition he stopped to look around. I quickly despatched him with a shot in the head. He was a fine bull—exactly what I wanted for a specimen. We skinned him and then returned to camp very tired, the day having been exceedingly hot.

That night a troop of roaring lions paced up and down the river. As daylight approached they retreated into the hills, and when it had become light enough to search for them, the sound of their sonorous voices died away in the distance, and we heard them no more until nightfall. Just before sunset we were vocally reminded that the feeding hour of the menagerie had arrived ; so I went into a thicket and waited where I thought the animals might pass. Their tremendous roars grew louder and louder as they drew nearer, but suddenly the noise ceased, and a little later I heard a big crash in the bushes a few yards up the ravine. It was now too dark to make out the sights of my rifle, and, as a strong smell of lion came wafted down to us on the evening breeze, I deemed it discreet to re-

tire to camp. They soon set up a commotion in the place where I had noted the crash in the bushes, and remained there until nearly dawn, roaring as though they owned the earth. I concluded that they had killed an antelope, and as soon as it was light I went in search of the melodious serenaders, but met with no success. It is extremely annoying to have these brutes prance and roar around one's camp all the night, when the advantage is on their side. Although during the day the huntsman may scour the country over, it is through sheer accident that he runs across one unless he takes with him a pack of dogs; but this is impracticable in the fly-infested districts.

On the 24th the Eyres took a sudden notion to give up shooting for the year and started for Spreckley's camp. After their departure I spent a few more days in successful hunting in the neighborhood of the old fort, and then moved several miles farther up the river. October 30th was a great day among buffaloes. I had not proceeded far from the camp that morning when my native boy pointed out a herd standing in the edge of the water on the opposite side of the river. By creeping up behind an ant-heap I got within a hundred yards of them, but as they were under cover of the bank, I could not obtain a suitable shot. I then ran to a clump of trees near the water. Still I could not see the troop on account of the reeds and bushes, but they evidently became aware of my close proximity, for I presently heard a rumbling of footsteps and knew that they were stampeding. Making toward the place where I heard the noise, I saw the last of the troop, a big bull, just trotting up the bank. He stopped for a moment to stare at me, and then galloped after the rest. I fired a shot, which I think missed him. There would have been time to get in an-

other shot before he was out of range had not the rim of the cartridge become curiously caught in attempting to extract it, thus delaying me for some minutes; but by doing a mile of hard running I succeeded in overtaking the herd, and killed the big bull.

I pursued them two miles farther, and by alternately running and walking, as my breath permitted, again overtook them. As they filed between some hills I counted fifty magnificent animals. Noting the course they were taking, the Mashona and I ran around a hill and concealed ourselves in a thicket in front of them. Presently the buffalo came our way, and choosing a bull that seemed to carry the biggest horns, I shot him through the lungs. As the drove stampeded, I fired again into their midst and hit an animal which tumbled down and rolled over, then scrambled to his feet, and galloped away with the rest. The wounded bull with the large horns soon dropped behind, and when I was within two hundred yards of him I gave him another shot. He disappeared behind a bush, where he lay down and bellowed as he died.

The herd had now vanished among some bush-covered hills, and upon following the spoor for a few miles more, we came up with them. I wounded another fine bull, which immediately left his companions and charged us; but we ran quickly to an ant-heap covered with thick bushes, where we concealed ourselves, and thus eluded the infuriated animal. I waited some time to hear his dying bellow from a patch of tall grass into which he had run; but at last, overcome by impatience, I went cautiously into the grass, followed by the nervous Mashona, who scampered up a tree whenever he heard the slightest movement. Finally, I got within twenty yards of the wounded beast—he had by this time become so ex-

hausted that he paid little heed to my approach—and gave him a finishing shot. This animal possessed a beautiful pair of horns, with which I was greatly pleased ; and I returned to camp that afternoon much elated with my success. On the way back we saw grazing on the meadows, zebras, wart-hogs, tsessebes, and reed-bucks, all of which were very tame, but as I had killed as much game as I wanted for that day, I made no attempt to shoot any of them. My natives had their work cut out for the rest of the evening in carrying the skins and meat into camp, and we were all busy for some time afterward dressing the specimens.

A few days later I encountered another herd of buffalo, and secured two more fine trophies. Indeed, it was a glorious six weeks with big game, but the details of all this hunting would only weary the reader. During this time I killed forty-nine head, and the Eyres had each been equally successful in their efforts. My specimens enumerated in detail are as follows : One black rhinoceros, six buffaloes, two Burchell's zebras, eleven elands, three water-bucks, three roan antelopes, two sable antelopes, one tsessebe antelope, one koodoo, six reed-bucks, one bush-buck, one oribe antelope, one lioness, five wild dogs, three wart-hogs, one bush-pig, and one baboon.

On November 15th, my wagon well loaded with trophies, I started for Salisbury, and a week later, after considerable delay caused by the heavy rains which had set in, I arrived safely at my destination. During the dry season a number of brick houses had been erected, and the Government buildings were also near completion. Companies had been floated on two gold-mines, one at Victoria and one at Hartley ; and some gold properties had been sold at a good figure in the Mazoe valley, a circumstance which

caused a rush in that direction. Twelve miles of the Beira Railway had been constructed, and the people of Mashonaland were feeling hopeful.

Considerable discontent, however, existed among the inhabitants of Salisbury concerning the official management of the place. Early in the year a new town had been laid out adjoining the old one. The Government buildings were situated in the new section, which was designated the Causeway, as opposed to the old town, which was known as the Kopje. An effort was made by the officials of the Chartered Company to induce the merchants to remove to the Causeway, and thus build the town on that side, which was a much better locality. The merchants, however, had already gone to considerable expense in the erection of buildings, and would not remove unless properly compensated by the Company for losses. The demands were refused, and the result was a town-site war in good old Western style! For a time it made the Americans feel quite at home. The result has been a divided, scattered town, instead of a compact and united one, as is the case with Bulawayo. Even to-day the feud continues to some degree, and it is much to be lamented that the Chartered Company did not compromise with the community in the early stages of the controversy. The incident further demonstrates that even in the wilds of Africa it is folly to expect good results, when a government opposes the will of the people, especially in an Anglo-Saxon community.

## CHAPTER XVII

### LAW AND ORDER IN THE EARLY DAYS

A Visit at Bululu's—The Chief Caught in a Lie—Threatened by Savages—Nerve Versus Numbers—The Field-Cornet Intervenes—At the Magistrate's Court—The Community Disgusted with the Result of the Trial—A Smoking Concert Follows—Dr. Jameson Speaks—Charley Kettels Gives Vent to His Wrath—An Attempt to Arrest Wambe—An Unexpected Fusillade—An Uncomfortable Night—A Triple Murder—The Capture—An Attempted Lynching—Dr. Jameson Quiets the Mob—Zulu Jim is Hanged

IN December, 1892, accompanied by Messrs. Eyre and Hoste, I went twenty miles east of Salisbury to choose a suitable place for pegging farms. Becoming short of food, we visited a village ruled over by a chief named Bululu, a Matabele, who had fled to Mashonaland to escape being killed by Lo Bengula, whom he had offended. Through shrewdness, Bululu had become the head of a large Mashona village, and had waxed rich in cattle and sheep. Arriving at his kraal, we inquired if we could trade with his people for meal or grain. The chief insolently replied that they had none. By his demeanor we suspected that he was telling lies, and as we were extremely hungry, we felt no little disappointment.

Never thinking for a moment of committing any offence, I sauntered to some grain-bins near at hand,

peered in, and discovered that they were full. Evidently annoyed at being caught in a lie, the induna began talking to me vehemently in the Matabele tongue, which I could not understand. He became wroth, and seized a stone to throw at me. In attempting to wrest it from his hand, I pushed him to the ground. He immediately jumped to his feet, gave a war whoop, and rushed into his hut. We could hear him pulling down his rifle and spears from the wall. Immediately following the war whoop there was general commotion among the natives about the village, and twenty-five of Bululu's most faithful followers rushed into their huts for their arms. The majority of the men, and all the women in the kraal, were vigorously protesting against their action, but before we had time to think, the chief and his twenty-five supporters appeared in front of us, armed with spears, rifles, and muzzle-loading guns. Bululu was in a terrible rage, and backed by his group of loyal allies, stood in a menacing attitude about ten steps in front of us, buckling on his bandolier full of cartridges, and jabbering as fast as his tongue would work.

The natives had taken it for granted that we were unarmed, and they were struck with consternation when we each produced a six-shooter. We felt no great alarm, as we surmised that they were a lot of braggadocios. Of this we were not certain, however, but were sufficiently familiar with the idiosyncrasies of the Kafir nature to know that fatal consequences might ensue, if on our part we showed the slightest signs of fear. The Mashonas at least cannot conceive of bravery, unless there is power behind it, and when one or two men present a bold front, these natives will often desist from violence, believing that a large force

may be lying concealed in the bushes near at hand, ready to help in case of trouble.

Noticing that the chief and one of his companions were armed with Martini-Henry rifles, which Mashonas were not supposed to carry in those days, I suspected that they were the ones which had been stolen from me three months before. I asked of Bululu the privilege of examining them; but his wrath had not yet subsided, nor had the frenzy into which his followers had worked themselves. As we advanced, they kept backing away, vituperatively showering upon us all the malignant epithets of their language, and never allowing us to get nearer than three paces, until finally we had backed them completely out of the village through a gate in the stockade. Still they would not let us approach closer than three or four yards, but it was sufficiently near to strengthen my belief that the rifles were mine. Suddenly, I made a big bound forward and grabbed the chief's rifle, but had a lively struggle before wresting it from him. The Mashonas stood looking on in amazement, but when I had disarmed their leader, and had made a move toward the savage who held the other rifle, the entire crowd lost heart, bolted into the bed of the river, and disappeared among the bushes and rocks like a troop of baboons.

Complaint was made to the field-cornet (a sort of magistrate in the district) of the armed menace on the part of Bululu and his men, but as this officer had only recently been appointed to his position, he was somewhat puzzled to know just what course to pursue, and so concluded to take the case to Salisbury to be decided by the magistrate there. Bululu was therefore put under arrest by the field-cornet, and we all started for Salisbury. As the roads were muddy, two

days were required for the journey. The first night on the road the chief escaped. The next afternoon we arrived at Salisbury, and were surprised to meet at the edge of the town Bululu's brother with letters from the magistrate of Salisbury to the field-cornet, informing the latter that three white men had been trespassing at Bululu's kraal, and that he had better investigate the affair and bring the transgressors to justice. We were astonished, and likewise puzzled to know by what agencies affairs had taken this turn. Subsequently we learned that a fugitive from justice—a semi-educated Kafir from Natal, who was being harbored at Bululu's at this time—had artfully advised the natives to forestall our plans by lodging complaint with the authorities at Salisbury before our arrival there, and thus save themselves from possible punishment.

Scarcely had we arrived at Salisbury when we were served with notice to appear the following day at the magistrate's court, in order to answer to a charge of trespassing in Bululu's kraal. We laid a counter-charge against the Mashonas, but this was looked upon by the officials as a retaliatory move on our part. I proved to be the only white transgressor, and was hence fined £3 for looking into the grain-bins. Two Mashonas who were brought in from the village were each fined a cow—presumably on general principles. Here the matter would probably have dropped had not the magistrate taken the pains in court to inform the natives that the white men had been appropriately punished for looking into their grain-bins, and that they must not feel under any obligations to sell food to settlers and prospectors. This, of course, was good English law; but the careful explanation made of it to the natives, and the slight punishment inflicted for threatening white people, although the

occasion seemed trivial, was sufficient to rouse the indignation of the community. The inhabitants felt that if the native population should come to think that they are under no obligation to white men, and should perceive that no cognizance is taken of armed menace, that with their proneness to mistake leniency on the part of the whites for cowardice, they would be liable to take full advantage of the situation, and hence become a serious source of danger to the prospectors and farmers scattered over the country.

The three men brought up for trial immediately resigned as volunteers in the Mashonaland Horse. Their resignation was followed by that of others, who argued that the aborigines were being favored at the expense of the Europeans. In consequence, the Chartered Company's officials became somewhat alarmed concerning the falling off in numbers from the standing army of the country. A new trial was promptly instituted. The chief, Bululu, was arrested, brought before the magistrate, fined seven head of cattle and a gun, and warned that if he and his people ever again threatened white men with guns and spears, severe punishment would be inflicted.

A few evenings later a smoking concert for the Mashonaland Horse was given at Hatfield Hall by the Administrator, Dr. Jameson. Those of the volunteers who had recently resigned were tendered cordial invitations to be present, with the exception of myself. Dr. Jameson made a speech bearing on the incidents just narrated. Happening on Pioneer Street at the time, I stepped to the window of Hatfield Hall and peered in upon the appreciative audience, many of whom, between patronizing shouts of "Hear! hear!" were casting wistful glances toward the bar-room door. The Doctor was just then saying something funny

about "the enterprising young man who looked into the corn-bins." Prolonged shouts, clapping of hands, and stamping of feet succeeded the termination of the popular Administrator's speech. With the subsidence of applause came the musical popping of corks, following which was the drinking of Dr. Jameson's health, accompanied by more music in the rousing song, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," reaching a climax in the good old Anglo-Saxon "Hip, hip, hurrah!"

While the singing was going on at its fullest, old Charley Kettels came staggering up the street, "agin the government" in genuine Irish fashion. Now and again Charley stopped, balanced himself on his shaky legs, and shouted, indignantly, "Yes, yell, you bounders; yell, *yell*, YELL. You think this country belongs to Dr. Jameson, do you, you blank bounders? This isn't Dr. Jameson's country, nor Mr. Rhodes's country, nor none of them beggars' country. This is *our* country. *We're* the pioneers of this country. Who's Rhodes? *Blank* him." Having somewhat appeased his wrath, Charley made an attempt to move homeward, but whenever there was a renewal of the cheering, indignation overcame the old man, and he turned around, reiterating, "Yes, yell, you blank bounders," etc.

With "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," the crowd continued drinking the health of the various officials present, from the highest downward, until the singing and cheering became so voluble that the pigeons roosting near the roof went blindly fluttering about, disturbed by the insecurity of the vibrating rafters. When there was no one left sufficiently prominent or important to have his health drunk, the meeting closed with "God Save the Queen," and the Mashonaland Horse was placed once more on a popular footing.

Shortly after the Bululu affair an incident occurred which portrays some of the Mashona's traits of character. I was made special constable by the Chief of Police for the purpose of arresting a native named Wambe, who had stolen some blankets from me. The village at which the offender resided was on the Han-yani River, ten miles from Salisbury. I arrived at the place one evening at about sunset. The men were outside the kraal sitting around a fire on top of a big ant-heap, with Wambe among them. As soon as he saw me he ran down off the ant-heap, endeavoring to elude my observation. I galloped after him, but he dodged me so artfully that he escaped among the rocks. I returned to the village, and as I rode along the stockade there was a fusillade of muzzle-loading guns from within the kraal, most of the bullets going over my head. I was somewhat dazed at this military display, but I did not realize that they were intentionally firing at me until I rode through the gate into the village, where a native, leaning over the side of a hut at a few yards' distance, fired at me point blank, the bullet missing my shoulder.

A frenzied crowd of savages armed with spears immediately surrounded me, all jabbering at once. The affair seemed serious; but as I did not dare to show the least sign of being unnerved, I dismounted, told them there was no need of excitement, and advised them to cool down in order that we might come to an understanding. The guns had now all disappeared. I asked them what they meant by shooting at me, but they promptly denied having fired and put on an air of innocence, saying, "Why, we didn't see any guns. There are no guns here." Then they remarked to one another, "I didn't see any guns. You didn't see any, did you?" "No; nobody has any guns

here." I told them that they had committed a serious offence, and that if I were to report the matter, they might be severely punished. Then they said, patronizingly, that they didn't know it was "Blough" (Brown), or they would not have done it. They had thought it was the "Hoovernmentie" (Government or Company Police). I succeeded in getting one old fellow to give me some mealies for my horse, but the crowd was still so excited that I could obtain nothing to eat myself.

I lay down by a fire in an open hut, through which the wind was blowing briskly. The night was cool, as nights often are in May. About midnight my slumbers were disturbed by the burning of my coat. I had hugged the embers so closely that a hole was burned through to my skin. I then turned my back to the blaze, but was awakened later by a similar catastrophe. The rest of the night I spent in guarding the fire. As soon as it was light I went out into the village, but there was not a soul to be found—only a few chickens and some native dogs. As I had shown no fear, the people had apparently become suspicious, possibly of my being charmed. In any event, they had mysteriously disappeared. It seems impossible for civilized man to understand the feelings and motives which prompt the queer actions of primitive people. As I had got the worst of the Bululu case, I made no report of this incident to the Government.

People in distant countries are prone to criticise the residents of African colonies for bearing what is termed "race hatred" toward the blacks. If those distant and well-meaning critics might have brought to their doors the dastardly outrages and pitiful tragedies enacted by the blacks against the whites in these frontier countries, there is not the slightest

doubt that the white colonists would be regarded with more leniency than at present. One of these tragedies took place in Mashonaland in the early part of 1893. The chief actor in this was a Zulu named Jim. He was a slenderly built Kafir, about five feet four inches in height, with clean-cut features. To all appearances, he was intelligent and of an amiable disposition. Nevertheless, he committed one of the most atrocious murders on record, killing three victims outright and leaving a fourth to die. What prompted Jim to do the cowardly deed is a mystery. What prompts African savages generally to commit the awful murders of which they are often guilty, can only be explained by the inborn blood-thirstiness of their race, added to the fact that the negro acts almost solely by impulse, without the use of reason or judgment, and with little thought of consequences.

The tragedy occurred thirty miles east of Salisbury, on the Umtali road. Jim was under arrest for stealing cattle from his baas, Mr. Grady; and he was now conducting the latter from one place to another over the country under pretence of showing where the cattle were concealed. Grady suspected that the Kafir was leading him about with the hope of making his escape. In consequence, Jim was watched closely and his legs were secured with fetters.

On the morning of the fatal incident the wagon was outspanned by the side of the road. Grady was sick with fever and was reclining on the ground a short distance away. Mrs. Grady was occupied in cooking breakfast. A man named MacKenzie, who was travelling with them, was lying near the wagon, also feeble with fever. The driver had gone to a neighboring farm for milk, and the leader was away with the oxen. Jim happened to be sitting in the front of the

wagon within reach of a rifle and a bandolier full of cartridges. Seizing the rifle, he fired at Grady, the bullet penetrating his neck near the spinal column, and paralyzing him. Grady shouted to Jim to spare his wife and child, and told his wife to give the Kafir the key that he might loosen the leg irons. As soon as the culprit was free he jumped to the ground, and fired at Mrs. Grady, who ran when she saw his intention, the bullet blowing the head off the child which she held in her arms. Another discharge ended her life. Before MacKenzie could make a move for defence he was shot. Jim now fired again at his master, and evidently believed that he had killed him. He went to the wagon, took some money, beads, and ammunition, and then started toward Grady, who was still alive and conscious of what was going on. Thinking that Jim was coming to cut his throat, he feigned death; hence the Kafir only searched his pockets for money. Hearing the noise, the leader came to the wagon to see what was happening. As soon as Jim saw him he fired, but the boy fled, escaping with only a scratch. Having supplied himself liberally with plunder, the murderer took his departure.

The driver upon returning discovered what had been done and immediately reported the matter to a neighboring farmer. Friends soon arrived, but they were unable to do anything to assist Grady, as he screamed whenever anyone attempted to approach him; hence he lay on his back until the arrival of the doctor, which was many hours later. After Grady's evidence was taken, he was removed to Salisbury and placed in the hospital, where he lingered in a delirious state until, some weeks later, death put an end to his suffering.

As the shades of night gathered over a newly made

clearing a few evenings after the tragedy, a pioneer sat smoking his pipe by the side of his African hut, in the outskirts of Salisbury. He observed three dusky figures crossing his field. Indignant at the impudence of Kafirs in trespassing upon his possessions, he went out to turn them back. Two were naked Mashonas, carrying packs on their shoulders ; but the third was a slenderly built black man fairly well dressed, wearing a broad-brimmed felt hat.

"I should think," said the pioneer, "that an intelligent Colonial boy like yourself would have sense enough to follow the road and not trespass upon a man's newly ploughed ground."

"Please, master, let me go through this time," meekly replied the boy with the broad-brimmed hat.

"No, go straight back to the road and don't let this happen again."

Without another word the Kafir turned back, and as the pioneer's dogs, with over-exuberance of spirits, rushed after the trio, the Mashona carriers turned to drive them away, with "Vootsake damity, vootsake damity!" The little man with the broad-brimmed hat showed no fear of them nor paid the slightest attention to aught about him, but rapidly wended his way toward Salisbury with eyes cast upon the ground, apparently absorbed in some serious question. This the pioneer observed, but little did he dream that it was Zulu Jim, the murderer.

The same blind inconsistency of the Kafir nature displayed by Jim in committing the murder seems to have accompanied his impulse to visit Salisbury. Arriving there after dark, he went to a hut on the brick-fields where Kafirs were in the habit of congregating. Long Tail Charley, who had heard of the murder, recognized him, but said nothing to him about the

affair. Jim asked Charley to go over to town and buy a pipe and some tobacco for him. The latter undertook the errand, but went instead to the Chief of Police, and inquired, in the most innocent way, if Jim had been caught. The officer was at once seized with the idea of placing Charley on the detective force.

"Look here, Charley, I think you'd be a good man to help us catch Jim. If you can get any trace of him that will lead to his arrest, I will give you £30."

Charley answered, "All right, baas, I'll see what I can do about it."

He returned to the brick-fields, took a brother Kafir into his confidence, and attempted the capture. After a fearful struggle, Jim biting like a fiend, they succeeded in binding the murderer hand and foot. Charley left his assistant in charge, returned to the police station, announced that he had caught Jim, and in turn received his £30 reward. He did not, however, share with his brother, as he had promised, nor did he pay any of the numerous debts which he owed.

The day after the capture there was much secret talk of lynching among the inhabitants of Salisbury, but somehow the lynchers could not keep the matter to themselves, and broad hints were floating about the town concerning what was likely to happen. Jim was secured in the brick police station at the Kopje. Almost the entire community were gathered on Pioneer Street that night, and there was no longer any attempt at secrecy as to the intention of the mob. There was a fair amount of priming with good Scotch whiskey to give what is termed in South Africa "Dutch courage."

The mob collected in front of the bakery, the baker assuming the leadership. Under the veranda of Meikle's store, just opposite the bakeshop, was a

large coil of heavy mining rope. The baker stretched this across the street, went into his shop, brought out a big panful of grease, rolled up his sleeves, and went marching to and fro oiling the rope, at the same time dilating upon what ought to be done with the "damned nigger." The excitement became intense. The more law-abiding citizens were trying to dissuade the mob from their intentions, but nothing would satisfy them short of "skinning the nigger alive."

One prominent German citizen was vigorously protesting, "Ve must not forgot dat ve vas loyal Pritish subjects! It vill never, never do to dishonor the flag of our Queen by such lawlessness as only vas zuitable in oncivilist countries like America."

When the baker had greased the rope sufficiently, the mob gave three cheers and started for the police station, carrying with them hemp enough to hang a dozen niggers. The men in charge of the criminal hustled him out when they heard the yelling, but he was so shaky on his legs that they could scarcely drag him along, and had to keep telling him that he would be skinned alive if he did not hurry. They took him out of the town, it is presumed to the nursery farm. When the crowd reached the station they demanded of the sergeant the keys to the cell, but the faithful officer stanchly refused to surrender them. This difficulty was easily surmounted by holding him up by his legs and shaking him until the keys dropped out of his pocket to the floor. When the cell was opened, and it was discovered that the victim was missing, the mob became infuriated, and with wild yelling began to run toward the jail, which was on the other side of the town. At the bridge across the ravine the Chief of Police came riding up, and by talking to the boys soothingly, tried to persuade

them out of their nonsense. One of the crowd said to him, confidentially, "Look at here, Captain White. You'd better go home and go to bed. Otherwise, the mob may take you for the nigger and hang you."

As they approached the jail, Law, the jailer, came out with his three native police guards and ordered them to level their rifles on the mob. There is no telling what the result might have been had not Dr. Jameson arrived just then, breathless from running.

As soon as he could compose himself he ordered Law to put away the guns, and with the next gasp cried, "Who's the ring-leader of this affair?"

The baker shouted, "I'm the ring-leader;" another man, "I'm ring-leader;" and it went through the crowd, "We're all ring-leaders."

Perceiving that this would not work, the Doctor changed his tactics and said to them, "Just one word, gentlemen—one word only. *We are on the eve of a boom!* Will you rashly commit an act that will throw discredit on the country, jeopardize your interests, and thus prevent you from reaping the reward of your labors for which you are anxiously waiting? Let the law take its course, and I give you my word that the criminal will be immediately condemned and hung. Gentlemen, you do not realize the gravity of this affair in connection with the *forthcoming boom!*" and thus he continued.

As soon as the Doctor began speaking, there were shouts for silence. "Listen to the Doctor!" "Hear, hear!" and when he dilated upon the subject of a boom, it was "Hurrah for the Doctor!" "Three cheers for Dr. Jameson! Hip, hip, hurrah!" Scarcely was the speech finished ere they were singing, "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and the crowd then returned to the Kopje for "drinks round."

It was a cool bracing morning in May, with not a cloud in all the sky. The silver moon had sunk behind the western hills and glittering rays of the sun were fast falling from the east over the peaceful plain on which lay the much-scattered town of Salisbury. From the side door of the pole-walled, thatch-roofed building honored with the title of jail, under the escort of the keeper and some armed police, came a black man dressed in European clothing. It was Zulu Jim. He was accompanied by a little Jesuit father who talked earnestly and rapidly with him as they walked along. The murderer mounted the steps to the scaffold which had been erected in the old fort. A mixed crowd of native servant-boys surrounded the place eager to gloat over the first public execution by white men that they had yet witnessed. A cup of brandy was hastily swallowed by the victim. His hands were secured, the white cap placed, and the noose adjusted. With a click from the lever of the trap a figure dropped, slightly tilted, to the end of the rope. An exultant laugh of derision arose from the Kafir spectators. The body quivered slightly, and the black soul of one of Africa's deluded children passed to the realms of eternity. Justice had been done, and law and order had triumphed over lawlessness in Britain's youngest colony.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### RHODESIA BEFORE THE OCCUPATION

Prehistoric Mines—Ancient Ruins—An Untenable Theory—  
The Amalosa—An Interesting Legend—Early Portuguese  
Exploration—Mashona Occupation—Origin of the Name  
Mashona—History of the Matabeles—Mr. Thomas Bains's  
Negotiations with Lo Bengula—Mr. Carl Mauch Gives  
Enthusiastic Account of Ancient Mines—The British  
South Africa Company Takes Possession—Unfriendly  
Attitude of Matabele Warriors

I HAVE several times mentioned the fact that the mines of Mashonaland had been worked in prehistoric times. Some difference of opinion exists as to who the prehistoric miners were. The learned tell us that gold has been exported from Southeast Africa for two or more thousand years. It is conjectured to be the Land of Ophir and likewise the home of the Queen of Sheba. The original miners are supposed by archæologists to be of Asiatic origin. There is nothing in the character of the ancient diggings, however, that would necessarily imply that they are other than the work of the aborigines themselves, as the methods used have evidently been the most primitive. In all places of quartz-mining, the ore has been crushed by crude appliances such as smooth stones, and mortars hollowed from the rocks. In those localities where open workings exist, there is evidence that fires were built over

the reefs to heat the quartz which was broken off by the application of cold water. Even in the districts such as the Mazoe and the Abercorn, where small round shafts were dug to a considerable depth and stoping was done, there is nothing to indicate that the methods were essentially different from those in vogue at the present time among the Ashantees of the Gold Coast.

The reasons for supposing that the ancient miners came from Asia are, first, the prehistoric ruins situated in various mining districts, not only over the country south of the Zambesi River, but over the north as well, and, second, the historic accounts signifying a commerce with Eastern Africa and the importation of gold from that direction in ancient times. The ruins, though in nowise signifying the high state of civilization that might be implied by the title of Mr. Theodore Bent's book "The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland," are, nevertheless, sufficiently finished in structure to denote the architectural skill of a people possessed of intelligence far beyond that ever attained by the Bantu or Negro races. These structures, called Zimbabwe, are supposed to have been used both as fortifications and as temples of worship. They consist mainly of circular-walled enclosures, neatly built of dressed stones laid without the use of mortar. The largest, near Victoria, was visited by Mr. Bent in 1891. That celebrated archæologist presented the opinion that the builders were from Southern Arabia. Mr. R. M. W. Swan, who assisted him in his researches, having made a careful survey of the walls, believes that the architects were well advanced in mathematics. Up to the present, however, no inscriptions have been revealed which suggest that they used a written language. Relics discovered among the ruins establish

the fact that the occupants were phallic worshippers, and quantities of manufactured gold, as well as smelting furnaces, prove that they were extensive miners. Very little has been done in the way of exploration ; hence a great and interesting field is here open for the researches of the archæologist.

The theory has been entertained that the present aboriginal inhabitants of Mashonaland are the descendants of the builders of the Zimbabwe, the Asiatic immigrants having fused with the native population. One argument put forth in support of this supposition is the fact that the herring-bone pattern in the ornamentation of the ancient ruins is identical with that used by the people now living in the country in decorating their implements and utensils. This counts for little, however, for the chevron pattern is one common to many primitive races, and is even found among tribes inhabiting islands far in mid-ocean. Another argument given in favor of this hypothesis is that a decided Semitic caste of features, with light skin, is often observed among the Mashonas. Doubtless it is an admixture of Semitic blood which gives to the Bantu race the thinner lips and narrower bridge to the nose, distinguishing them from the pure negroes of the West Coast ; and it is quite natural that those tribes possessing a greater per cent. of Asiatic blood would be most prone to reversion of type. Nevertheless, there is such a continual changing of locality among the African tribes, that it is impossible to know whence came a people or whither it has gone within a few centuries, to say nothing of what might have happened in two thousand years.

Captain Brabandt and Mr. A. D. Campbell, who have had much to do with native management in Rhodesia, informed me that the present occupants of



Zimbabwe Ruins, near Victoria.

# 70. VIII AMPHOTIAO

Mashonaland migrated from far north of the Zambesi, within the last one hundred and fifty years, and supplanted a race of prehistoric miners called the Amalosa. The latter are far more likely to have been the descendants of the builders of the Zimbabwe. According to tradition the Amalosa were first subdued and then oppressed by the Mashona nation. A few remnants still exist in some districts, but they are looked upon by their conquerors as a slave race. They are supposed to have been higher in intellectual calibre and in the development of their arts than the present ruling tribes. Indeed, those who were pointed out to me as Amalosa, had clearer cut features, and seemed to possess much more natural shrewdness than either the Mashona or the Matabele.

A legend existing among the natives of Mashonaland concerning the fate of the Amalosa seems to savor somewhat of the story of the tower of Babel. It is this: "Their god ordered them to eat no meat except that of young cattle. The injunction was implicitly obeyed; but, with the lapse of time, there came a day of consternation among the people at the discovery that the old cattle had died, while the young stock had all been eaten. Great lamentation ensued, and they cried, 'Why does not our god send us more cows?' Days, months, years passed away; still they were without cattle. So sorely did they lament their loss that the entire nation went crazy over it. Their madness took the form of trying to build to the moon, which they determined to catch, fetch down to the earth, and beat into a silver plate for their king. They began building on a high mountain in Manicaland. The structure, which was round and of stone, finally reached such an immense height that it lost its equilibrium and tumbled down, killing those who

were working above, and all who were tossing up stones to them from below. The rest of the people then moved to another mountain not far distant, where they made a gigantic effort to accomplish their object, but ere the tower was completed it again toppled over, and the entire nation was destroyed with the exception of a few who were in the bushes gathering mahobohobo fruit." Thus, according to tradition, ended the career of the Amalosa.

In the neighborhood of the old mines are to be seen the remains of villages in which was in vogue a peculiar custom of planting in the ground nine stone slabs—three rows of three slabs each—apparently for the support of grain-bins or other platforms. I have been told that this custom is probably of Arabic origin, and it is, moreover, one that I have never observed among the Mashonas. Doubtless, however, the latter worked the mines to some extent, for timbers and implements found in the deserted shafts indicate that mining was continued to the time of the advent of the Matabeles from the south. The Mashonas may have learned the art of mining from the Amalosa or from the Portuguese, who no doubt worked extensively for gold in these districts.

When, near the close of the fifteenth century, the Portuguese rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and took their course northward along the east coast of Africa, they found at what is now Sofala a flourishing city inhabited principally by Arabs, who traded for gold with the natives from the interior. There are records that expeditions of conquest inland were undertaken by the Portuguese in the earlier centuries, and, in all probability, these Europeans were at one time in possession of much of the territory now known as Rhodesia. It is thought that they mined with slave la-

bor, and it is possible that trading stations were established by them in centres where gold digging was carried on independently by the native population. I have already spoken of the remains of a fort and villas on the Angwa River, and of the presence of adobe buildings on the Umfuli, and there are similar signs of Portuguese occupation in many other parts. In excavating one of the Zimbabwe ruins on the Filabusi River far down in Matabeleland, a breech-loading cannon was found, presumably of Portuguese origin. Although there have been found thus far no ruined Portuguese forts at that distance inland, there is no reason to doubt that daring spirits penetrated to the far interior of Africa in those early times, as did the Spanish explorers, De Soto and Coronado, push into the unknown regions of our North American continent. Eventually the Portuguese lost possession of the country, being driven from Manicaland about 1837, thus leaving the gold-fields again to the aborigines.

Ancient ruins, differing in character from those of the Zimbabwe, have been discovered in the Inyanga district, along with numerous irrigating trenches, pointing to a past habitation by some intelligent race coming originally from a land where irrigation had been carried on extensively. But so little is actually known of the history of the country, that, until further researches have been made by archæologists, the past working of the Rhodesian mines must be left largely to speculation.

The aborigines at present inhabiting this section are divided into two classes, *viz.*, Mashona and Matabele. The name Mashona is a coined word, which is now applied to all those independent tribes, closely related in language and customs, occupying Eastern Rhodesia. Much doubt exists as to the origin of the name, but

the most feasible explanation seems to be that it is a corruption of the native term *matswena*, the plural of *tswena*, meaning filth on the body. As the Mashona people are among the most filthy on the face of the earth, this seems a reasonable origin. The Matabeles are said to have first used the word in contempt. Later, it was adopted by the white men; and the native population, feeling no resentment at being called "filth"—in which they revel—have willingly accepted the name; hence it is not unusual to hear them speak of themselves as Matswena. The language of these people is almost identical with that of some of the tribes near Dar es Salaam of the German East Coast possessions. This fact helps to substantiate the theory that they have migrated from the north.

The history of the Matabeles is well known. About seventy years ago Chaka, king of the Zulus, sent an army under a favorite general, called Mosilikatse, on a raiding expedition against some neighboring tribes. Mosilikatse captured large herds of cattle, but, upon his return, instead of giving the entire plunder to the king, as was the custom, he kept a fair portion of the booty for himself and his warriors. Chaka, enraged at this audacity, despatched another army to destroy the offender and his people. Mosilikatse got the worst of the battle which ensued, and, to avoid complete annihilation, he fled with his followers northward. Lest he should be pursued he destroyed everything with which he came in contact—grain, cattle, men, women, and children—leaving a wilderness between him and Zululand. He halted on the Great Marico River in what is at present the South African Republic. There he lived for ten years, ravaging the surrounding country, and strengthening his army by

incorporating the young men of his vanquished foes into his regiments.

Upon the advent into that region of the Boers from the Cape Colony in 1836, Mosilikatse sent an army of five thousand of his best warriors to annihilate them. A few isolated families were massacred, but the Boers managed to form a small laager, against which the Matabeles repeatedly charged, expecting an easy victory; but they were as often repulsed by the sturdy frontiersmen, although the latter were armed with no better weapons than flint-lock guns. The savages finally fled in dismay, leaving their dead and dying piled in mounds about the enclosure; but they succeeded in taking with them all the sheep, goats, and cattle belonging to the settlers. The Boers did not deem it necessary to fight the aborigines according to approved European methods—namely, by going to their strongholds and pleading with them for peace. Instead of that, they pursued the vanquished army, attacked the Matabeles at their homes, dealt them another severe blow, recaptured their stolen stock, and returned triumphant.

Perceiving by this defeat that the country was becoming altogether too civilized for him, Mosilikatse again started northward on a journey of desolation and bloodshed, finally settling with his nation in what is known to-day as Matabeleland. From that point his regiments of marauders were sent in every direction to prey upon the weaker tribes around them. The word Matabele became a terror to all human beings within hundreds of miles of the king's headquarters. The neighboring tribes were raided, the cattle seized, and the people killed, with the exception of the young women and children, who were taken to Matabeleland as slaves. Some of the tribes, how-

ever, in what is now Mashonaland, by fortifying themselves in the rocky fastnesses of the hills, were able to withstand to some extent the onslaught of the invaders.

When Mosilikatse died, Lo Bengula, his son, succeeded him. The same practice of raiding, with all the horrible cruelties of murder, rapine, and slavery, was carried on as before. The new king also continued the system instituted by his father, of training as soldiers the boys captured on his pillaging expeditions, but owing to the inferiority of the tribes from which they were taken, they were by no means equal in fighting quality to those of Zulu blood; thus the nation rapidly deteriorated in martial character. Nevertheless, as the later generation of warriors in all their conquests had met only tribes of inferior soldierly qualities, who fell an easy prey to their murdering instincts, they had come to believe themselves sufficiently powerful to conquer the entire world, if their king would only allow them to attempt it. Lo Bengula's army was estimated at from fifteen to twenty thousand fighting men. It was the menace of this warlike nation that prevented European occupation of the country at an earlier date than 1890.

People of Northern Europe and the British Isles knew little or nothing concerning this part of Africa until, some forty years ago, traders and elephant hunters began to penetrate into Matabeleland, bringing out with them reports of the remains of ancient gold-mines. The first concession was obtained from Lo Bengula for the right to the Tati gold-fields, where mining was prosecuted, though with much inconvenience imposed by the Matabeles. Mr. Thomas Baines secured a concession in 1871 from Lo Bengula to the mineral rights of the Umfuli gold-fields, but the king emphasized the point that he in no way resigned his

authority as ruler over the district. Owing to the untimely death of Mr. Baines, the projects he had formulated for the development of the mines were never carried into execution.

At about the time of Mr. Baines's negotiations, a German explorer, Mr. Carl Mauch, travelled extensively over Mashonaland and Matabeleland, and published to the world enthusiastic accounts of indications of fabulous wealth and of remains of ancient ruins. From this date Europeans looked with covetous eyes toward the rediscovered Land of Ophir. To credulous imaginations the threatening presence of a powerful race of barbarians only served to exaggerate the wealth of the country, until the land came to be regarded as equal in treasure to any famed in fable. Hence finally the Rudd-Rhodes concession was procured, the British South Africa Company organized, and the Pioneer Expedition sent into the country.

Lo Bengula, as well as his father Mosilikatse, had always given protection to white men visiting his territory; but against these the Matabele warriors displayed the greatest contempt and hatred, and were restrained from murdering every paleface who crossed their border solely by the overawing fear of their king. They were amazed at the audacity of the few whites who had dared to proceed into Mashonaland in defiance of the overwhelming strength of their army, and they longed for the day when they could dip their spears in the blood of the white intruders.

## CHAPTER XIX

### BEGINNING OF THE MATABELE TROUBLES

**Marauding Matabeles Visit the Victoria District—The Administrator Hastens to the Seat of Trouble—The Savages Ordered Across the Border—Their Departure Forced by the Settlers—The Community are Determined to have War—Salisbury Horse Organized—Conspiracy Foiled by Diplomacy—Arrangements for Campaign Publicly Announced—The Matabeles Defeated at Shangani and Bembesi—The Wilson Disaster—New Era of Civilization**

THE beginning of 1893 promised the opening of a new era in Mashonaland, and there was every indication that prosperity would at last smile upon the country. Activity in mining had begun, people were emigrating rapidly from the south, and the settlers were feeling that their long struggles and hard times were over. But, alas for the unforeseen! In July, the news spread that the Matabeles were marauding in the Victoria district, and consternation and dismay among the colonists naturally followed.

A regiment of warriors had been sent from Bulawayo by Lo Bengula, to punish some Mashonas who had exhibited signs of insolence toward that potentate. Owing to the advent of the white men, who assumed to be the protectors of the oppressed aborigines, the latter, true to their racial idiosyncrasies, had begun prematurely to exult over the emancipation from their

thralldom by the exhibition of defiant disdain toward the demands for tribute made by the Matabele king. In addition to punishing these offenders, the Matabeles were feeling the way, so to speak, toward the removal of the intruders whose presence curtailed freedom of action in their human hunting preserves. The army advanced under strict injunction from their king, however, not to interfere with any white people whom they might meet. They began their old system of murder and plunder, killing at least four hundred natives in the neighborhood of Victoria, and capturing numbers of women, children, and cattle. Many Mashonas ran for protection into the town of Victoria, and were stabbed to death even at the feet of white men, the Matabele fiends being absolutely deaf to protests. Although no violence was attempted toward Europeans, the warriors were extremely insolent, insinuating to the former that their time for being dealt with would arrive "by and by."

Immediately upon receipt of the news, the Administrator, Dr. Jameson, who was at Salisbury, went post-haste to the seat of trouble. He called the indunas together, and told them that they must cease pillaging, and return at once across the border (separating Matabeleland and Mashonaland, as defined by the British South Africa Company and Lo Bengula). The chiefs talked defiantly, and would lend no ear to reason; hence the Administrator informed them that if they were not on the move by the expiration of a certain time, he would take severe measures against them. Part of the impi heeded the injunction, and turned their faces toward Matabeleland. Several hundred, however, headed by the defiant chiefs, remained behind to hold a council of war. In the meantime forty men from among the few people at Victoria

mounted their horses, and prepared to act against the barbarians in case of emergency. The allotted time expired, and as there was no movement toward leaving on the part of the bellicose savages, the horsemen, led by Captain Lendy, went out to force their departure. There has been considerable adverse criticism on the part of the people in England regarding the encounter which ensued, the stand being taken that the settlers had no right to fire on the Matabeles. Those people, however, who are acquainted with the impulsive ways of savage races, appreciate the fact that the occasion was a critical one, and that decisive action was imperative. When the Matabeles saw the horsemen advancing, they assumed menacing attitudes; and if their adversaries had shown the slightest hesitation, it is not improbable that the barbarians would have swept down upon them, and by sheer force of numbers, not only have killed them, but flushed with victory would, doubtless, have massacred the entire population of Victoria. The horsemen spread out in skirmishing order, and at full gallop bore down upon the Matabeles, who were so struck with consternation when the bullets began to whiz among them, that they turned and fled homeward, taking with them, however, the cattle, women, and children captured from the Mashonas, and likewise four hundred head of cattle, stolen from the farmers in the district.

Not only were the white inhabitants filled with indignation and abhorrence at the atrocious butcheries committed by the Matabeles, but they were led to realize that there could no longer be security to life or property until Lo Bengula's nation should be conquered. Immediately following the occurrence, therefore, public meetings were held both at Salisbury and at Victoria,

in which the people demanded a statement from the Chartered Company as to whether they intended to fight. I was present at the meeting held in Salisbury, and the ultimatum put forward by the inhabitants was to the effect that the Company must fight; otherwise, a petition for protection and the establishment of a crown colony would be forwarded to the British Government. The speakers representing the Company were verbose in their discourses, but no definite answer could be obtained to the question so often repeated by the determined citizens: "Are you going to fight?" The reply on the part of the representatives was: "The Chartered Company will do the thing that is necessary. Do not force the Company's hand by demanding a decisive answer at this critical juncture."

As the telegraph line was now cut, presumably by the Matabeles, there was no communication with the Cape except at such times as the wires were reconnected; but on these occasions the Government telegrams monopolized the entire time, and the citizens were thus unable to send messages. The inhabitants of Salisbury were, in consequence, entirely in the dark as to what was going on in the outside world, as they likewise were concerning the Chartered Company's plans.

The Mashonaland Horse was disbanded, and Major P. W. Forbes began immediately the organization of a corps called the Salisbury Horse, for the express purpose, it was announced, of proceeding to Matabeleland. Orders were sent to prospectors and farmers to come at once to Salisbury for safety. It was altogether an unsettled question among the inhabitants whether or not the authorities intended to attempt the conquest of Matabeleland with the small number of people that were at that time in the vicinity of Salis-

bury. Not a few seemed to think that this was their purpose.

Some discontented individuals, surmising that the Company was at the mercy of the community in obtaining men for service in the conflict, deemed it a good opportunity for demanding reforms. It was not an unusual thing for agitators, as they may be termed, to collect at some private citizen's hut, and discuss the political questions pertaining to Mashonaland. Shortly after the call for volunteers, I happened to be at one of these meetings, convened just back of the kopje in a "wattle and daub" hut. There was decided talking as to the demands that should be made before assistance should be rendered in the subjugation of the Matabeles. The greatest question at issue was that regarding the reduction of the fifty per cent. interest that the British South Africa Company held in all the gold-mines; but not the least in importance was the requirement of large farms in Matabeleland, numbers of gold claims, and plenty of loot. As the whiskey disappeared, the plans that were to be put into execution before daylight the next morning were amazing in their audacity. One man proposed to fly the Union Jack from the top of the kopje, and take possession of all the Company's territories in the name of the Queen; another would plant there, instead, the flag of the Transvaal! Others decided that it should be the black flag of piracy; but those who hailed from the Emerald Isle were in the majority, and would consent to nothing short of the green flag of Old Ireland. The meeting finally adjourned, without any violence being attempted, and the members went peaceably to their homes.

By ten o'clock the next day almost the entire party of conspirators were on Pioneer Street, enthusi-

astically recruiting for the Chartered Company's volunteer force. Their personal and public grievances had been smothered early that morning by appointments from Dr. Jameson to positions as officers in the corps, from captains down to corporals. Being a foreigner, with no influential acquaintances in the British Parliament, my personal importance was too insignificant to attract official notice. As a matter of fact, I was the only man who had pleaded for moderation in the demands on the Company at such a crisis, and doubtless for this reason also I was not thought sufficiently formidable to require consideration. It is possible, however, that the Doctor's abhorrence of all acts savoring of filibustering led him to believe that my escapade of looking into Bululu's corn-bins was sufficiently foreboding to debar me from being entrusted with the reins of leadership. Strange to say, only one of the violent participants in the previous evening's agitation was without an office in the corps. This man—an Irish gentleman—confidentially informed me that he had unmistakable proofs of the presence of an informer in our crowd, who went straight to Dr. Jameson as soon as the meeting was over and told him all that had been said. Personally he had, for good reasons, made up his mind never to open his mouth again against the Chartered Company.

With the first call for volunteers, I had promptly tendered my services and had been chosen by Captain E. Burnett of the Intelligence Department as a scout, along with Herbert Eyre, Leo Neumeyer, E. Finucane, and several others who prided themselves on their proficiency as frontiersmen and scouts. But Major Forbes soon informed Captain Burnett that he must dispense with the men of his choice, and organize into a scouting section "several gentlemen in Salisbury who did

not wish to join the troops, but were willing to go into Matabeleland and make themselves generally useful." Captain Burnett absolutely refused to have thus arbitrarily forced upon him men who, as he said, would lose their way if he took them into the veld ten miles from the laager, and in consequence he promptly resigned his commission. We who had been chosen for our ability at the work were not a little incensed at being dispensed with in order to make room for some of Major Forbes's particular friends. We could have entered the ranks as troopers; but as for myself, I had so frequently and pointedly been given the cold shoulder by Dr. Jameson and other officers of the Chartered Company that I made up my mind to let the favorites carry through the conquest of Matabeleland without any assistance from me.

It was presently announced that all those not joining the expedition to Matabeleland would be required to remain in Salisbury until the return of the troops, and that no one would be allowed to go outside the town for any purpose other than that of military duty. In consideration of this, many who might have resumed work at their farms or mines enlisted, preferring excitement at the front to the monotony of camp life at home.

Later, the Administrator informed the public that arrangements for a campaign against the Matabeles had been completed, and that the two hundred and fifty men of the Salisbury Horse under Major Forbes were not to win the victory alone, but that recruits had been obtained by Commandant Raaff in Johannesburg, who, with the Victoria Rangers, under Major Allen Wilson, would join the Salisbury Horse at Iron Mine Hill on the border of Matabeleland, thus making an army of about seven hundred men, which would

advance upon the Matabeles from the east, while a small column of Bechuanaland Border Police, under Colonel Goold-Adams, would at the same time push forward to Bulawayo from the southwest.

On September 5th the Salisbury Horse proceeded to Charter, where they were to spend a few weeks at drilling before moving forward. As soon as the troops had left, a meeting of the inhabitants of Salisbury was convened, at which it was decided to fortify the jail as a place of defence in case of attack. It seemed to be the general opinion, however, that if the force sent against the Matabeles met with a reverse, the fall of those remaining behind was inevitable, as the number was too small to stand long against a horde of savages drunk with success.

After two months of anxious and monotonous waiting, news arrived at Salisbury of an engagement between the Chartered Company's forces and the barbarians in Matabeleland. The combined Salisbury and Victoria columns had proceeded, as arranged, from Iron Mine Hill, Dr. Jameson being director of the expedition, with Major Forbes as commander of the troops. In addition to the six hundred and seventy white men composing the column, there were several hundred Mashonas from the Victoria district, who had volunteered to accompany the force, led partly by the chance of adventure and loot, and partly by the hope of finding their kinsfolk—wives, sisters, and daughters—who had been carried away into captivity by the Matabele pillagers. The native contingent was found useful in the menial work connected with the movement of the army, but during battle they lay flat on the ground in abject terror, while the bullets went whizzing over them. The column had advanced largely over open country, and met with no

resistance of any consequence until outspanned on the Shangani River on the night of October 24, 1893.

During the day many cattle had been captured by the troops in the neighboring hills, and a number of women and children, previously stolen from the Victoria neighborhood, had been rescued. These distressed creatures were overjoyed at meeting with their relatives among the native allies. The Mashonas camped near a ravine some distance from the laager, and whiled away the hours in rejoicing over the deliverance of their lost kinswomen, by feasting on the meat of the captured cattle.

Five thousand Matabeles gathered after dark for an attack, intending to make a rush on the laager at about ten o'clock. They deemed it necessary, before making the assault, that the Mashonas should quiet down and fall asleep. Hour after hour the eager warriors fretted and fumed in the ravine below the skerm, waiting for the noise to cease. Finally, at about four o'clock in the morning, the patience of the attacking party becoming exhausted, they fell upon the native camp, and began the slaughter of the Mashonas, stabbing and mutilating men, women, and children. A distressful wail of anguish was raised by those who were being thus murdered, which gave the alarm to the laager six hundred yards away, so that the troops were at their posts sending lead into the darkness, and into the flashes of light from the guns of the enemy, before the latter could reach the wagons. In consequence, the savages were quickly repulsed.

Had the Matabeles ignored the Mashonas and simultaneously rushed from all sides upon the laager, using spears only, they would probably have inflicted a severe blow upon the invading column. The want

of reasoning power here exhibited is a fair example of the Kafir's lack of intelligence, and shows, to some extent, why a mere handful of men of the Caucasian race can subdue and rule vast hordes of barbarians. It is due to superior intelligence more than to superior bravery, although the latter is a forcible factor.

The Matabeles made several other attempts to advance upon the laager that morning, but were repelled with heavy losses, and finally gave up the battle. On the side of the whites, there were few casualties. Many rifles were used by the savages, but want of intelligence was again displayed by their raising the sights to the last notch, and thus firing completely over the laager. The Matabeles believed that the higher the sights are placed, the better the gun will shoot.

The column moved forward without again encountering the enemy, until within twenty miles of the king's kraal, Bulawayo. The attack was made at midday, while the troops were laagered in a commanding position in open country near the Bembesi River. The Matabeles made several brave sallies; but in this fight as well as in that at the Shangani, there was great lack of generalship—a marked deficiency on the part of the Matabele army throughout the entire war. The machine guns, and the sharp-shooting of the white men were too much for the savages, and, after heavy losses, they sullenly left the field, defeated but not subdued.

Dr. Jameson's column occupied Bulawayo on November 4th. Forces from the southwest, under Colonel Goold-Adams, arrived somewhat later, having met and repulsed a division of the Matabele army under Gambo.

Upon arrival at Bulawayo, Dr. Jameson sent a mes-

sage to Lo Bengula, who had retreated twenty miles northward to Shiloh, explaining to the king that his nation had been beaten, and that he would better surrender and thus prevent further bloodshed. As Lo Bengula did not respond favorably to negotiations, a patrol was sent to capture him. He fled down the Shangani River, the troops pursuing until they were checked by the unfortunate massacre of Major Allan Wilson's party of thirty-three men—the only reverse of the entire campaign. The patrol was poorly equipped with food and medicine, and as the heavy rains had set in, this attempted seizure of the fugitive king was a most arduous undertaking. The thrilling account to be found in the "Downfall of Lo Bengula" by Wills and Collingridge will give the reader a fair conception of the pluck, determination, and daring of the men of Anglo-Saxon blood who are forcing the expansion of British domain in Africa.

Although this last engagement was a defeat for the whites, that small band of doomed men had wrought such havoc upon the ranks of the savages who surrounded them that no further hostilities were attempted by the Matabeles—the nation having become so demoralized that the war immediately collapsed. The volunteers were disbanded, and the men spread over the country for the purpose of pegging farms and gold-mines. A town was laid out four miles from old Bulawayo—the native site being found unsuitable on account of the presence of myriads of house-flies, rats, and other vermin—and a new era of civilization was thus opened in Matabeleland.



Ancient Tower at Zimbabwe.

The remains of Major Allan Wilson and his comrades are interred near these ruins.

# TO VINU AMERICA

## CHAPTER XX

### TCHININGA ATTEMPTS TO WIPE US OUT

Determine to Secure a White Rhinoceros—A Great Week Among Buffaloes—Visit Tchininga's Village—Fired Upon by Matabele Spies—Left to Meet the Enemy Alone—A Case of Kill or be Killed—An Invitation to Assist in the Capture of Thieves—In Foul-smelling Caves.

DURING the period of hostilities in Matabeleland much time was left heavy on the hands of those remaining at home. I had long desired to obtain a specimen of the white rhinoceros; hence, as the order against leaving Salisbury soon relaxed, I decided to go northward to Tchechenini, in order to secure one. Two weeks subsequent to the departure of the Salisbury Horse in September, I was at Damira's kraal on the Hanyani River, seventy miles northwest of Salisbury. After obtaining a number of carriers from the induna, I set out on the hunting trip.

*En route*, we visited a Mashona town ruled over by a chief called Umboe. The natives there informed me that no game could be found anywhere in the vicinity; but while they were making this announcement, I perceived a large herd of buffalo down in the edge of their gardens. They told several other equally preposterous lies, for what reason I could not understand. Later, however, I went to a place a few miles away, in which my carriers said that game was plenti-

ful. Their statements were soon verified, for, from the top of a high hill, I saw in the distance many animals, such as tsessebe and zebra.

Finally I espied a herd of buffalo in the timber several hundred yards below me, and managed to creep to an ant-heap near them. They were huddled together switching at flies and chewing their cuds under the shade of some trees, just as cattle do in the middle of the day. It was some time before I obtained a shot at what I thought was a suitable specimen—a big bull. Then the whole herd came running toward me. Not wishing to be trampled on, I fired into their midst to change their course, and gave chase. The wounded bull soon dropped behind, bleeding at the nose. Then I tried the 577 express, which quickly brought him to the ground. A few hundred yards farther on I found a young cow lying dead, which had been killed by the bullet fired into the troop. Trotting on the spoor for a mile or so farther, I came into close proximity to them, and despatched another bull. As they stampeded, I went on the spoor and, after running a mile, overtook them. They now seemed exhausted, as their stomachs were full of grass and water. I wounded a cow, which fell behind the others as they ran along very slowly—so slowly, in fact, that if it were not for stopping to shoot, I could have kept up with them. As two big bulls turned off from the herd in an open belt of country, I ran up to them, and put a shot into each. They both disappeared into a bunch of tall grass near a clump of trees. Upon approaching, I saw one bull about fifty yards distant; but as I had forgotten to lower the sights, which were raised to three hundred yards, I fired over him, and he followed after the drove. The boys climbed trees for a view of the other one, but he was lying down so that they could

not see him. He finally gave a bellow which indicated that he was dying. I then went carefully into the grass, and found him dead ; but since it was now sundown, and my ammunition was exhausted, nothing remained but to return to camp. It was a long dreary walk through the bright moonlight ; and, because of that insatiable greed to which the human heart is heir, instead of feeling elated over my success, I was much disappointed, for I deemed that I might have secured the other wounded bull, as well as several specimens more.

The following day I sent runners to Sinoia to tell the people to come for the meat, and carry the skins and heads to my camp at Damira's. I went to the place where I had killed the first bull, and spent the rest of the day in taking care of the trophies. At nightfall crowds of natives arrived for the meat.

The boys who had been sent to bring in the two specimens farthest away returned with the news that they had been stolen by Mashonas. Early the next morning we hurried to the place, took up the spoor of the thieves, and, tracing it for about half a mile, came suddenly upon their camp. The heads of the buffaloes were hanging in the trees, in imitation of my camp, while the skins had been cut into little square pieces for division among the robbers. They were tying up the meat preparatory to leaving, when, unexpectedly to them, I appeared in their midst. "You are doing a lot of shooting, are you?" I said to them. "Yesee, baas," they replied. Although they were considerably surprised, they continued with their work ; but when I lifted my rifle from my shoulder, certainly without any thought of striking any of them, they took it to mean warfare. Accordingly they jumped for their spears and guns, which were lying

around the inside of the small skerm, and bolted in all directions. Their leader was a tall, slender, surly appearing fellow, and, as he bounded from the skerm, he threw his gun over his shoulder and pulled the trigger, the bullet passing near me. In retaliation, I fired two shots into the air to frighten him; but if I had been trying to hit him I could not have done so, as he ran diagonally from me, at the same time watching me, and every time I lifted the gun to my shoulder he threw himself forward flat on the ground. My boys piled up the meat and pieces of skin, fetched wood, and made a big fire with which to burn the booty, determined that their brother Mashonas should not have the use of the plunder after we should leave.

While they were thus engaged, I saw two of the offenders perched high up on one of the hills, watching us. I made a detour to the back of the hill, climbed carefully to the top, crept over the summit, and walked cautiously down the side toward the place where I had seen the two men sitting, and, by taking cover from tree to tree, slipped up within twenty paces of them without being discovered. I had no idea of harming them, and was so pleased at being able to stalk the wily aborigines that I stood for a few seconds laughing to myself. Then, suddenly, I gave a big war-whoop. Their spears and battle-axes were lying near them. One of these natives was a young man, who quickly grabbed his arms, and went bounding down the hill in long, flying leaps. The other, an old man with gray hair, made a scramble for his weapons, but in his attempt to pick them up, he lost his foothold, and went rolling down the declivity like a log for fully fifty feet before he regained his equilibrium. Then he, too, went bounding off like a wild animal.

On September 26th we once more started for the rhinoceros country, but had scarcely left camp when we came across another herd of buffalo. As buffalo heads were in demand at Salisbury, I yielded to the temptation of following again, and brought down three fine bulls and a cow. My Mashonas were unusually exasperating that day. I had sent four of them back to those remaining behind with the packs to tell them to hurry on, in order to make camp near the second buffalo killed, and to work at removing the skins. Upon returning to the proposed camping-place in the afternoon, I found no one there. After waiting a long time I went to the patch of timber where the first animal had been slaughtered, and discovered the natives all sitting around a bee tree, taking out honey and eating it. This had been the cause of delay for the last four hours. I could catch only two of them, but inflicted such salutary chastisement as to invigorate the entire crowd, so that they worked industriously the rest of the day. They knew that they had done wrong, and were suspicious whenever I approached, lest I should box their ears. We took up our quarters in the thicket where the natives who stole the buffaloes had camped.

A few days later we were ready to make another move forward, but the boys who had been sent to the spring for water reported that the buffaloes had passed within a few yards of the camp during the night. I soon overtook the herd, managed to approach within thirty yards of them, and succeeded in killing four. This, I thought, was as many as I could want, and I returned to camp.

On going out with the natives after breakfast to skin the carcasses, I espied the same herd, lying down and chewing their cuds in the edge of some timber. I

crept within thirty yards of them, secured two more, and then gave chase across an open flat toward our camp. I could run up to them, but dropped behind whenever I stopped to shoot, and was thus unable to choose a good specimen. I was nearly out of breath when they smelled the camp in front, and turned at right angles, running by me at about fifty yards. I brought another pair to the ground, and then followed the troop for two and a half miles before overtaking them. At two hundred yards' distance, I shot a large bull; and then the entire drove, led by a cow, turned and ran straight towards me. The natives scrambled up some neighboring trees, while I stepped to an ant-heap, and began sending lead into the charging cow, putting ten shots into her before she fell. The buffaloes, however, went by without molesting me. By sundown that night, we had the skins and heads of the ten animals transported to our camp.

When the exhilarating efforts of that day's successful chase were over, and I lay in my blankets while the soft rays of the moon crept gently through the interstices in the foliage of the mahobohobo grove, I viewed with intense pleasure the trophies hanging on the branches of the adjacent trees. The cry of leopards from the neighboring hills filled me with the realization of my presence in the wilderness, and it seemed to me that a fortnight of such unfettered, delightful existence was worth ten years of dwarfed life in the overcrowded city.

By this time several of the Mashonas had become dexterous at preparing specimens; thus, by setting two boys at work on each head, I got the trophies all dressed the next day. Crowds of natives came for the meat, and in return for this they carried the skins and skulls to Damira's, twenty miles away.

Concluding that I had as many buffalo heads as I could possibly want, I made another start for the white rhinoceros country. Reaching Eyre's camp at Tchininga's on the evening of October 2d, I decided to spend a few days in endeavoring to trade with the inhabitants of the surrounding villages for meal with which to feed my servants. Accordingly, on the second morning, I took ten boys with me, some carrying bags to hold the meal, others loaded with beads, salt, and calico for trading purposes, and proceeded to Tchininga's kraal. We found it deserted, everything having been removed from the huts and hidden among the rocks. Groups of natives were collected on the tops of the neighboring hills, but we met with none at the village. An air of suspicion pervaded the place, but I could not conjecture what might be wrong. The town was on a saddle of a ridge of kopjes. Upon one side the latter sloped off gradually, but on the south were perpendicular lime-stone cliffs, two hundred feet in height, in which were numerous caves.

As I was unsuccessful in my quest, I decided to return to camp. The path wound down between two kopjes, then underneath the cliff, and continued across an open field. As we were filing along below the cliff, a volley was fired at us from above, the bullets dropping all around us. My first thought was that Tchininga and some of his followers were trying to frighten us for amusement, although two months earlier they had fired at Mr. Coryndon in earnest. Their insolence annoyed me, and I called to my carriers, who were armed with spears, not to run, but to follow me in order to capture the bold warriors. Needless to say, my native allies, just then deaf to orders, fled across the open field, leaving me to meet the enemy alone. As I climbed up the back of the kopje, the echoes of

a fusillade reverberating from the cliff at the other side convinced me that the shots were being directed at my boys, as they were touching the elevated portions of the ground in their hasty retreat across the clearing.

I crept stealthily up the hill in the rear of the enemy, with the idea of doing nothing more than giving the Mashonas, should I catch them, a severe lecture for their insolence; but, as I neared the summit, and noted the cracking of rifles and the report of a tremendous elephant gun, as well as the firing of muskets, I was seized with the presentiment that the affair was far more serious than I had imagined. I therefore took my rifle in my left hand, and advanced, holding my revolver at full cock in the other.

Just as I reached the top, a burly savage jumped from behind a large rock, and at a distance of ten feet poised his spear to drive it through me. I saw at once that it was a case of kill or be killed. Instinctively I pulled the trigger of the revolver, and discharged three shots so quickly as to spoil the aim of my assailant. His assegai missed me, but my three bullets took effect, and he fell dead, actually at my feet. I was greatly startled by the appearance of the native, for he was too well proportioned for a Mashona, and wore a breech-cloth of fur, such as are seen only on Matabeles. Undoubtedly he was a Matabele, and therefore hostile.

As soon as I found that beyond all question the scoundrels were bent on murdering me, my combative spirit became aroused, and I thought that I might as well have it out with them at once. I surmised that the chief, Tchininga, was the leader in the cowardly attack, as he had previously boasted of his intention to kill white men, and I shouted his name, saying

to him in his own language that if he were so anxious to fight, now was his opportunity ; but, with the usual cowering of the African aborigines when taken by surprise, none of those who had been firing at us so bravely a minute before ventured to show themselves. They had evidently crept into the caves among the rocks.

I returned to my camp, sat down on a log, and endeavored to collect my thoughts sufficiently to determine what the affair meant, and decide upon my future course of action. Somewhat later, one of the bravest of my boys put in an appearance. All the others had bolted into the forest, and some did not stop running for more than an hour after the firing. This one, however, who in earlier life had been a Matabele slave, hid himself among some rocks as soon as he got out of range of the enemy's guns, and when the firing had ceased, stealthily returned to see if I had been killed. He now disclosed a fact that he and all the rest had previously known, but had concealed from me—that three Matabele spies had been shadowing me for more than a week, seeking for an opportunity to kill me, and that they had gone to Tchininga's kraal at the same time that I had arrived at Eyre's camp. They boasted of having already murdered three white men. These spies, with Tchininga and five of his Mashonas, were the would-be murderers who had fired at me and my men. As I had slain one of the Matabeles, the two remaining had gone for some friends, who were not far distant, and were coming that night to attack me. Tchininga likewise entertained the same determination, and announced later that he had fired six shots directly at me that morning, and would have killed me had I not taken medicine which had charmed my body, and thus warded off the bullets.

One by one those of my natives who had fled came in from their hiding-places in the woods, and by sundown all had returned. They were much frightened, as they now deemed themselves in danger because they were working for me, and urged me to return at once to Damira's. Realizing that the affair was serious, I yielded to their advice. At dusk I followed them as they filed off into the woods, and travelled for several miles in the darkness through the hills, all of them keeping a sharp lookout, apparently in dread of being pursued. We camped in a small hollow where we could see any moving object about us, and as soon as it was light tramped away from the hills into open level country.

On arriving at Damira's the next morning, I visited the Eyres at their new camp where they were working some mines, told them what had happened, and asked them to go back with me to see if we could not capture the spies. Arthur Eyre would not go, however, without authority from the acting Administrator, so he sent a boy to Salisbury with a letter to Mr. Duncan, asking permission to proceed against Tchininga and the Matabeles harbored there. A few days later an answer came, stating that any action against the natives would have to be led by a properly authorized officer of the Chartered Company; and thus the matter dropped.

I engaged a number of natives to carry my buffalo hides and heads into Salisbury. While waiting for the gang of carriers to return from their first trip in order to take the remainder of the material, one of the British South Africa Company's police troopers, Mr. Kenny, arrived at Damira's. Kenny, with one other man, was stationed in the Magondi district for the purpose of informing the inhabitants of Salisbury of any movement on the part of the Matabeles toward Mashona-

land that might be rumored among Lo Magondi's people.

Before Captain Campbell, the commissioner of the district, had taken his departure for the Matabele war, he left orders with Kenny that certain natives living in a village governed by a chief named Inyamagara should be arrested and punished for various thefts which they had committed. As Kenny was alone, he asked me to assist in the seizure, and I consented. We started on our journey at midnight, arriving at the stronghold at dawn. Scaling the stockade, we made our way to the centre of the kraal before we were discovered by the Mashonas. As soon as our presence was known, a howl of alarm was raised, and men, women, children, dogs, and cattle went fleeing in all directions, like rats from a sinking ship. Kenny recognized one of the offenders, and arrested him. He pointed out another escaping among the rocks, and asked me to catch him. I went in pursuit, but the criminal as well as the entire population immediately disappeared into the caves and bushes ; so I gave up the chase and returned to Kenny, whom I found in a raving state of anger at having been totally disarmed ! As he had led away the culprit, ten savages appeared, and began parleying with him. While he was warning them not to come too near, one made a dive from behind, grabbed his heels, and threw him face foremost to the ground. The others immediately fell upon him, stripped him of his rifle, bandolier, and revolver, unbound the prisoner, then escaped as fast as their legs could carry them into the caves in the kopje.

I was highly indignant at this insolence on the part of the natives in thus divesting of his weapons a properly authorized officer of the law, and aiding in the escape of a prisoner. Having worsted the Matabele

spies a few days before, and having escaped the ill-aimed bullets of the Mashonas as well, I had begun to fancy myself almost invulnerable. If not like Thackeray's Major Gahagan of the Irregular Horse, rated as the equivalent of one thousand soldiers, I nevertheless felt sufficiently angry and elated to believe myself a match for the paltry one hundred cowardly warriors who were in that stronghold ; so I followed the plunderers into their caves.

Creeping through small entrances into cavern after cavern, I found men, women, and children hiding away, as timidly as rabbits concealed in a burrow, apparently laboring under the impression that I was either charmed or bewitched. Although it was extremely dark in the caves, I could easily tell by the odor when I was in close proximity to human beings. Whenever I struck a match, and recognized the refugees, they promptly informed me in their language : "It wasn't me, white man ! It was the people in that other hiding-place !" often pointing to a recess which I had not yet discovered. After searching in vain for Kenny's accoutrements, I finally emerged from the foul-smelling darkness to find them piled on the ground at the entrance, where the audacious robbers had placed them for me while I was inside. But there were no more natives to be seen, and thus we departed unsuccessful in our attempt to capture the fugitives from justice.

A few days later the carriers came for the rest of the skins ; and as I could persuade no Mashonas to accompany me farther on the rhinoceros trip for fear of the Matabeles, I reluctantly returned to Salisbury.

## CHAPTER XXI

### A TRIP TO THE INDIAN OCEAN

The Baker Celebrates Christmas Day—An Experiment at Ranching—Our Journey Begins—Beautiful Scenery—We Reach Umtali—A Unique Coffin—Descent from the Plateau—"The Deacon of Hong Kong"—An Impenetrable Forest—The Beira Railway—Game on the Pungwe Flats—The Venice of South Africa—New Ophir.

By Christmas the Matabele volunteers had been disbanded, and many had begun their homeward journey to Salisbury. The sad fate of the brave men whose lives had been sacrificed in the campaign had cast a gloom over the successful termination of a struggle, the short duration and sudden ending of which astonished those who had laid claim to a knowledge of Kafir warfare, and who in consequence had predicted a long and bloody conflict.

Christmas of that year in Salisbury would have been a day of commingled sorrowing and rejoicing, had not the escapade of the only baker in town irretrievably obliterated whatever small amount of joy the inhabitants might have experienced. On Christmas Eve, numerous orders for cakes and other dainties had been sent to the bakery. That night, with sleeves rolled high, the baker dived into his arduous labors, pausing at his work only to take an occasional drop of brandy by way of a stimulant. At about

three o'clock in the morning, while surrounded by his half-finished cakes, and with pans filled with nicely made loaves ready for the oven, a dram too much threw him into a temporary fit of madness. He began a tirade against the hollow vanity of human endeavor as she is manifested in a bakeshop, scattered broadcast about the room the unbaked fruits of his labor, and finally closed the scene by falling into a sonorous sleep upon the floor.

When, after sunrise, he raised his drowsy personality from the *débris*, and contemplated with intense satisfaction the awful wreck about him, he determined to continue the celebration. Hence it was that between intervals of visiting the various canteens of the place, he went driving in his donkey-cart at full gallop up and down Pioneer Street, swinging his whip in the air and shouting, "Whoop! 'Rah for the Derby! Whoop! whoop! Clear the way for the bloomin' Derby! Whoop!" The inhabitants of the whole town cast forlorn looks of dismay as he sped along in his imaginary participation in London's greatest annual outing, for on their Christmas dinner-tables there was not only an absolute dearth of cakes, but even of that greatest of all necessities, the staff of life. Incidentally it may be said that, in partial expiation for thus ill-using his fellow-townsfolk, the baker, while subsequently participating in a similar holiday excursion fell from his cart, and received injuries which resulted in his demise.

As can easily be imagined, the monotony of life during a rainy season in those early times induced not a few others to indulge in the eccentric pastimes which the overflow of imported spirits suggests. Not having my own tastes sufficiently cultivated for the highest enjoyment of such pleasures, and yet being gifted by

inheritance with a restless disposition, I decided to while away a few months in experimenting at hog and cattle ranching. Having unexpectedly come into possession of a little ready cash by disposing of some mining interests, I invested in a few head of live-stock and prepared to trek to a farm near Salisbury in order to make a beginning.

I had loaded my pigs on a large buck-wagon and was just departing, when Mr. Stuart Meikle happened along and kindly informed me, apparently in all seriousness, that I must take special precautions not to allow the hogs to see the wheels go round, for in South Africa these animals are said always to die from the effect of such optical efforts. As my mind had years before outgrown all childish superstitions, I dismissed the advice as nothing more than an attempt at facetiousness. I continued my journey with no incident of note other than that of having a finger-nail bitten off by one unruly pig, until, while crossing a branch near the farm, I noticed that all the hogs in the back part of the wagon, where the large wheels were in plain view, were struggling and gasping for breath as though in the throes of death. Hastily loosening their fetters, I pulled them to the ground, dashed water over them, and resorted to such other remedies as were at hand; but, alas! in a very few minutes I was brought to the realization of the cruel fact that the best of my herd had expired.

I shall not venture an opinion as to whether death resulted from some hypnotic effect of the revolving wheels upon the vision of the swine, or from the hot rays of the sun, which, at about this time, had come pouring down with intensity through a rift in an ominous black cloud, but shall leave the reader to judge of that for himself. Suffice it to say that, added to

this misfortune, all my native servants deserted me that night, my cattle strayed away into the wilderness, and, to cap the climax, while thus forsaken by man and beast, I was seized with a severe attack of fever.

These slight discouragements were sufficient to induce me to postpone further experiments at ranching to a future date, and to influence me to plan a short sea-voyage, in order to rid my system of the malaria which had been accumulating for several seasons.

In company with some friends, therefore, I started for the coast on January 14th. Our party journeyed in an old-fashioned American stage-coach drawn by ten fractious mules. With a cracking of whips and a flourish of trumpets, off we went at a breakneck speed. Beyond the city limits the pace slackened to a trot, and farther on, where the mud and sand became heavy, it settled into a walk, and finally into a snail's pace. Not many relays had we travelled ere we discovered that our vehicle was being drawn by oxen. Thus, as often in life's greater journey, was the ideal transformed into the real!

This slow rate of travel, however, gave us a better opportunity for viewing the landscape. I was greatly impressed with the magnificence of the country in Eastern Mashonaland, which consists largely of high rolling prairies, far surpassing anything I had anticipated. Our journey was undertaken at the time of year, too, when the fresh verdure of the vegetation pictured nature at her best; and it seemed to me that there could not be a more charming country in the world. When we came to the edge of the plateau overlooking Umtali, my enthusiasm was raised to even a higher pitch. The most picturesque part of all Africa is, without doubt, the district of Umtali, with its beautiful mountains and valleys, where limpid



A Bit of Mashonaland Scenery.

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August 1960

rivulets and rivers send their waters coursing seaward.

This region, as well as other parts of Rhodesia, is rich in mineral deposits and great in its agricultural possibilities. As it is one hundred and fifty miles nearer the coast than Salisbury, and two thousand feet lower, I was forcibly struck with the robust appearance and ruddy faces of the inhabitants, indicating an absence in the neighborhood of that greatest of African scourges, malarial fever.

As we neared the town of Umtali, the oxen were replaced by mules, and again the whip cracked and the bugles thrilled our nerves with excitement. The snail's pace was changed to a full gallop, and the citizens rushed from stores and houses to view this magnificent arrival of the coach. If one were to base his judgment of stage travelling in Africa solely upon the arrival and departure of a coach, what a grand and exhilarating mode of journeying he would take it to be!

As the post-cart for Chimoia had left Umtali the day previous to our arrival, our party engaged an ox wagon to convey us farther in the direction of the Beira Railway; hence that evening we were journeying forward once more. We had not proceeded far when the driver pointed out to us the locality in which, a few years earlier, a white man had been devoured by a lion. The incident is fraught with exceptional interest, as illustrating the rough-and-ready ways of frontier life. The day following the unfortunate accident, a lion with a distended stomach was shot. Upon examination it proved to be the miscreant. Thereupon the friends of the man buried the carcass of the lion—which thus formed a unique coffin—with the observance of such Christian funeral

rites as it was convenient under the circumstances to extemporize.

Upon gaining the top of the Christmas Pass, there, spread before us like a panorama, lay the country which slopes from the district of Umtali eastward toward the coast. As we descended from the plateau, which in that place is three thousand feet above sea level, the vegetation became more rank and tropical in its appearance, the timber heavier, the heat more oppressive, and the difficulties of travel generally greater. We continued slowly forward, crossing deep ravines and rivers, and in places passing through heavy belts of timber, much of which was similar to that on the plateau. Finally, we arrived at Chimoia, the end of our wagon journey, this being as far as the owner could allow his oxen to go, because between that place and the end of the railway, forty miles ahead, the country was infested by the deadly tsetse fly.

Africa forms no exception to the rule that in frontier countries one meets with many striking characters. At Chimoia we became acquainted with several odd and interesting specimens of humanity. One of these furnishes a forcible illustration of the possibilities in a new country for the educated dead-beat. My first knowledge of the individual in question was at the Cape, where he was honored with the title of "Deacon of Hong Kong." He was there looked upon by the indulgent proprietor of a large hotel as an amusing and eccentric character whose idiosyncrasies attracted trade to the hotel bar.

Having heard much of Mashonaland, the Deacon decided upon a tour of inspection. By what method he succeeded in travelling to the Crocodile River I have never learned; but from there northward he beat

his way by representing himself as the owner of a train of transport wagons which were bound for Salisbury and which he was endeavoring to overtake. Through extensive conversation with the men whom he met on the road, he soon learned much about Mashonaland—its people, possibilities, and politics. Thus his circle of assumed acquaintances in the new country became great, and he was at once on friendly terms with every one whom he met by his intimate knowledge of their particular friends “up country.” He eventually reached Salisbury, where he did a limited amount of gambling; but on one occasion his “luck was out,” and he lost heavily. The next morning he had mysteriously disappeared, leaving several of his newly made friends, who had stood security for him, to pay his debts.

He next appeared at Umtali, where he learned that a prominent farmer of that place, named Mr. Dennison, had gone to the Pungwe River to shoot hippopotami; so he travelled from there to Chimoia, representing himself as a nephew of that gentleman. As everyone knew the respected Mr. Dennison, the Deacon was easily able to defer the payment of bills for food, shelter, and liquor at the various wayside inns until his return trip with his uncle! At Chimoia he almost met his match, for Pioneer Mary, proprietress of a wayside inn and store, had her doubts about his being the nephew of his “Uncle Dennison.” Mary therefore demanded that her husband “make the stranger pay up,” but the latter allayed suspicion by feigning to offer a note too large to be changed.

The Deacon soon gained the friendship of a young man named Fitzpatrick, and on the strength of his assumed relationship with Mr. Dennison, succeeded in borrowing a few sovereigns from the liberal-hearted

young "son of Erin." That afternoon, at the Deacon's hint, the two decided to go hunting, the Deacon of course borrowing a gun from the proprietor of the store. They had not gone far, however, when "Uncle Dennison's nephew" managed to lose himself in the jungle, and Fitzpatrick, being unable to find him, returned at sundown to Chimoia. At ten o'clock that evening loud jabbering was heard nearing the store, and presently, in company with some natives, in stalked the missing Nimrod. He assumed to be greatly annoyed at the ill luck he had had in allowing a wounded antelope to escape from him, and he described minutely how the first shot had broken the animal's shoulder, and how he had pursued it until dark, when he found himself lost near a native village, where he persuaded the inhabitants to guide him to the camp of the white men. This lie was so plausibly told that it removed all suspicion that his return to Chimoia was due to the accident of his failing to find the main road.

That evening the Deacon made friends with two prospectors who had arrived *en route* for Salisbury, and the three began a game of cards. Our bar-room hero, was soon caught at cheating, whereupon a scene was enacted in which the prospectors gave the offender a most merciless beating. The victim took this ill usage with good grace, and thus so worked upon the higher feelings of his adversaries that, in partial expiation for the wrong they had done him, they settled all his accounts at the bar and supplied him with sufficient money to continue his journey.

The next morning he took his departure, directing his steps toward the coast. As he was tramping along that day, he met with a score of the Manica Trading

Company's native carriers going to the railway for goods. He made friends with them; and, upon approaching the next wayside inn, he took his position at the head of the caravan, stalking up as though the whole earth belonged to him. With a wave of the hand he sent the carriers forward. "*Hambe on*" (Go on), he said to them; "*Mena buya* by and by" (I will follow presently). To the owner of the place he explained that he was in the employ of Mr. Van Praag of the Manica Trading Company, and was now on his way from Umtali to the railway to load his porters with goods. In consequence of this plausible explanation, he again succeeded in securing food and drink.

Bidding adieu to our eccentric acquaintances, we started on foot for the railway. At one place our road had been cut through a dense forest composed of tremendous trees, tangled vines, and thick underbrush which formed a wilderness, absolutely impenetrable except where the ax had been called into use. This strip of heavy timber was twelve miles in length by four in breadth. Up to this date I had seen absolutely nothing of the great tropical forests concerning which one reads so much in the books of Stanley and other African explorers, and had even begun to entertain doubts as to the existence of wildernesses through which one can travel for days without obtaining a glimpse of the sun. One view of this small belt, however, led me at once thoroughly to appreciate the fact that such a growth of vegetation extending over a large area of country might be exactly similar to the impenetrable jungles of equatorial Africa.

At about eight o'clock in the evening, we arrived at the terminus of the Beira Railway. Seventy-five miles of this road had been completed. Enormous quanti-

ties of merchandise *en route* for Mashonaland were stacked about the place, impressing one strongly with the imperative necessity of rapidly extending the line to Salisbury. Much activity prevailed in this temporary camp of tents and grass-built shanties. There were several canteens where stiff drinks could be had at stiff prices, and the usual amount of carousing inseparable from such encampments could be observed on every hand. Heavy rains had caused many wash-outs along the track, and there had been no traffic on the line for several weeks ; but, most fortunately for us, ten days of dry weather had allowed repairs to be prosecuted, and we were pleased to learn that a train would start for Fontesvilla early the next morning.

What smiles of joy lighted the countenances of my companions when, at dawn, the scream of the locomotive announced that we were on the move ! "Is this real ?" exclaimed Dr. Rand. "Is this the long-looked-for, the long-hoped-for, the long-prayed-for, the long-promised Beira Railway !" It is true that the gauge was only two feet, and that the open car on which we rode was scarcely wide enough for three portly men to sit abreast ! It is true that the sparks from the engine set our clothes on fire, and that we were continually slapping our arms and legs and backs to prevent our skins from being burned ; but what cared we for that ! What though our eyes were filled with cinders, and we wept ! Were not our tears those of joy ? When the little engine went laboriously puffing and snorting up steep grades, we ran along beside the train, and playfully pretended to lend a hand by pushing. And what fun it was when we began to coast down hill ! At times we actually reached a speed of eleven miles an hour.

An excursion on the fastest express under ordinary

circumstances could not have furnished the keen delight we felt that day while riding over that unique pioneer railway. When the reader has travelled for months in ox wagons, through grimy, suffocating, blinding dust, at a rate of from five to twelve miles per day ; or has tramped for weeks, with blistered feet and aching head, under the sultry rays of a tropical sun ; or has been compelled to make a fifty mile journey across a malarious river flat, traversing narrow, stifling paths, with the overhanging vines and grass sending down copious showers of dew to drench him to the skin, till he feels as though he were a half-drowned rat emerging from a slimy sewer ; when he has undergone these tortures—then, and only then, can he appreciate the exhilarating rapture that we felt during that day's journey.

Thoughtless and captious people are apt to indulge in raillery when speaking of the Beira Railway ; and, indeed, under ordinary conditions, and in less remote and difficult countries than Africa, this road could scarcely be deemed a credit to the present advanced stage of the world's civilization ; but when we take into consideration the conditions of travel which that road has replaced, and the tremendous difficulties surmounted in its construction, we are then impressed with the magnitude of its real worth. It is, indeed, astonishing to see the heavy loads of merchandise and the massive machinery which are transported over that narrow line ; and, if properly managed, this railway should form a potent factor in the civilization of a new African country—the building of a new empire. To roads such as this are we to look for the reclaiming of those districts in the interior of the Dark Continent which have baffled the civilizations of all ages down to the present day.

The first part of our ride took us through a timber-covered hilly country, but during the last forty miles we passed over a district almost level, and in fact not many feet above the Indian Ocean. This belt was covered with a rank growth of vegetation, consisting of a thick, matted mass of very tall grass, with scrubby palm-trees scattered here and there.

We were unable to see many herds of game, and, in consequence, were much disappointed, for we had often heard marvellous fairy-tales concerning the countless numbers of buffalo, zebra, wildebeest, and other varieties of large animals to be seen on either side of the Beira Railway. But our journey was taken at the wrong time of the year, for it is in the months of September, October, and November, after the rank growth of grass has been burnt, that game abounds on the Pungwe flats. Although considerable shooting is annually done on these bottoms, many decades will doubtless elapse before game will be greatly lessened in numbers, for the low marshy character of the country and its rank growth of vegetation give to animals excellent cover. A greater protection than this, moreover, lies in the intensely malarious condition of the soil, which visits sickness upon those who sojourn for even a short time in the neighborhood. If, on the other hand, the rinderpest ever reaches that locality, it will, no doubt, play sad havoc among the antelope and buffalo.

At four o'clock that evening we arrived at Fontesvilla, having travelled a distance of seventy-five miles in by far the quickest time we had been able to make for nearly four years. Fontesvilla was the Pungwe terminus of the railway, and of all the deadly places I have ever visited, it was, without exception, the worst. The yellow, sickly appearance of the inhabitants sug-

gested to our minds the idea of people who walk about to save funeral expenses. The houses were built on piles fully six feet above the swampy soil, and in times of flood the inhabitants went from house to house in boats. During such periods, therefore, Fontesvilla might be termed the Venice—or rather the Brunei—of South Africa.\* In fact, the country between the Pungwe and Zambesi Rivers is so low that during heavy floods the waters of the latter inundate the Pungwe flats to some depth, and even submerge many miles of the Beira Railway.

Leaving Fontesvilla, we journeyed down the Pungwe River in a small steam-boat called the *Agnes*. The banks were low and muddy, and bordered with thick strips of mangrove forest. Forty miles by boat brought us to Beira, the port of entrance to Rhodesia. Upon the latter the port depends not only for its prosperity, but even for its existence. Much activity prevailed in Beira at the time of our visit, and streets were being cut through the undergrowth which covered the small strip of habitable sand-bank forming the site of the town. The foundations of the houses appeared extremely insecure in the soft sand, and as they were but a few feet above the level of the sea, I could not help thinking that the town must be constantly in danger of absolute obliteration by the first tidal wave that might chance to roll in that direction.

This port is situated but sixty miles from Sofala, the ancient Ophir, and the outlet in Biblical times for the wealth of gold and ivory obtained in the interior. Since in modern days Beira has replaced that fabled

\* The continuance of the railway to Beira and the recent removal of the machine shops from Fontesvilla to a more healthful altitude have doomed the future of that pestilential spot to nothing more than a sepulchre for the dead.

metropolis, it might appropriately be called New Ophir. Among the white population were representatives of almost every European nation; of other inhabitants, Indian shopkeepers seemed to predominate.

When our ship turned her prow toward the Indian Ocean, and I viewed the small native fruit and fishing craft with sails spread, plying their way down the coast toward ancient Ophir, and dreamily watched the gradually disappearing shore suspended by a mirage between sky and ocean, my thoughts became lost in reverie. My mind was overwhelmed with visions of scenes that had been witnessed in this land in the thousands of years gone by—visions of conquering armies sent to subjugate the mysterious people residing inland, and to wrest from them ivory, slaves, and gold; visions of empires that had risen to fade away, leaving only crumbling ruins as evidence of their existence. The spell of enchantment which that interesting country had wrought upon me, filled me—even then—with an irresistible longing for a quick return to its fascinating life.

## CHAPTER XXII

### RHODESIA AS AN AGRICULTURAL COUNTRY

A Change of Vocation—An Amateur Attempt at Bullock Driving—Razing Timber—Some Eccentric Mounts—Land Fever—Malarial Fever—Agricultural Possibilities—Fruits—Timber—Kinds of Soil—Comparative Situation of Salisbury—Rainfall—The Seasons—Cattle Raising—Horse Sickness—The Tsetse Fly—Indigenous Diseases—White Ants—Borers—Locusts—Building a Home in the Wilderness—Two Years of Prosperity Succeeded by Pestilence and Massacre.

OUR ocean voyage was fraught with no small amount of instruction, for we visited in turn Delagoa Bay, Durban, and various other places of importance. I shall not, however, dwell upon scenes that recent literature has rendered more or less familiar to the reader, but shall return at once to the frontier.

The middle of June, 1894, found me again in Salisbury, making preparations for another hunting excursion. Before completing my equipment I learned that Mr. C. A. Moore, of California, who had long been a resident of South Africa, had generously offered to supply our National Museum gratuitously with such zoological specimens from Rhodesia as might be desired. Thus, as my services in that direction were no longer needed, and, furthermore, as experience had taught me that at best there is little more in store for

the professional collector and sportsman than a bare existence, I resolved to discontinue my favorite occupation. Nevertheless, it was with great reluctance that I came to this decision.

Realizing the possibilities in this new land for the persevering and industrious, I cast my eye about me for an opening, and concluded to experiment with my Pioneer farm, which, in the early part of 1892, I had located five miles from Salisbury.

Although returning from my trip practically penniless, I nevertheless possessed a name sufficiently good to enable me to purchase on credit a span of sixteen oxen and a wagon. Loading a few utensils and provisions on my cumbersome vehicle, I started one evening at sunset for the farm, accompanied by a Mashona who acted as leader. Taking the long whip in my hand, I attempted the driving myself. Perceiving that I was unfamiliar with the Dutch language, the oxen at once surmised that they were dealing with a tenderfoot, and began with antics appropriate to the occasion. The whip kept getting wrapped around my neck, twisted in the yokes, and caught in the bullocks' horns, and I was several times severely kicked on the shins while trying to disentangle it. For all that, I was able to keep the brutes fairly well under control until we arrived at a small stream about a mile from the farm, where it behooved them to stall with the empty wagon.

Here the circus opened in earnest, and I began to lay on the whip and screech, as I had noted that all good drivers do. The two front oxen, Swartbooi and Blessbok, wheeled about and came running back for a personal interview with the driver, pulling with them the Mashona leader; and then they became hopelessly entangled in the trek-chain. Dumbkraft,

imitated by several others who seemed to look to him to direct their actions, wheeled in his yoke with his tail forward and his head toward the wagon. Rinkhals stood on his hind legs, and Engelsman jumped over the trek-chain, while Links, the only good-natured ox in the span, was trampled underfoot. The *mêlée* became terrific with bellowing and breaking of skeis; and with more screeches and yells, I inflicted such chastisement as I deemed proper. The night was pitch dark, and from the midst of the tumult came the shouts of the Mashona entangled among the bullocks, "*Yo-way, mae-way, teno wafa, teno wafa!*" ("Oh, my mother, I am dying, I am dying!") It was past midnight when we arrived at the farm. The native had really been more frightened than hurt, but by daylight the next morning he had fled to his home. For my own part, this was my first and last attempt at driving oxen.

South African farming differs widely in its methods from farming in North America; but my particular kind of farming, I think, differed very materially, even from the methods in vogue in South Africa. I have often been asked what I raised on the farm. To this my reply is, that my energies were mainly directed toward *razing* timber, which, when sent to Salisbury, brought remunerative returns. My time, therefore, was chiefly occupied in riding about and overseeing threescore savages whom I had engaged to assist in the work with American axes.

At different intervals I rode such animals as I considered the state of my finances justified me in purchasing. The first was a donkey; then I bought a mule. The latter was exceedingly amiable—while he was weak and thin; but as he regained flesh, he became frisky and independent. I was finally obliged,

for the safety of my life, to dispose of the treacherous beast; for he persisted in throwing me over his head several times every day. I was then induced to try another mule which was recommended as being exceptionally docile. She behaved properly until I invested in a new suit of white duck. Attired in this one evening, I rode her home from Salisbury. While walking along leisurely in the dark, she shied at a stick of wood in the road, and in doing so, discovered a white object on her back, which, apparently, she had not previously noticed. A series of buck-jumpings promptly ensued, equal to those of the most expert Western bronco; and eventually I was left sprawling in the dust. Bruised and angry I continued the rest of the journey home on foot, preceded by the mule, which tauntingly kept just a few yards in front of me, ready to saw the air with her heels should I attempt to catch her.

Disposing of this tricky brute I next became the owner of a club-footed gray mare. There was nothing particularly wrong with the animal except a propensity for viciously grasping the bit in her teeth, and bolting into the bushes, galloping always to the left and coming around in a circle to the starting-place. Not a very desirable animal to ride when attempting to flee from an enemy in battle! The next mount was a fine-looking brown pony, but unfortunately so weak in his knees that when cantering along on a smooth road, he now and again fell on his head, and tumbled over on his back. If the rider did not display extraordinary activity in scrambling out of the way, he ran great risk of being crushed to death. These somersaults became so frequent as to reach the stage which may be termed monotony, and I was profoundly relieved when at last I felt that my material prosperity

had attained the point where I could afford to ride a good, sound, sure-footed horse.

With the advent of prosperity came its inseparable concomitant, greed, and I soon found myself possessed of the land fever, as, at an earlier date, I had been troubled with the gold fever. Realizing the future possibilities of this country, I decided to secure a large slice of its domain, while it was still thought to be of little value. Of course, my mark was set at nothing short of one hundred thousand acres, and I went to work purchasing farm rights and pegging off farms wherever they suited me. When the twenty-seven-thousand-acre point on the scale was reached, however, I found difficulty in getting title to my estates, for the Government, as well as the settlers, had at last begun to realize that land in Rhodesia would some day be of value. The acting Administrator asked me why I wanted so much land. The only answer I could give him was that I wanted it because I wanted it. Unforeseen difficulties arose, and thus, finally, when my title-deeds were securely in my possession, I found my domain curtailed to a paltry twelve thousand acres.

I heartily approve of placing an appropriate check upon greed. At the same time, it is nothing more than fair that the same restrictions and duties should be imposed upon corporate greed as upon that of the individual. Hundreds of thousands of acres of the best soil in Rhodesia are to-day lying idle in the hands of commercial syndicates, and will remain so for years to come. When looking to the future welfare of this country, one can but lament that so many immense tracts of beautiful and fertile land are being held solely for the purpose of speculation, instead of being thrown open for the free staking of small holdings, to which

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thousands of farmers from the Cape Colony and other parts of the world would gladly migrate for the opportunity of making their homes upon them, and literally growing up with the country.

Notwithstanding the fact that Rhodesia is greater in territorial extent than the combined countries of Germany and France, only a portion of it has thus far been demonstrated by experiment to be admirably suited for European habitation. This is the plateau comprising the larger part of Mashonaland and Matabeleland, and ranging from three to six thousand feet above sea-level. It extends in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction, covering an area of about four hundred miles in length, and from two hundred to three hundred in width. This forms a watershed from which the rivers flow northwest, north, and northeast into the Zambesi, east into the Pungwe and Bozi Rivers, and southeast and south into the Sabi and Limpopo Rivers, all of which waters find their way into the Indian Ocean. With farther exploration, many other regions equally as attractive will doubtless be brought into prominence.

The greatest enemy to the rapid civilization of Africa is malarial fever. As the equator is approached, the successful introduction of European colonies depends upon the immunity from malaria which is obtained by elevation. The plateau in question is comparatively free from this disease, and some districts are quite exempt from it. The latter are Umtali in Eastern Rhodesia, and the Inyanga country, also in Eastern Rhodesia, elevated six thousand feet above sea-level.

On the plateau of Mashonaland and Matabeleland a light form of malaria exists. In Mashonaland this is due to the fact that the country is well watered, and to the peculiar character of the granite soil which holds the

moisture in the valleys. The form which occurs there, however, is not worse than the fever and ague encountered during the early settlement of our central States. In short, it is scarcely more than one expects to meet in the first settlement and the breaking up of the soil in any new region. With occupation, the heavy stocking of the country with cattle, the cultivation of the land, drainage, and the planting of eucalyptus-trees, malaria will probably disappear entirely from Mashonaland, as it has from many Western States where it was prevalent only a quarter of a century ago.

As we descend in any direction from the plateau the form of malarial fever becomes more virulent, until, in the Zambesi valley, the disease is so severe that Europeans cannot exist there for many years at a time. The native population, nevertheless, is comparatively free from its attacks. To reservations in the low districts, therefore, might the aboriginal inhabitants be removed, thus leaving the healthful plateau solely for Europeans, of whom it is capable of supporting vast numbers.

Soil more fertile than the alluvial deposits of the Zambesi valley, and of the lowlands toward the East Coast, cannot be found in any part of the world. The future possibilities of these localities in connection with the growth of sugar-cane and cotton are therefore great. Should European enterprise never succeed in inducing the natives to put these vast areas under cultivation, steam-ploughs and the possible discovery of better methods of contending against malarial fever may yet enable the Caucasian to redeem these rich districts, in spite of the inborn laziness of the aborigines.

Owing to abrasions and the consequent carrying down of the earth to lower levels, the plateau is

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naturally less fertile than the Zambesi valley. Still, as compared with other parts of South Africa, it is exceptionally productive. The female portion of the native population grow quantities of maize, pumpkins, melons, sweet potatoes, rice, ground nuts, tobacco, Kafir corn, beans, and other vegetables. Thus far, the farmers who have settled there have successfully raised Indian corn, oats, wheat, barley, potatoes—in short, all manner of cereals and vegetables produced in almost every other part of the world. All varieties of cultivated flowers bloom luxuriantly, and when once started, they run wild in the gardens.

The country is too young for one to say definitely just what fruits will flourish there. Oranges, peaches, grapes, and pineapples have already been produced; and I have seen thrifty young trees of the apple, plum, cherry, loquat, apricot, guava, and fig. It seems to be the opinion of some who have experimented, that fruits such as the plum and peach will seldom come to maturity, as the rains occur at an unfavorable period. In all probability, varieties will yet be introduced which will develop at the proper season. Many lemon-trees are found growing wild, planted presumably in earlier times by the Jesuits.

Wild fruits are plentiful, but they are mostly astringent in character. They are principally of the stone fruit varieties, and are produced mainly on trees, though some kinds, as the "uti," for example, grow on small bushes. The mohobohobo seems to be the favorite among the Mashonas, but there are many other fruits quite palatable to Europeans.

On the plateau the timber does not attain a great size, although occasionally a tree reaches a diameter of two feet or more. The most common varieties are the machabel and the umsassa. The latter does not

differ greatly in appearance from a half-grown soft maple. The timbered belts are made up chiefly of small trees, saplings, and bushes, with large trees scattered through them here and there. One kind makes excellent charcoal, but the timber generally is of little value commercially, except for firewood, as it soon becomes perforated by insects, and warps readily. Foreign species, such as the Australian eucalyptus and the wattle, grow rapidly, and, when planted in the marsh grounds, where the white ants cannot interfere with them, soon develop into forests.

There are two kinds of soil in Mashonaland, the red, which occurs in the mineral belt, and the granite. The red soil seems the more lasting and productive of the two, and there are sections where large areas of this land can be put under cultivation in one field. The granite soil makes good pasture-land, and near the vleis or lower portions, where the earth has been washed down from higher elevations, one finds excellent black loam often six feet in depth. But in order properly to utilize these damp meadows, drainage is necessary, as the earth becomes saturated with water during the wet season. On the other hand, it is an advantage to have the moisture thus retained during the dry weather, for because of it two crops of some kinds of vegetables, as potatoes, for example, can be raised each year. Some districts are excellently adapted for irrigation, and winter crops of oats and wheat can be grown by this means on the same ground that has produced a heavy crop of Indian corn during the summer.

Salisbury, which is practically the centre of the country, is situated on a parallel of latitude south of the equator corresponding nearly to that of the City of Mexico, north latitude. In elevation above the sea

it is almost identical with Denver, with a climate equally exhilarating. On the whole, the climate is similar in many respects to that of California, with the exception that in Rhodesia the rainy season takes place in the summer months, while the dry season occurs in the winter.

Sufficient observations have not been taken to decide as to the exact average of rainfall, but it seems to be in the neighborhood of thirty inches per annum, although one year over fifty inches fell. Rain may occur at any time, but as a rule the wet season begins in October, the showers increasing in frequency in November, while the heaviest storms occur during December and January. There is a falling off in quantity of precipitated moisture during February and March, and, generally, by April the rains have ceased. The rainy season does not bring with it uninterrupted wet weather. On the other hand, there are oftentimes two or three weeks of beautiful clear days, and even during the wet spells a portion of the morning may be pleasant, followed in the afternoon by a gathering of clouds and a heavy downpour. At other times there may be a week or two of continuously misty, damp, and foggy weather.

April is practically the autumn, or the beginning of winter. An occasional shower of rain may fall then, but that is rare. During this month and the one that follows, the grass on the prairies turns from green to yellow, and by the end of May it is very dry. Then begin what are commonly known as veld fires, or, as we should call them in America, prairie fires, which are usually started by the natives in their search for field-rats. Great columns of smoke rise during the day, thus making the atmosphere hazy, while at night the glow of fires in various directions

gives a weird appearance to the surroundings, and the landscape soon becomes black, parched, and desolate.

Frosts are common during May, June, and July. Ice, the thickness of a knife-blade, is sometimes seen, but it is of infrequent occurrence, while snow is unknown. In the winter the east wind blows hard and cold, and the cattle, which become thin from the scarcity of pasturage, suffer greatly. August may be called the month of spring, for then the warm weather begins, and the young tender grass shoots up from the damp vleis. Most trees retain their foliage during nearly the entire year. But in August there is a general sprouting of young leaves, which gives a pinkish tinge to the forests. September and October, the months preceding the rains, are the hottest. The thermometer, however, does not often go above ninety in the shade. There is a great deal of wind during the winter, the prevailing winds coming from the southeast. September is, as a rule, the windiest part of the year, and disagreeable dust storms are at that time frequent in Salisbury and Bulawayo. They come in the form of small whirlwinds, and are a source of great annoyance.

This plateau is excellently adapted for cattle-raising. Before the conquest of Matabeleland vast herds were pastured there by the natives. Numerous stone pens scattered over Mashonaland indicate that at one time cattle grazed there also in great numbers. Pleuropneumonia occurs in Rhodesia as it does in other parts of the world, but if timely precautions are taken in the way of inoculation, its ravages are not disastrous. There are a few poisonous plants, such as the tulip, but losses from this source are small. Rinderpest has recently swept away nearly all the cattle, but this is a plague which is liable to visit any country,

and has been in times past quite as disastrous in Europe as it has been in Africa. Sheep and goats thrive, as do hogs, donkeys, dogs, and cats.

Horses and mules are subject to the horse-sickness already mentioned. Donkeys are absolutely free from it, and it is very slight among hinnies. With care, however, horses may for many years have the most excellent health. This has been proven by the importation of race-horses, which, only in rare instances, are attacked by horse-sickness. When men study more thoroughly the cause of this disease, and discover preventatives or a cure, as no doubt will be done in time, this calamity will be greatly lessened, or perhaps avoided altogether. There are some districts where horses thrive excellently, as near Marendella's, for example, and probably other localities will yet be found equally healthful. Since donkeys are exempt from this disease, and since Africa is their original home, where they seem possessed of far more energy than in other parts of the world, doubtless the importation of large breeds will be of great assistance to the farmers.

Cattle are at present mainly used for farming purposes and for transport, but they are at a great disadvantage during the dry season, as they then become weak from want of food. If the farmers would adopt the system of curing hay and fodder as feed for stock during the winter months, as is done in other agricultural countries, this difficulty would be removed.

In addition to pleuro-pneumonia among cattle, and horse-sickness among horses, there is in Rhodesia that worst of all scourges to stock, the tsetse fly. This is a great drawback to the importation of machinery to many of the mining districts, which lie in the fly-infested sections. Traction engines and railways will

be necessary to overcome the obstacles created by this insect pest. Fortunately, the tsetse fly does not occur on the plateau. It is met with mainly in the low-lying country bordering the Zambesi River. This insect is somewhat similar in appearance to a house fly, but about three times as large. Its bite is fatal to all domestic animals, but it does not seem to affect wild game or man. When badly bitten, horses and cattle usually succumb in two or three weeks. Donkeys last longer. Few animals, however, ever recover from its bite. Until recently the supposition has been entertained that a direct poison is introduced into the system by the bite of the fly. Surgeon-Major David Bruce of the British Army, after a long series of experiments in Zululand, has advanced the theory that "the tsetse acts as a carrier of a living virus, an infinitely small parasite, from one animal to another, which enters into the blood-stream of the animal bitten or pricked, there propagates, and thus gives rise to the disease." This theory is more in harmony with modern science.

Very little effort has ever been made on the part of the Dutch voortrekkers to remedy indigenous diseases or prevent the ravages of pests, since, according to their belief, these are the visitations of God, and should not be interfered with by man. In their simple way they have designated every malady with the term *sickness*, as "horse-sickness," for the disease among horses, "lung-sickness," for pleuro-pneumonia, and "fowl-sickness" for disease among chickens.

One of the greatest pests that occur in Rhodesia is a termite called the white ant, which is found almost everywhere, but is far more numerous in some parts than in others. Unless buildings are so constructed that these insects cannot make their way into the floors

and walls, great havoc is made with clothing and all sorts of woodwork and furniture. The common way of destroying a colony of white ants is by digging into the nest and killing the queen.

The native woods in the country are attacked by a small beetle commonly known as the borer, which is brown in color and about a quarter of an inch in length. When native timber is used in the construction of buildings and fences, myriads of borers enter the wood, and soon leave a hollow shell filled with fine dust. Imported timber is not attacked by the borer; and since this is used in the erection of buildings, these pests are of great assistance to the foreign lumber trade. At the season of the year when these insects are at work in the rafters of a hut built of native timber, a continuous shower of yellow dust falls over everything. They seem to work in eight hour relays, and thus keep the dust falling day and night, to the great annoyance of the occupants of the hut.\*

When we call to mind the devastation wrought by the grasshoppers in the seventies throughout Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska, and read of the present ravages of the locusts in Argentine and other parts of the world, we are convinced of the fact that Africa suffers not alone in such afflictions. It was some time subsequent to the Pioneer occupation of Mashonaland that locusts began to appear in Rhodesia. They have gradually increased until they have become a source of considerable annoyance to the farmers. Parasites, however, are now rapidly working destruction among the swarms of locusts, so that their numbers are on

\* Valuable teak forests have quite recently been discovered to the northwest of Bulawayo. This timber the borer does not attack. Lumber made from it dresses excellently, and it is now being used for building purposes, and for making furniture.

the wane, and they will very likely be reduced to a minimum in a few years.

Taking into consideration the various inconveniences in the way of pests mentioned, it can easily be surmised that my experience at farming was not altogether free from trials, which beset the farmer in all parts of the world. But, with potatoes at a shilling a pound, and sheaf oats at a shilling a bundle, and with other products selling at proportional figures, most of these disadvantages were fully compensated for by the liberal returns. Thus far the facilities for raising crops in Rhodesia have not been the best; for one is obliged to depend almost entirely on native labor, which is of a low quality of intelligence, and can by no means be depended upon as being obtainable when required. When the rate of transportation shall have been reduced by the railway companies, so that useful farming machinery can be imported cheaply from America, the farmer will fare much better, and Rhodesia will take a favorable position among the agricultural countries of the world.

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There is a fascination about building a home in the wilderness which one must feel in order to appreciate. The pleasure of viewing the rapid growth of trees and plants about me, rendered the two years spent on my farm in the bracing atmosphere of Mashonaland among the most enjoyable that I have ever experienced. I was not long in clearing the forest from around my homestead, from which I had a beautiful view of Salisbury five miles away. The surveyor, Mr. Sawerthal, knowing of the patriotism that swells in the breast of every true American, appropriately named my farm Bunker Hill. As I viewed from my elevated position the growing capital of England's new empire, and my thoughts wandered to that great

empire of the Western Hemisphere, the increasing grandeur of which England contemplates with parental pride, I conceived the idea of calling my homestead "Arlington Heights." Its position, as compared with Arlington Heights near Washington, quite justified the naming, except for the fact that the Makabusi River is insignificant in comparison with the broad Potomac.

During the years 1894 and 1895 prosperity reigned in Rhodesia, as the Chartered Company's territories were now collectively named. Nevertheless, Salisbury noted with much jealousy the more rapid development of her sister town, Bulawayo. To the special favor which seemed to have been given to the latter by the authorities, was mainly due this envious feeling. For all that, thoughtful people realized that the prosperity of Bulawayo meant eventually the prosperity of Salisbury, for Matabeleland and Mashonaland are one and the same country. During these two years values had rapidly increased on property in town, country, and mining district. Stands, claims, farm rights, loot rights, and mining rights were in great demand. The impetus given to these lively times was the result of the great Kafir boom in London, during which the intelligent and ordinarily cool-headed British public went mad over South African speculation, and the celebrated Barney Barnato had only to shout "New company!" to induce men to tumble over one another, in their haste to advance millions to support the enterprise. It was this boom that made it possible to dispose of mining properties which had long been waiting for capital to develop them. Encouraged by this new stimulus, prospectors went farther and farther afield, discovering mining localities hitherto undreamed of.



Arlington Heights, near Salisbury, in 1895.

# 70 VINI APPENDICIA

During the period of prosperity there were certain movements on the part of the Chartered Company authorities which were a mystery to everyone. These were the construction of the large Rhodesia Horse stables at Salisbury, the encouragement of rifle practice, and the general interest created in military affairs. All sorts of conjectures were made as to the meaning of these warlike preparations. Some predicted another Matabele war, others suggested that the Company had in view an expedition to take possession of the Barotsi country, north of the Zambesi River, while others thought that it meant difficulties with the Portuguese over Gazaland. No one, however, seemed to suspect for a moment that it signified trouble with Paul Kruger and the Transvaal Republic. With the Jameson raid, at the beginning of 1896, the tide of Rhodesia's prosperity turned.

Just prior to the raid, there had been a lively agitation in Salisbury against the Chartered Company for its dilatoriness in pushing forward the Beira Railway. A petition had been formulated by the citizens, which was to be presented to the Queen, asking that the British Government take in hand the building of the road from the coast. Owing to the Jameson raid, however, the matter was promptly dropped, and the petition was withdrawn on the ground that it would be imprudent to embarrass Mr. Rhodes and the Chartered Company during that serious crisis. As a return for this generous consideration, four hundred miles of road were built from Mafeking to Bulawayo, between the time of that agitation and November 4, 1897, while Salisbury may consider herself lucky if the two hundred and fifty miles which lay unfinished between her and Chimoia shall have been completed by November 4, 1899.

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But the depression caused by the Jameson raid was insignificant as compared with the calamities which lay in store, but a few months ahead, for the inhabitants of Rhodesia. In the early part of February, 1896, Mr. R. T. Coryndon returned from a sojourn on the Loangwa River, north of the Zambesi, and reported that European rinderpest, which for several years had been steadily working its ravaging course of destruction from Uganda southward through Central Africa, annihilating vast numbers of native cattle and wild game, had crossed the Zambesi River. Little notice was taken of this announcement, for it seemed to be the general opinion that the plague would be confined to the low sickly belts of country, and would not affect the healthful plateau. Nevertheless, the disease soon appeared at Bulawayo, where every effort was made to check it, but in vain. About the middle of March it had broken out in Salisbury, and a fortnight later the commonage around the town, which had been recently dotted with thriving live-stock, presented the appearance of desolation and death. Fully ninety-seven per cent. of the cattle seized with the disease perished. The effect was much as though the stock had been poisoned. The plague was characterized by running at the eyes and nose, and the peeling off of the skin from the gums and tongue. The afflicted animals became emaciated, and death quickly followed.

Scarcely had the settlers realized the terrible disaster that had befallen them in this pestilence, thus sweeping off a large percentage of their accumulated wealth and almost their only means of transportation, when came the news of the native insurrection in Matabeleland, and the awful butcheries there.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE MATABELE REVOLT

Causes of the Uprising—The Rhodesia Horse Start for Matabeleland—Mr. Rhodes asked to be a "Father" to the Boers—Encounter with Savages at Makalaka Kop—The Column Arrives at Gwelo—Narrow Escape of the Salisbury Scouts.

A GREAT controversy has arisen, and much senseless criticism has been indulged in, concerning the causes of the Matabele revolt. The close of the war of 1893 was marked not so much with the subjugation of the Matabeles, as with the overawing of those savages by the fearless nerve displayed by the white men, and the bewilderment which the sudden overturning of a time-honored state of affairs brought upon the clouded intellects of the aborigines. The natives accepted what then seemed to them the inevitable, and settled peaceably among their white conquerors. A little later, however, when they began to realize what a mere handful of men had taken possession of the land of a powerful and famous military nation, they were overwhelmed with chagrin. This was especially the case among the members of the royal family and the various military leaders of prominence, whose first mortification quickly grew into a fixed resolution to bide their time and seize an opportunity to expel the intruders.

First and foremost, therefore, among the real causes

of rebellion, was the unconquered spirit of the savages chafed into a deliberate determination to revolt by the restrictions which the conditions of civilization thrust upon them. It must be borne in mind that that which appeals to the wisdom of the cultured man as a change for the better, is liable to appear to the low intellect of the savage as a galling interference with personal liberty. Hence it was that the checking of certain barbarous customs of the Matabeles created much discontent. Particularly was this true among the witch-doctors, whose cult seemed likely to suffer serious damage. The labor question\*—an indispensable element in the transition from barbarism to civilization in Africa—naturally wielded its influence; but the importance of this factor has been much over-estimated. Of no small weight was the visitation of drought and locusts at about the time of the advent of the whites in the country, the presence of which was attributed to the invaders. The appearance of rinderpest among their cattle was traced by them to the same source.

Beyond question the Chartered Company has made mistakes in the management of the natives; but these have been mainly in the form of too great leniency, and not in the line of oppression, as many critics who know nothing of the real facts of the case endeavor to maintain. The right to demand an indemnity from a conquered civilized nation seems never to be questioned. On the principle of indemnity, the Chartered Company took cattle from the Matabeles at the close of the war of 1893. Had these savages been dispossessed of every head of their stock immediately after the termination of the war, there would have been little likelihood of subsequent trouble, for in this wise they

\* Discussed in Chapter XXVIII.

would have been thoroughly subdued. Such proceedings would have been regarded by them as the legitimate outcome of the war. On the contrary, large numbers of cattle were distributed among the Matabeles in order that they might restock their country. In addition to this the Chartered Company entrusted to their care the cattle which had been claimed for indemnity, to be drawn upon from time to time as required—fatal generosity. By this method of treatment the idea was impressed upon the minds of the natives that they were being grossly wronged; and their discontent regarding the management of the cattle question finally culminated in wide-spread indignation which was aroused through the shooting by the Government of large herds of native cattle to prevent the spread of rinderpest.

One of the most prominent causes of the insurrection was the establishment of a police force composed of Matabeles. This plan was resorted to partly for the purpose of economy, but largely with the idea of gaining the good-will of the savages, and impressing them favorably with the generous intentions of the Government. As is known the world over, power cannot be placed in the hands of the negro without turning his head so far that he feels it incumbent upon him to be domineering. Thus with the authority which their official position gave them, the Matabele police practised all manner of abuses upon their brethren until life with the latter became unbearable.

At the end of 1895 the conditions were ripe for rebellion, and when Dr. Jameson removed the British South Africa Company's police to the Transvaal border, he afforded an opportunity for the discontented spirits to carry their designs into execution. The Matabeles recognized but two classes of men—warriors

and slaves. When they heard of the results of the Jameson raid, they assumed that all the fighting men of Rhodesia had been disposed of by the Boers, and that hence there would be little difficulty in dealing with the unprotected white maholis (slaves), who, scattered over the country, were ploughing the fields and working the mines. The visitation of rinderpest among the cattle of the whites led the witch-doctors to point to the manner in which the Matabele gods were turning the tables on their enemies, namely, by destroying the white men's principal source of food and only means of transportation. The smouldering embers once fanned into a blaze spread with astonishing rapidity throughout the districts of Matabeleland, and the old story of massacre on the frontier, with all its attendant horrors, was repeated.

Immediately upon receipt at Salisbury of the news of the disasters in Matabeleland, the reorganization and equipment of a force called the Rhodesia Horse was at once undertaken, with the object of proceeding to the assistance of the imperilled colonists at Gwelo and Bulawayo. This corps consisted of one hundred and fifty men, many of whom were the early settlers of the country.

Mr. Robert Beal was appointed lieutenant-colonel, and several more of the old Pioneers were elected as officers. I joined this body without delay; and it fell to my lot to be chosen as one of the twelve scouts who became known throughout the expedition as the Pirates. The Salisbury Column, as the force was generally designated, shortly proceeded to the Hanyani River, twelve miles from Salisbury, where it was delayed a few days during the completion of its equipment. Much difficulty was experienced in providing transportation, for mules were scarce, and oxen died

of rinderpest almost as fast as they were purchased by the Chartered Company.

Notwithstanding these hindrances our column moved forward on April 18, 1896. No incidents of particular note occurred until we arrived at a place called Enkeldoorn, near the border of Matabeleland, where a colony of Boers residing in the surrounding neighborhood had gone into laager on account of the massacres. These people fired salutes in honor of Mr. Rhodes, who was travelling with us, and received him with such other marks of distinction as they deemed appropriate. The chairman of the reception committee read an address in which the distinguished man was asked to be a "Father" to the Boers who had come to make their homes in Rhodesia, as Oom Paul Kruger had been a "Father" to the Boers in the Transvaal. Mr. Rhodes began his paternal offices by generously contributing from his private purse, partly to make good the heavy losses which the Boers had sustained, through rinderpest among their cattle, and further by supplying food to those in need. After purchasing a number of good "salted" horses from these farmers, our column hastened forward toward the seat of war.

On April 30th we reached Makalaka Kop, where we had anticipated trouble with the natives, as there the road wound through a belt of rugged country bordering a territory composed of timbered hills and valleys, and forming excellent fastnesses in which the savages might conceal themselves. The system in vogue was to keep the scouts several miles ahead of the column in order to seek for traces of Matabeles. As we approached a small kraal, we were fired upon for the first time; but as the guns of the enemy had been leaning over a stone wall, the bullets had prob-

ably rolled out before the explosion, hence none of our party were hit. We returned the fire, and galloped at once into the village, where we made the offenders howl for mercy as they attempted to escape among the rocks in the valley below.

From our position we perceived a large kopje covered with Kafirs—at least five hundred of them. They appeared to be holding a council of war. We made several conjectures as to the distance of the hill from our position, and tried to measure it by firing with our long-range rifles, the Lee-Metfords. The natives were so far away that they could scarcely have heard the report of our guns. Finally one of our scouts, E. W. Meyer (from Brooklyn, N. Y.), placed his sights at seventeen hundred yards. Evidently his bullet landed in the enemy's midst, for they disappeared at once from off the top of the hill; running, crawling, rolling—any way to get out of sight. They immediately gathered again, and fired a volley toward us from their muzzle-loading guns, the tremendous report reverberating from hill to hill. These warlike demonstrations were sufficient evidence that they intended to dispute the further advance of our column.

After burning two villages, we made off to see if we could discover the exact position of the enemy, and estimate their numbers. We had ridden more than a mile around the hills, and had come to an opening between two large kopjes, where, spread out before us, was a bowl-shaped valley covered with a thicket of bushes. It was surrounded by high rocky bowlders and craggy, timber-covered kopjes. Accompanied by a young man named Clark, I went to a hill on the east to reconnoitre. We gained the summit without mishap, and obtained from it an excellent

survey of the country. By searching with field-glasses, we soon discovered that a large force was lying in wait among the rocks and bushes surrounding the valley, evidently expecting that we would enter. We could make out fully a thousand savages; and had our party of twelve entered the trap, we should never have come out alive.

Over a bare granite hill in the distance we saw a band of warriors filing toward us, and by their spotted shields—made of cowhide—we surmised that they were a regiment of Matabeles coming from a stronghold called Maven. Clark went back to the Captain, who was in the valley below with the other men, to report the situation, while I retained my position on the little kopje. On its summit were some interesting ancient ruins, which I tried to observe with one eye while watching the enemy with the other. My enthusiasm in viewing the beauty and symmetry of this ancient structure was beginning to swell, when suddenly a volley was fired at me from a hill a few hundred yards to my left. I had not counted upon the enemy being so near; and as the bullets began to hail thickly around me, I concluded to retire from my position.

The scouts were not enticed into the valley as the natives had anticipated, but returned to the main road, where they halted at a stable belonging to the stage company. While we were cooking breakfast we discovered the body of a Kafir, who had been in charge of the mules—a rope around his neck indicating the method that the Matabeles had used in murdering him.

Captain Taylor of the native contingent soon arrived with two hundred friendly Mashonas, and at once began clearing a place for the column to laager. Again I was sent, in company with another scout, to the top

of a neighboring granite kopje to keep an eye upon the movements of the enemy. We observed that they had reassembled upon the hill on which we had first seen them, and that apparently they had been joined by the Maven regiment. They continued their indaba for about half an hour; then we saw a large number of them rise and go swiftly down the hill-side. Very soon they appeared on the top of the kopje where the old ruins were. From there they evidently obtained a good view of our situation, and we next perceived that they were running down toward us in single file. At about eight hundred yards from us they entered among some trees and bushes in a deep ravine.

At this juncture two more scouts came to relieve us, but scarcely had we turned to go, when a body of savages emerged from the bushes a short distance in front, and began firing. We galloped from the top of that stony kopje in double-quick time, and were scarcely two hundred yards from it when we observed that its summit was black with barbarians who were now peppering us with lead. We hastened back to the stable, about half a mile away, and apprised our party of the fact that the savages were bearing down upon us. The two hundred friendly natives immediately left their work and fled toward the column. As they were on foot, they could not travel fast, and the Matabeles perceiving that they were unarmed, came running across a meadow to head them off, evidently intending to massacre them. We rode between the friendlies and the enemy, and kept the latter in check by firing on them. Although their return fire was heavy, not one of our party was hit, and we soon made it so warm for them that, after several had been wounded, they beat a hasty retreat to the kopje.

In the meantime a messenger had been sent to inform the Colonel of the trouble at the front. A troop of forty men under Captain Hoste soon appeared. Joined by the scouts, they spread out in skirmishing order, and galloped straight for the top of the hill, which was covered with fully eight hundred savages. The position was taken with but little resistance; and when we arrived at the summit, not a native was to be seen in any direction. Two scouts, however, who had been sent along the ridge to the left, were soon fired upon, the enemy having taken their stand a little farther down among the trees and rocks. We hurried to the place, and poured such a heavy shower of lead into the thicket that we quickly drove them from their cover. A few minutes later we saw them running like whipped dogs over a hill a thousand yards away, having left a number of dead and wounded behind them.

Laager was formed at the post stable, and there were no more natives to be seen in the neighborhood that evening. Nevertheless, we could hear talking during the night at the villages, from which the Matabeles were removing grain to the hills. One troop of men was sent out early the next morning with a machine-gun, but not a sign of life could be met with in any direction.

We now moved to Gwelo, where four hundred settlers had gone into laager for protection. A large number had been massacred in the surrounding district, and from the beginning of the outbreak those who had been able to collect at the laager had expected that an attack would be made upon them; but owing to their position in open country, the savages had evidently dreaded the undertaking. Doubtless, the Matabeles had been playing a waiting game with the idea that the white people would eventually starve

to death; for they were aware that provisions were limited, and that the community was reduced to further straitened circumstances by the fact that their cattle were being rapidly swept off by the plague. In a few weeks the five thousand head in the neighborhood had been reduced through the ravages of the rinderpest to five hundred.

Several days after our arrival at Gwelo the Salisbury scouts, in company with some Gwelo guides, were sent to reconnoitre the native stronghold at Maven, about twenty miles away, where the Matabeles had collected in large numbers. The natives at Maven had been exceedingly insolent, and many white men had been murdered by them, as well as a large number of friendly Kafirs who had been working at the mines. According to report over two thousand fighting men were gathered at that stronghold.

Our party of twelve made their way to the place during the night, traversing a wilderness of thorn-bushes, tall grass, and rocks. Our guide was an American named Reed, who had been a scout in some of our Indian wars, and he was wonderfully adept in taking his course in the correct direction, guided solely by the starlit heavens. The ride that night had its element of danger, for we were liable at any moment to fall into ambush. This was early in May, and although there was no ice on the small pools of water near which we passed, the air was so crisp and frosty that in spite of a warm overcoat, it was cold enough to make one shiver.

We reached the stronghold just after daylight, and were spying about and flattering ourselves that we had not been observed by the natives, when the startling discovery was made that we were being stealthily surrounded. Some Matabele scouts who

had seen us approach had given the alarm, and we were thus allowed to ride deliberately into a trap. Beyond some bushes two hundred yards in front we could hear cattle lowing, and people talking as if they were unaware of our presence. Thus was our attention attracted, while a regiment of warriors quietly filed down a ravine a few hundred yards below us. Fortunately we heard a muffled word of command from one of the Matabele officers, and perceiving the danger of our situation, we turned and fled for our lives. The natives immediately came rushing down from two sides, thus forming the wings of the crescent so successfully adopted in Zulu warfare.

We were compelled to cross the roughest piece of ground imaginable, where the grass was tall, and where there were large holes into which our horses were in great danger of falling. In fact, several of the horses did fall into these pits, but luckily jumped out again without throwing their riders. These were the most exciting moments I have ever experienced; and as we dashed past the savages at about eighty yards, their bullets came flying over us with the "whizz," "zip," "ping," and other musical sounds which their rough-edged missiles make while passing through the air. How we succeeded in getting through without a scratch is a mystery. Half a minute later, and we should have been surrounded. In that event there could have been but little possibility of escape, for the Matabeles were there in overwhelming numbers; in fact they came pouring from the bushes like ants from a hill.

Nevertheless, had we been cornered, these savages would have met with a surprise, for every man of the party was an expert with revolver and repeating rifle. The Matabeles were armed with muzzle-loading guns,

Martini-Henry rifles, and repeating Winchesters, and one could easily distinguish the various weapons, both by the reports and by the sound of the bullets. It was galling to hear the natives jeering at us as we rode by, and shouting (in their own language, of course): "Why are you running away, white men? Why don't you stop and fight, as brave men should?" But they were two thousand to our twelve, and the odds against us were a little too heavy.

When we were clear of them we stopped to return their fire, but quickly discovered that another band was trying to cut us off in front; so we were obliged to make a gallop of three miles more before we got beyond the rocky bush country in which the savages were swarming. We returned to Gwelo with the report that the Maven negroes were prepared to make a savage fight against our force. We had seen enough of the surrounding country to afford our commander a good idea of the nature of the field on which it seemed certain that a hard battle would be fought.



The Retreat of the Salisbury Scouts.

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## CHAPTER XXIV

### MORE SKIRMISHES WITH THE MATABELES

An Exciting Battle Expected—The Column Laagers Near the Maven Stronghold—An Advance on the Enemy—Bullets Fly Too Thickly for Comfort—A Novel Way of Taking Cover—Flight of the Matabeles—A Patrol Finds Numerous Remains of Murdered White Men—An Encounter at Manundwan's—Again En Route for Bulawayo—Callousness of Savages—The Langford Tragedy—At Bulawayo—A Witch-Doctor Presages an Easy Victory—The Bullets did not Turn to Water—A Modest Adventure—News of the Mashona Rising.

ON the afternoon of May 9th the Salisbury column, strengthened by a contingent of one hundred men from Gwelo, making a total of two hundred and fifty, was moving forward in sight of the Maven stronghold over the identical ground across which our scouts had been chased two days previously. Everyone anticipated an exciting pitched battle with the two thousand eager warriors who had shown such boldness and such contempt for their adversaries whenever a small band of ten or twenty white men had appeared in their neighborhood. Two scouts sent in advance brought back news that at least a thousand of them were lying in the tall grass along a ravine which crossed the road, awaiting our arrival.

One troop of horsemen, accompanied by the scouts,

was immediately ordered to advance. When we came within fifty yards of the place where these natives were said to be in ambush, we experienced a thrilling moment, for we knew not what might be our fate during the next few minutes. Nevertheless, our men rode forward assuming an appearance of indifference, as though they considered the affair an every-day occurrence. But when we reached the spot at which we had expected the thousand barbarians to jump up with wild war-whoops and attack us with spears and muskets, we discovered that they had stealthily retreated to better cover. It was now our turn to feel disappointed because the other fellows wouldn't stop and fight.

A little later the column arrived, and made laager about one thousand yards from the village. Every available man was called into service, and we advanced on the place in skirmishing order. Our army of two hundred made an imposing front as they went forward, part on foot and part on horseback, to attack the enemy. A long ridge covered with trees and rocks was in front and above us. On this elevation we observed the savages stationing themselves. Immediately to the back of them was a thicket of heavy timber in which there was a good cover for retreat. We were obliged to proceed in open country across a mealie field. When within three hundred yards of the ridge we were ordered to halt. Much boisterous talking could be heard among the Matabeles, evidently on the part of their officers, who were arranging their men in position. After a time they became silent, and we were in doubt as to whether they were lying in wait for us or had bolted. Presently we heard a Matabele officer shouting out to his brave warriors: "Sella, sella, sella! Ikona bilaka!" Which meant, "Stay where you

are! Don't run away!" By this we knew that they were still there.

The scouts, forming the right flank of the line of battle, were sitting on their horses, awaiting orders, when suddenly the Matabeles opened fire on us. The bullets flew so thickly that our horses became frightened and swerved around, thus exposing their sides to the aim of the enemy. The few minutes of waiting for orders with missiles whizzing close around us were exceedingly uncomfortable. If we had been charging or returning the fire the feeling would have been different. The natives were so concealed that we could see only smoke, and it gave one a sort of creepy sensation to realize that he was sitting there as a target, with the possibility of being hit at any moment, and with no chance of retaliation.

At such times the desire to take cover behind a tree, a rock, or even a bush is very strong. I can quite appreciate the nerve and discipline that must be required of men who can stand their ground while their comrades are falling thickly around them. This natural desire for cover was displayed in a unique way by one of the participants in the Matabele campaign. He carried in his coat-pocket a stone about the size of one's two fists. If he had not the opportunity in battle of taking cover, he sat on the ground, removed the stone from his pocket, placed it in front of him, and proceeded calmly to fire on the opposing force. He declared that the stone always gave him a feeling of security! Possibly it did assist his imagination in quieting his nerves.

At last, after what seemed an age, the order was given to advance. As very few Kafirs exposed themselves, we sent volley after volley into the rifle-smoke among the trees. When the column arrived within a

hundred yards of the stony ridge the fusillade of the Matabeles ceased, for they had bolted into the dense bush beyond at such lightning speed that they touched the ground only on the highest points. Evidently they did not believe in making a determined stand with a ratio of less than sixteen to one. Strange to say, with all the heavy firing on the part of the Matabeles, not a single man on our side, and not even a horse, was wounded! On the other hand, on account of their excellent cover, I do not think that we inflicted severe damage upon the natives.

Mr. Rhodes, in company with Sir Charles Metcalf, rode unarmed up and down the line of battle viewing the conflict, apparently quite unconcerned regarding the bullets which were hailing about them. The former afterward expressed himself as disliking the sound of a certain big elephant gun which could be heard above the general din of battle. He highly complimented Colonel Beal upon the management of the troops in the attack.

After the savages had been dislodged the villages were burnt and the grain destroyed. As it was now nearly dark we could not pursue the enemy, even if it had been deemed possible to overtake them, hence our army retired to the laager. A decided feeling of disappointment and disgust was displayed on the countenances of the troops. No one had for a moment supposed that the encounter would end so quickly and in so complete a rout; otherwise a part of the force would have been sent to the rear to cut off the retreat of the enemy, and thus inflict on the cowardly curs the severe punishment which they deserved for the numerous atrocious butcheries that they had committed. The following day a patrol of seventy men was sent through the neighborhood. We visited sev-

eral mining camps and found the ghastly remains of many murdered white men and friendly Kafirs. The sights beheld were too sickening to permit of description. No natives were found, but innumerable footprints of men, women, and children were to be seen along paths crossing the road, indicating that during the night the people had fled from the villages into the wilderness. We burned a great number of their kraals, and destroyed a tremendous amount of grain, but this punishment was light in comparison with the magnitude of their crimes.

While on the return trip to Gwelo on the morning of the 11th, twenty men under Captain Henry Ware, accompanied by a few of the Salisbury scouts, were sent about a mile off the road to destroy a native settlement belonging to a chief called Manundwan. As we approached the place we perceived that the enemy had gathered on a hill eight hundred yards from the village. As near as we were able to judge, there were fully six hundred in the band—apparently watching the movements of the column. They soon observed that our small party was making for their town, and they immediately began running in that direction, evidently with the intention of heading us off in the bed of a small river. A messenger was sent to apprise the Colonel of the presence of the enemy, and we rode leisurely on toward the kraal. As the country was uneven and covered with patches of timber, we soon lost sight of the natives.

We fired a volley at the huts, and a return fire from a clump of bushes near by gave evidence that the Kafirs had arrived before us, and were lying in wait. As reinforcements had not yet appeared, so that he could make the attack, Captain Ware resorted to a ruse. Having been ordered to move on, we left

the village as though afraid to make an attack, and took our course toward the east. The natives immediately started in pursuit, and stealthily sent out flanking parties, intending to surround us. In the meantime Colonel Beal had sent Major Hoste with a troop of men to our assistance. They heard our firing at the village and made straight in that direction. As Captain Ware had anticipated, the troop galloped directly on to the Matabeles, who were absorbed in their effort to entrap us. Taken thus by surprise, a panic ensued among the dusky ranks, and with the martial order from Major Hoste, "Get at 'em, boys!" the horsemen charged straight among them. Fifty corpses were left on the field. We took prisoner one wounded native who said that he was not rebelling against the whites, but had come from another village on a visit, and had been pressed into service against his will!

On May 14th our column left Gwelo *en route* for Bulawayo. Near the Shangani River a junction was made with a company of five hundred men from Bulawayo under Colonel Napier. The combined forces entered on a ten days' campaign through the hills of the thickly populated Insiza district. The natives were induced to come into conflict but once, so that little more was accomplished than the destruction of numerous kraals. Upon detecting our advance by the clouds of smoke which arose from the burning villages and grain-stacks, the savages fled from their homes into the hills. Like the cowardly brutes they are, they left all the decrepit old women behind to take care of themselves. It was with great difficulty that our Matabele allies were restrained from stabbing these unfortunate beings, some of whom doubtless were their own relatives and not unlikely even their grand-



Encounter the Matabeles.

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mothers. Our men always left food and shelter for such helpless creatures.

At one place we found an old blind woman, all alone, at a village which was known to have been deserted for a fortnight. There was no sign that any living being had returned in all that time to give help to this poor soul who was on the verge of death by starvation when we found her. In her hut were a few small sticks arranged in the ashes as though she had been endeavoring to build a fire. At night she must have suffered intensely from the cold. We gave her food and drink, and brought melons which we left beside her, that she might obtain water from them after our departure. It was a pitiful sight to see her giving thanks to her guardian spirits for sending succor. In weird and tremulous accents she poured out her rejoicings. What consideration can a race deserve who are so cowardly as first to commit a series of treacherous murders, and then to abandon their own aged mothers to perish from starvation and exposure?

Many white farmers and miners had resided in the district, and our patrols were kept busy in burying the remains of men, women, and children who had fallen victims to the massacre. An account of the pitiful tragedies which were enacted in that neighborhood alone would fill a volume.

While out scouting one morning near McKenzie's farm I came across the remains of Dr. Langford, Mr. Lamon, and a colonial Kafir. These men had evidently met death from gunshot wounds, for their skulls had not been crushed by clubs and axes as had been those of nearly all the bodies we had found before. The clothing had not been removed, but each had his shirt pulled up over his head. This circumstance I noted in the case of most of the men murdered, and I pre-

sume it was done in the search for waist-belts containing gold. Dr. Langford and his wife had recently arrived in Matabeleland from England, and, accompanied by Mr. Lamon, were making their way to the Insiza district to take up their residence there.

On the day of the outbreak those who had first heard of the rising had endeavored to send messengers through the neighborhood apprising the people of the danger, and proposing that they gather for defence at Rixon's farm, two miles from where these bodies were found. It is believed that Dr. Langford's party had been warned by the colonial boy, and were on their way to Rixon's when attacked. The body of Mrs. Langford was found near the farm; and it is presumed that while Langford and Lamon had attempted to hold the savages in check, Mrs. Langford had run to the farm for help. Unfortunately the settlers had been unable to congregate there as planned, and she found the place deserted.

We discovered her body near Rixon's homestead, under the bank of the river where she had been hiding. She had formed a sort of bed with a few blades of grass on the hard stones of the river-bed, near a pool of water. Apparently she had lived some days after the murder of the other members of the party, and an enamelled dish lying near her indicated that she had gone to the house, probably at night, in search of food. The fact that her skull had been crushed to splinters, and that several large stones were lying on her body, left unmistakable evidence that the fiendish savages had at last wreaked vengeance upon her by stoning her to death.

People far removed from such scenes of violence are apt so to overflow with sympathy for the benighted savages against whom war is waged, as to drown all

thought of those of their own blood who have fallen victims to the atrocities of the "innocent aborigines." As I stood that morning viewing the mutilated remains of that refined young woman, who had but recently left her home in England a happy bride, and thought of the intense bodily suffering and the awful anguish of mind to which she had been subjected as she lay in that lonely wilderness through the long, cold, dreary nights, hoping against hope for succor, or praying for death to end her misery, it seemed to me that not even a saint could suppress intense feelings of vengeance against the cowardly race whose calloused sensibilities, low intelligence, and animal instincts place them but slightly above the brute creation.

On May 27th Colonel Napier's column, with several hundred captured cattle, returned to Bulawayo, while the Salisbury column, with one troop of Gifford's Horse, made a flying trip through the Filabusi district, destroying more kraals and endeavoring to meet in conflict the savages who were fleeing toward the Matoppos hills. Finally, on June 5th, we laagered five miles from Bulawayo. I was much disappointed at the appearance of the surrounding country, for instead of being an open prairie as I had anticipated, the land was covered with short, scrubby thorn-bushes. On the other hand, I was greatly surprised at the size of the town of Bulawayo, the excellent character of its brick buildings, and the wonderful general advance which had been made in two years' time in this locality, so far removed in the wilderness.

The inhabitants had experienced an anxious period during the early part of the rebellion, as large bodies of Matabeles had been encamped almost continuously on the outskirts of the town. Two laagers had been

formed, to which the citizens had retired nightly, being constantly in danger of an attack. At the time of our visit forces under Lieutenant-Colonel Plumer had arrived from the Cape Colony, and as Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington had taken command of all the troops in the field, there was a feeling of great relief on the part of the citizens, who were now occupying their residences.

A few weeks earlier the savages had raised the siege of Bulawayo, as forces sent to the various districts had rendered their services necessary nearer their homes; but upon the evening of June 5th an impi of two thousand picked men, chosen from seven regiments, again encamped six miles from Bulawayo on their old ground, just across the Umgusa River. The witch-doctor who administered medicine on this occasion had presaged an easy victory. He had promised that when the whites should cross the Umgusa he would strike them blind by magic, and turn their bullets to water, thus leaving to the warriors the easy task of stabbing their adversaries at their leisure! But, alas! a greater surprise was in store for these simple-minded savages than they had planned for their antagonists!

At eleven o'clock on the morning of June 6th two hundred men from Bulawayo under Colonel Spreckley, joined by fifty men from the Salisbury column under Colonel Beal, were galloping over the plain directly toward the impi. When the Matabeles discovered that the bullets were not turning to water as prearranged, their ranks were struck with consternation by the sudden realization of the fact that they had been duped, and they turned and fled, closely pursued by the volunteers. Two hundred ebony carcasses were left lifeless on the field, and subse-

quently it was learned that scores of wounded died after the battle. The losses on our side were insignificant. This is said to be the severest blow inflicted upon the Matabeles during the entire campaign, and it further demonstrates the fact that a band of savages cannot withstand a charge of horsemen, even though the latter be far inferior in numbers. This is not surprising, for it is no easy matter even for trained European infantry to hold their ground against cavalry.

That afternoon the Salisbury column laagered on the Umgusa River near the site of the battle. Toward evening, in company with two young men named Neumeyer and Cressy, I visited the battle-ground. We first examined the skermes, consisting of long, straight bush-fences, along which the warriors had slept the night before. On the side facing Bulawayo had been laid grass for beds, and near the edges of the bushes were little chunks of wood for pillows. Upon counting these we estimated that no less than two thousand warriors had slept there. At their feet had been a row of fires, the embers of which were still smouldering. In their hasty flight the savages had left quantities of meat lying on the ground. Breakfast had been in process of cooking, and in the pots which were still on the fires were Kafir corn, pumpkins, and meat.

Following the spoor through a belt of low thorn-bushes in the direction in which the enemy had fled, we came to a place where many of the natives had dropped their belongings, such as calabashes filled with various kinds of trinkets, blankets, and other articles which had been thrown away in order that they might be the better able to run. Not a few had hastily attempted to hide their possessions in ant-bear

holes and in small thickets. Our excursion was suddenly brought to a close by our coming face to face in the dense bush with a band of twelve or more Matabeles, who, armed with shields and assegais, were stealing along in a crouching attitude, apparently making their way to their camp. They were probably new arrivals, ignorant of the fact that a battle had taken place that morning. We fired a volley at them, and ran as fast as our legs would carry us until we were clear of the bush. Then we were much amused at ourselves for getting such a fright, for presently we saw the Matabeles dashing across an open space a quarter of a mile away. Evidently they had been as much surprised as we were.

About June 20th news came that the natives of Mashonaland had rebelled and were massacring the white inhabitants. This fell upon us like a thunderbolt, for no one had ever dreamed that the Mashonas, like the Matabeles, were capable of rising and committing horrible atrocities. Within a few days after the arrival of this serious information, our column was making a forced march for Salisbury.

The limited amount of fighting that I had seen up to this date had inspired me with absolute contempt for the Matabeles as soldiers. Our small band had travelled through many miles of thickly settled, rugged, and disadvantageous country; but wherever we had moved, the cowardly barbarians had fled as from the invasion of an all-powerful army. It was subsequently learned that the Matabeles were in dread of our column because it had come from Mashonaland. They argued that as we had entered the country from the east we were the same band of bold, determined men who, in defiance of their threats, had gone into Mashonaland in 1890, and who, in 1893, had beaten

them in the battles of the Shangani and the Bembesi. When some months later, however, the Matabeles were brought to bay at Tabas Imamba and the Matoppo Hills, hard fighting ensued, in which many brave white men lost their lives in the effort to force them to treat for peace.

## CHAPTER XXV

### THE MASHONA RISING

Maven Kafirs Execute a Counter-Move—An Erroneous Assumption—The Mashona View of White Occupation—First Signs of Rebellion—Character of the Blow—Darling's Account of the Escape from Mazoe.

THE Maven Kafirs, too cowardly to meet us in fair battle when we visited their stronghold in May, had, after our departure, executed a counter-move which worked well toward the end that they wished to accomplish. When our column marched in the direction of Bulawayo, a band of Matabele marauders proceeded toward Mashonaland. They sent emissaries in advance to various Mashona chiefs, informing the latter that *all* the white people in Matabeleland had been butchered, and that *they* (the Maven warriors) had personally met in battle, conquered, and annihilated to the last man the white army which had but recently left Mashonaland.

In consideration, therefore, of these striking successes on the part of the Matabele army in all their encounters with their white foes, they were now coming to complete the work of clearing the country of objectionable foreigners by exterminating the few white dogs—male, female, and piccaninnies—left in Mashonaland. This invasion, they stated, was in no way meant as a menace to the peace and happiness of their

former friends, the Mashonas, and if the latter would join them in their efforts, besides sharing the enormous plunder which was to be obtained from the white inhabitants, they would promise by all the sacred sorcery of the black man's attendant spirits that thereafter the Mashonas should in no way be molested as they had been in the days of Mosilikatse and Lo Bengula. On the contrary, the two nations would in future live together on harmonious and equal terms! But whether or not the assistance of the Mashona nation here offered, the Matabeles were now coming to remove from Lo Bengula's former territorial possessions those contemptible intruders of white complexion who, if they remained in Mashonaland, must ever be a menace to the security of the government of Matabeleland, as well as to the undisturbed intercourse with neighboring tribes. Bearing in mind the glorious military achievements of Lo Bengula's people in days gone by, the only wise course which the Mashona tribes could possibly pursue would be to give to the former their hearty co-operation.

The assumption on the part of the white inhabitants of Mashonaland that the natives were their stanch friends and allies was based entirely upon the view taken from the stand-point of civilization, not from that of savagery. The white men believed that the Mashonas could not be otherwise than grateful to them for their emancipation from Lo Bengula's thralldom, with all its attendant woes. In adopting this premise some traits of savage nature had been overlooked. The *régime* of Lo Bengula had been so long an established reality that the overthrow of his power in the war of 1893 met with disappointment and even regret on the part of the Mashonas, who felt really grieved at the sudden discontinuance of a time-honored state of

affairs. The non-appearance of Lo Bengula's raiders within their borders seemed to them incongruous.

Their tranquillity was now disturbed by a race whose customs were entirely at variance with theirs. The laws established by these new-comers were decidedly distasteful. "It is true," they argued, "that the Matabeles came on periodical raids, but we could run away and hide in the rocks; and although they carried away our wives and children and cattle, they left us for long periods at peace. In turn, we could plunder from our weaker neighbors other wives to till our lands for us, and then we could lie once more on the rocks, and bask in the balmy rays of the sun, and sleep, and take our ease. But these white baases are among us continually; they seem never satisfied to rest as rational beings should, but are always on the move. They are ever asking us to dig in their munda (fields), work in their magodi (mines), help build their houses, and herd their cattle. From one year's end to another they do nothing but work, work, work! What more irksome and degrading occupation was ever instituted than work!

"We believed when they came that they would shortly return to Diamond, but unfortunately our judgment was in error, and it is now evident that we shall be obliged to shift them ourselves. Look at the amount of loot we can obtain! What loads of blankets and guns, and 'sugare' and munyu (salt) we shall have! How grand to be able once more to roam over our beautiful prairies in search of rats and antelopes, unmolested by the meddlesome makewa (white men)!

"What unreasonable beings these contemptible makewa are, anyway! If our wives bear twin piccannies and our grandmothers kill them, what do the makewa do? They put our grandmothers into the

tronko (jail); and think of the many similar customs for which they unjustly punish us! Furthermore, they wander like mad men over the country in their search for darama (gold), and thus drive away the game. They plough the meadows and make grain-fields of them, and destroy in this wise the breeding-places of our greatest delicacies, the field-rats and the gophers. Their humba (pigs) wander through the beautiful forests and devour our favorite fruits, the mahobohobo, the mchange, and the uti. In the thickets they root up our zinza (wild artichokes), thus desecrating the land of our forefathers. Behold the awful evils these white wizards have brought with them! Before their appearance the weza (locust) was unknown, but now these pests are devastating our fields and threatening us with starvation. Not satisfied with this, the fiends have conjured up diseases which are sweeping away our cattle. Oh, we must rise in our might and, with one stroke, rid ourselves forever of these our enemies, and reinstate the peace and joy of days primeval!"

Fear of the Matabeles is said to be one of the factors which influenced the Mashonas to rebel against the whites. The opportunity of obtaining immense quantities of plunder was without doubt the greatest inducement, and we cannot deny the fact that added to these causes was the antipathy which the Mashonas bore toward the white people who had settled among them, an antipathy which is as inevitably certain to arise between a primitive tribe and a race of superior intelligence who take possession of their country and assume the mastery, annulling many of their superstitions and barbarous customs, as it is certain that the sun will rise and set—an antipathy which must sooner or later result in a trial of strength at

arms. The Mashona nation was not wanting in men of ambition who were ready to float with the tide of popular sentiment to greatness and renown. A wizard quickly arose in the person of Kagubi, upon whom the blame is now laid by his countrymen of having instigated the rebellion.

Although this rising must have been contemplated for some weeks, if not months, prior to the actual occurrence of hostilities, the secret was so well kept that no suspicion was in any way aroused among the whites as to what was likely to happen. Shortly before the outbreak, bands of Matabeles were reported as having been seen in the neighborhood of some of the mining camps in the direction of the Umsweswi River, but of this circumstance no particular notice was taken. Even the news of the first murders in the vicinity of the Umfuli caused no great alarm, as they were supposed to be the result of some local trouble, and fraught with no far-reaching significance. Not until the murder of the Nortons at their farm, eighteen miles from Salisbury, did the possible magnitude of this rising really impress itself upon the authorities. The Matabeles assisted the Mashonas in the first massacres at Hartley and the Mazoe, simply by way of setting the ball rolling, and of showing them how the thing had been performed in Matabeleland.

The news that the rebellion had begun, spread like wildfire among the native population, and within three days almost the entire Mashona nation were up in arms, ruthlessly slaughtering the settlers. The vast expanse of territory over which the white inhabitants were scattered, and the sudden and unexpected character of the blow, rendered insurmountable the difficulty of warning all the farmers, prospectors, and miners. More than one hundred men, women, and



Mashonaland Volunteers on Dress Parade at Salisbury.

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children fell victims within the first few days of the rebellion, as well as several hundred friendly Kafirs in the employ of the whites. The people of Salisbury, fearing that the savages might attack the town, promptly went into laager at the jail, which had previously been fortified. Volunteer corps were quickly formed, every able-bodied man in the community entering upon military duty.

An account of the thrilling tragedies which took place within the first week of that terrible time, and of the heroic efforts toward escape and rescue, would fill volumes. In order to give the reader some idea of what the settlers experienced in attempting to save themselves and their friends from the treacherous savages, I will quote from a letter written by Mr. J. ffolliott Darling to his father in Clonakilty, Ireland, describing the escape of his party from Mazoe :

“To begin at the beginning, on Wednesday (June 17, 1896) I went over to put up boards on my mining claims, and got back rather tired at about three o'clock. I had just taken a bite of food, when a note arrived from a man named Fairburn, to say that news had been received from Salisbury announcing that the natives were committing outrages on whites under the instigation of wandering Matabeles. He stated further that the whites in our neighborhood were going to the Alice mine for defence. I was undecided whether to go or not, as I thought it probably a false alarm ; but upon learning from two men camped near me that Dickinson and Cass had gone to fetch their wives, I concluded the affair must be serious, and made up my mind to go.

“At the Alice mine I found ten white men and three women. We did guard around the camp all night, but saw no niggers. In the morning we decided that it was

a case of either going to Salisbury or camping where we were, and the party made up their minds to the former. A spring wagon with six mules soon arrived from town, having been sent by the Administrator to take in the women. After breakfast, in company with Zimmerman and Blakiston, I walked over to the telegraph office, about a mile from the Alice mine, and wired to Salisbury that we intended going to town unless the authorities assured us that there was no danger. The reply came later that if we stuck together we would be safe where we were. However, when we got back to the mine, we found that several of the men had already started for town—Pascoe and some boys on foot in advance of the others, Dickinson and Cass together, also on foot, and then Fairburn, Stoddart, and Faule in a donkey-cart.

“It appears that Pascoe got on safely till he had passed my camp. Just there, as Dickinson and Cass were going along quite unsuspectingly, they were killed by niggers who were lying in ambush alongside the road. Pascoe’s attention having been attracted, he looked back and saw some niggers hacking at something on the road, so he sent one of his boys to see what was going on. The latter quickly returned, saying that the two white men had been killed; so Pascoe dodged off to one side and worked back through the timber. Presently the donkey-cart came along and a volley was discharged into it from the same place. Faule said to Fairburn: ‘Take the reins, I’m shot,’ and he sank in the cart dead. Fairburn hastily whipped the asses round and drove back. One donkey had been wounded, but it ran for half a mile before it fell. The two men were then obliged to desert the cart and the dead man, and run for their lives; they met Pascoe on the road and all came back full pelt.

with a mixed crowd of Matabeles and Mashonas after them.

"In the meantime we had got the women into the mule-wagon, and away they had gone laughing and joking. Blakiston had given up his seat to a man named Burton, as the latter was unwell; so he, Spreckley, and I followed on foot. We had gone down the road about half a mile when we heard a few shots around the corner in the direction the party had gone, and presently we saw the coach returning full gallop. They shouted something which I didn't catch, and Blakiston ran toward the bush. I thought they had wounded an antelope, and ran up to cut it off, but the people on the coach shouted: 'Come back, come back!' Then I made for the wagon, which was going at full speed, a man running on each side, thrashing the mules. On the coach were the three men who had escaped from the affair with the donkey-cart. Pascoe, who was on top (it was a covered vehicle), was keeping a lookout, while Stoddart was sitting at the back, just about exhausted. The latter told me what had happened. It was as much as I could do to keep up until we got to the Alice camp. We saw the enemy turn the corner, so we hurried the women to the makeshift laager. Two of them, Mrs. Cass and Mrs. Dickinson, who had started so jolly an hour before, were now widows. As Mrs. Cass is a good shot and a big strong woman, I gave her my shot-gun—the only spare gun left, as all the others had been stolen or had been lost with the murdered men—and said: 'Now this is loaded with AAA. If they make a rush on the laager, fire it to them in the face.' She said she would, but after a while she brought it back, and said she couldn't.

"The savages were now approaching leisurely, in open order, about one thousand yards from us. Pas-

coe and I got on the highest rock, and then he said: 'Fire a couple of shots to alarm Salthouse at the telegraph office.' I fired two shots which landed in the enemy's midst, and they turned and scuttled into the bush. I then inquired if anyone had gone to the telegraph office to send word to Salisbury for help; but as no one had, we induced a tottie boy (colored man), by offering him £5, to take a message down. He soon returned with Routledge, the telegraph clerk, who had not sent the message because he had already left the office when he met the boy. We asked him to go back with it, but he refused.

"Just then Salthouse arrived on horseback, and we told Routledge he must take the horse and go with the message; but he said he could not ride, and would not go without an escort. We told him it was ridiculous to talk of an escort when there were only seven men to look after the women, and that if he hurried he could get along all right, as there were still no niggers on that side. After some delay Blakiston said to Routledge: 'Will you go, if I go with you?' He said he would; so off they started. All this time the savages were coming on, and we were keeping up a vigorous fire on them. At first they advanced quite confidently, but we soon put a stop to that; the first man shot I bowled over, as he was running across an open glade, at six hundred yards. Three or four ran out to carry him in; then I let rip at them and another fell, probably from fright. I fired another shot, and he dropped again. In fact it was very hard to tell when we had killed one of them, for they dropped into the long grass whenever a bullet passed close to them. Salthouse knocked another fellow kicking, at five hundred yards, on the mountain-side.

"I was guarding on my right, and was too busy to

look around, when Mrs. Cass said: 'There they come from the telegraph office, one on horseback and one on foot.' In the meantime some niggers had gone over to the store which lay in the path to the telegraph office, and presently Mrs. Cass said: 'Oh, they are firing on them—the horse is shot—he is down—no, he's not, he's up again—the man is shot; they're down—no, the man is up, he's running, he's running hard. Oh, he's down, he's dead, he's dead!' All this time I could not turn my head, but was banging away on my right. I asked about the other man. 'He's running toward the bush,' she replied, 'and they are firing at him.' He disappeared and some more shots were heard, and we knew that he was killed. We were awfully sorry for them, especially Blakiston, who had willingly risked his life to save the rest of us.

"Before this, a nigger had found a nice rock on the hill about five hundred yards from us, and had opened fire from it. We could see only his head when he was shooting, and sometimes not even that. As this fellow nearly hit me twice, I got off my rock and stood behind another which covered me from him, but left me unprotected in front. I suddenly felt a bang on the elbow, and looking down I noticed that my arm was bloody and my shirt torn. I thought, 'I can't be shot in the elbow or it would have hurt a great deal more,' and then I saw what had happened; the bullet had struck the rock about a foot off, and the splinters from the rock and the lead had hit me. I got a nasty gash, and it became a bit stiff and sore, but it was better the next day.

"As we seemed to be in an exposed corner, I told the three women to get farther down under the rock. They behaved very well, and kept our bandoliers filled

with cartridges as we required them. After a bit a big bullet came whizzing through, touched the rock, and grazed us all. Soon afterward, another hit a branch just in front of me. They had me marked, as my hat was rather light in color and easy to see. Later, I put some blue cloth over it, and then it was not so noticeable. There were seven of us firing, and we were put to the pin of our collar to keep the beasts away. Pascoe was doing good work on a rock close by me, and Salthouse, Fairburn, Zimmerman, Stoddart, Burton, and Spreckley were all firing from other sides of the laager.

"As the afternoon wore away, three natives got into a patch of thick bush and long grass within one hundred yards of our position, and one of them crept into a hut near us. As a rule, we could fire only at the puffs of smoke. One fellow who had a Lee-Metford rifle smashed the rock just at my front in line with my face, and knocked splinters over me. We dropped a few of them, but it was hard to say how many. As night came on, the fire slackened and finally died out, with the exception of an occasional shot. After dark we induced a Cape boy of Salthouse's to go down and set fire to the hut the savage had been firing from. The boy brought back with him some biscuits and water.

"That night was like one long nightmare. I sat at the top of the only entrance to our laager, and stared down till I thought the eyes would drop out of my head. I could scarcely keep them open, being terribly sleepy after the previous night's vigil and the day's anxieties. Of course, we expected a rush in the night, for the natives knew very well how few we were, but I think we had scared them a bit during the afternoon. I could hear them talking in the bush

under me and moving about ; and every shadow and sound was magnified by my excited nerves into savages approaching.

“They were confident that they had us in a trap. After they had had their grub their general shouted out of the bush about eight hundred yards away, where his camp was situated, ordering detachments to watch all the roads around us so that we could not escape during the night. Several times he came out and roared one order or another across the valley to men stationed on the other side. One sentry behind a rock close above us stayed there all night, where he had a fire and something to eat. He called out once asking indignantly why they (the Mashonas) had left him, a Matabele, without tobacco, and ordered them to send some up at once. About midnight the moon went down, and a little later we got the boy to go down again and set fire to another hut, which burned for a good while. At the gray dawn I felt certain they would come, but no. You may imagine it was a great relief to see daylight. We had expected a patrol to arrive during the night or early in the morning, but were not sure that the telegram had really gone.

“In the morning the enemy took it easy, and, beyond exchanging a few shots with us at long range, nothing was done until nine o'clock. At that time a lot of niggers filed through the bush to the Holton Arms, hotel and store, where they probably got food and, I suppose, liquor as well, leaving only a few men stationed on the hills to entertain us. Three of the sentries had Martini-Henry rifles, for one could easily discriminate between the crack of a Martini-Henry and that of a Tower musket, and the whizzes of the bullets, too, were distinguishable. In fact there were a good many narrow shaves. I was touched that day, once

on my heel and once on my chin; but nobody was hurt, and the women kept up splendidly. They had nothing to eat but a biscuit and water the whole time.

"At about four in the afternoon the general began a great shouting for his troops, but they did not respond with alacrity, as they were busy at the store. After a little while we heard shots in front of us, and a small body of mounted men came into view. The niggers were firing on them, and the general roared again to his warriors at the store to run across and intercept them. Presently I observed some of the rascals running down the hill through a belt of bush about six hundred yards away, and I opened fire, planting a few bullets in their midst. Pascoe also fired on them, and between us we quickly sent them back. In the meantime we heard, to our joy, the rattle of 303 calibre repeating rifles, carried by the relief patrol, and up galloped five horsemen, two of them each carrying a man behind him. They had had an exciting ride out, as they had lost their way once, and had been fired at twice out of the grass at the road-side, having one man wounded and two horses killed.

"We were very much disappointed at the size of the party, which was too small to enable us to get out, though, of course, it was a great assistance. After their arrival the niggers warmed up and kept us pretty lively for the rest of the afternoon, just to show us that they were not frightened, I suppose. That night we agreed to sleep in pairs, so that we could keep watch alternately at two-hour intervals. This, of course, was a welcome relief. The man in charge of the patrol wrote a despatch for more men, and offered a tottie boy £100 to ride through with it. He was a

light little chap and had a good horse, so there was not much danger for him. When the moon went down, at about 2 A.M., he started off, and went safely through to Salisbury. We had two false alarms during the night, but I got a few hours' sleep in spite of them. We made hand grenades of dynamite and detonators and hurled one over the rocks occasionally whenever anyone thought that niggers were lurking about underneath. In the gray dawn we were all on the *qui vive*, when a few shots were heard in front, and the answering rattle of the Lee-Metfords was music to our ears. Up came another relief patrol of thirteen men, amidst cheers repeated again and again. Even the new party were very few for our purpose, but after consultation we agreed to make a start as soon as their horses had rested.

"As there was not much movement on the part of the natives, we thought it possible that they had withdrawn. Salthouse attached iron sheets to the sides and end of the wagon, and loaded on all the ammunition and arms. Three of the mules had been shot during the night, and one had wandered away, so we put in two mules and four of the newly arrived horses. Part of the horsemen were to form an advance-guard, and the rest a rear-guard, while the wagon and the men on foot were to be in the middle. The advance-guard were to fire into the tall grass as they went along.

"Two of us covered the Matabele tobacco devotee behind the big rock, so that he dared not show his head to shoot the horses while they were being inspanned. The three women and the wounded man were put into the wagon, and we got off at about 11.30 A.M. For awhile all went well, but soon after we turned out of the road branching off to the Alice, a shot or two

greeted our approach. The advance-guard was wasting so much ammunition by firing at random into the long grass that we feared it would soon be gone, and word was sent forward telling them to be more careful. The enemy's fire became brisker as we proceeded; and as we could very seldom see the fiends, we were obliged to shoot at the puffs of smoke coming from the trees and grass on the hill-side and at the river. The horses stood fire admirably. We advanced at a brisk walking pace, the niggers making bad practice, and some of our men shooting wildly, too. As we passed my camp a heavy fire came from it, and one man, McGeer, was killed, and a horse shot. The man was quite dead, so we took his rifle and bandolier, and left the body—could not do otherwise.

“On we went again, the shots coming thick and fast, while narrow shaves were numerous; but no one else was hit for some time. One bullet touched the leg of my trousers, and a little spaniel at my heels was shot twice. As we moved on, many savages followed in our rear, so that we had to turn now and again to give them a few volleys; then the brutes dodged into the grass, and crept along trying to intercept us. Besides these, new arrivals were lining the road. After a bit our way led close to the hill on one side, and along the edge of a swamp on the other. From both sides the niggers were peppering us, and it was remarkable that more damage was not done. Our procession became somewhat disorganized, more horses were killed, and very often the rear-guard pressed right up to the wagon; some of the footmen were getting out of breath, and had to hold on to the wagon, or jump up on the steps at the sides.

“After going about seven miles we came to a hot corner, where the steep hill-side which ran down to the

road was thronged with savages. The long grass on the opposite side was similarly occupied. The niggers behind were pressing on with horse and foot. The two-wheeler mules were killed in the coach, and the firing became exceedingly heavy—flashes coming out of the grass within a few yards of us. We quickly cut out the dead mules and put in horses, which in turn were immediately shot dead. Pascoe was on top of the coach doing good work with his rifle. At one place, while helping to take out the dead horses, I was obliged to turn quickly around and rattle a few shots into the grass, where the flashes were thickest, and then rush to a dead man, take his rifle and ammunition and put them into the coach.

“At last the firing suddenly ceased, and Pascoe says he thinks we killed every mother’s son of those in the tall grass, as he could not see them make a move there afterward. We went on without any wheelers; one horse which had been hit in the head kept up for miles. Burton was shot through the face, the bullet entering under the ear and making its exit at the cheek-bone opposite. He was standing at the side of the coach at the time, and never even fell down, but crawled along and got in. Two more men were killed, Van Stadden and Jacobs, both shot through the head. One of the advance-guard was wounded in the face, but kept his seat on his horse. Another man took the horse by the rein, and went off at a gallop with him, thus getting beyond the natives. They then hurried on to Salisbury, where they arrived at about 3.30 P.M., and told the people there that we were in fearful straits, and that nothing less than one hundred men could rescue us. As they could spare only fifty, none were sent.

“Nevertheless, we fought our way along and kept

the devils back fairly well, although some of them kept cutting across to intercept us. We knocked over two of the nigger horsemen at long ranges, and they afterward kept at a respectful distance. We got into other ambuscades, but none nearly so bad as the one described. Several bullets went through the top of the coach, and the iron sheets were well dotted by bullets and slugs, but none went through. The wounded men were asking for water, and, in fact, we were all extremely thirsty, but although there was a tank under the coach, we could not get at it without stopping. Even when we reached the river near the Salvation Army farm we could not stop, but galloped through, as we saw a large number of the vindictive brutes running ahead to cut us off. I was able to keep up all right even while our horses were trotting, but some of the men were very much exhausted.

“Soon after passing the farm we got rid of most of the enemy, a few following on from hill to hill and potting at us, but hitting no more of our horsemen. At the Gwibi River we replaced some of the very tired horses—it was wonderful how they kept up so long, the wounded one having travelled fully eight miles after he was hit. A drink of water for ourselves and the horses was very welcome here, you may be sure, and we went on after a few minutes' delay. We had beaten back the niggers, but thought it probable that we should encounter more, three miles from town, near Count De la Penouse's farm-house, where they had been reported. Fortunately, the rumor proved to be without foundation, and we arrived at Salisbury at 9.30 P.M. Thus we had been obliged to fight our way for thirteen miles, and had come out with three men killed, two badly wounded, three slightly wounded, and eight horses killed. Of course, this does not in-



The Survivors of the Mazoe Patrol.

# PO. 2019 Abstracts

clude Dickinson, Cass, Routledge, Blakiston, and several others who had been murdered before we left. It was a close call; in fact, it was the concentrated essence of several miracles that any of us came out of it alive.

"All the Mashonas in the country have risen, and whites are being massacred everywhere. From the outlying districts men are getting in every day, by hook or by crook, but most of the outsiders have been killed. Poor Herbert Eyre has been murdered on his own veranda. Niggers came up and said they wanted work—boys he knew—and while he was sitting at his doorstep talking to them, they fell upon him. It is awful to have to stay in town doing nothing while one's friends are being slaughtered. A company of eighty men has just returned from Umfuli, where they rescued a few people, having three of their party wounded. A patrol sent to the Jesuits' mission, twelve miles from here, brought in seventeen persons, including eight fathers and lay brothers. A few small patrols are being sent out for rescue, but as there are not more than five hundred men here all told, we can't do much until reinforcements arrive. Our own men who went to Matabeleland are on the way back; also sixty men under Captain White are making a forced march from Bulawayo. Some of the Natal contingent are here, and more are expected with a lot of horses. It is reported that five hundred regulars from Cape Town under Lieutenant-Colonel Alderson are likewise coming to our assistance."

## CHAPTER XXVI

### RETURN TO MASHONALAND

The Enkeldoorn Boers and the Rising—An Adventure at Sejoke's Kraal—Arrival at Salisbury—The Jesuits at Chishawasha—Noble Deed of a Black Teacher—The Rhodesia Horse Drive the Chishawasha Natives from Their Stronghold—A Midnight Patrol—Chasing Insolent Savages—A Close Call—Forty Days in the Wilderness—The Salisbury Hospital—Difficulties in Subjugating the Mashonas—Captain Montgomery.

Few incidents of interest occurred during the return journey of the Salisbury column from Matabeleland. At Enkeldoorn we found the Boers again in laager. Subsequent to our former visit these people had resumed work on their farms, but at the time of the Mashona rising they had been obliged to collect hastily for protection. Of the two hundred and fifty men, women, and children residing at isolated homesteads, only eight had been killed and three wounded. That so few casualties should have resulted is due to the suspicion with which the Boers regard the aboriginal population—a suspicion which, through successive generations, has been fostered by native massacres in frontier settlements. The past history of South Africa has been so mingled with a repetition of these risings that the Boer is by instinct wary of his primitive neighbor, and in consequence has his rifle ready for

action at the moment of warning. This is in striking contrast with the neglectful way in which the English settlers in both Mashonaland and Matabeleland exposed themselves to the treachery of the Kafirs.

The escapes of some of the Boer families were remarkable, and they were due to the fact that the women seized the rifles of the wounded men, and thus helped to keep the natives at bay. Wherever the Mashonas had the opportunity, they butchered in a most barbarous manner. One man named Behr was held by arms and legs while the cruel savages actually vivisected him by hacking his chest open with an ax. In retaliation for such crimes the burghers had waged a small war on their own account, attacking and burning several villages and killing seventy Mashonas. While our column was at Enkeldoorn one troop went with some burghers as guides to attack neighboring kraals. We could do very little, as the savages took refuge in a stronghold, said to be impregnable except by the use of dynamite. As we had none of that explosive the place was shelled with the seven-pounder; and judging by the howling of the natives, some severe punishment was inflicted.

The column moved forward once more; but no events of importance took place until we reached the Hanyani River, twelve miles from Salisbury, where at dusk one evening two of our scouts stumbled into a Mashona ambushade. They escaped with no greater injury than that of having one horse killed. As the savages fired they gave a most hideous war-yell, and then fled into the bushes, apparently excited by the sound of their own voices and by the discharge of their own guns. This was the first offensive move made against us by the Mashonas.

The next day our scouts, under Lientenant Coryndon,

were sent to Sejoke's stronghold for the purpose of gaining information. We managed to get within a hundred yards of the main village without mishap. There before us sat a band of warriors holding an indaba, and totally oblivious of the presence of enemies. The temptation to give them a surprise was irresistible. The kraal was situated in a grove of um-sassa trees within two hundred yards of the Hanyani River, which, at that place, runs through a collection of rugged granite rocks, among which were numerous caves. Deciding quickly upon our course of action, we forthwith spread out in skirmishing order, and with a sudden war-whoop bore down upon the savages. The assault was so unexpected that they did nothing more than grab their weapons and bolt for their hiding-places at the river, leaving, as usual, the women and children to take care of themselves. Our army of ten separated into three divisions. Christian and I forming the main body, galloped through the centre of the village, while the two flanking columns, each composed of four men, skirted the sides. There were fully one hundred and fifty fighting Mashonas there, but on this occasion, believing doubtless that a large army had attacked them, they fled so swiftly and were so artful in dodging, that they made their escape before we could kill many of them.

Within a few minutes after the onslaught, however, we were brought to a realization of the fact that we were among savages whose fighting tactics were of a character differing widely from those of the Matabeles. From thickets, from kopjes, from ant-heaps, and from caves in the rocks all about us, volleys of slugs began to pour forth from muzzle-loading guns, the tremendous reports of which sounded quite like a genuine battle. Fortunately for us, our adversaries were not

good marksmen. The screechings of some of their missiles were extraordinarily hideous, particularly those made by "pot legs," which were exactly what they are named—the legs of old iron pots. These people were not at all particular as to what they used in loading their guns. Any old junk was satisfactory, such as pieces of glass, rough stones, and jagged iron bullets. Even entire necks of Worcestershire sauce bottles were fired at the gallant countrymen of Lea & Perrin. One of our men, who was wounded in a subsequent fight at this place, had the neck of a homœopathic vial fished from his wound by the surgeon. The inaccuracy of the Mashona's weapons and the incompetency of these barbarians as marksmen was compensated for to some degree, therefore, by the deadly character of the missiles which they used. In the first charge, one scout, Fitzpatrick, was badly wounded in the leg, and one horse was shot.

Besides killing twenty Mashonas in this skirmish, we were confident of having wounded several, for from among the rocks we could hear their cries of distress, "Yo-way! Mae-way! Teno wafa! Teno wafa!" Presently their general began to call his men together for an attack, and as we had our wounded man to care for, we deemed it discreet to retire. We should probably have fallen into an ambuscade farther down the river had not Sergeant Wells, who was also out reconnoitring with ten men, heard our firing and come to our assistance.

The next afternoon we arrived at Salisbury, where we found seven hundred people in laager at the jail. All industry was at a standstill, martial law had been proclaimed, and every able-bodied man was doing military duty. A few days later our column was sent to punish the natives at the Jesuit mission farm,

Chishawasha. We were accompanied by several of the Jesuit fathers, who, reinforced by some volunteers, were to take possession of the station and hold it as a fort.

In a few years' time the Jesuits had converted a wilderness into a beautiful garden, with buildings of brick and many other excellent improvements. They had been most kind and forbearing with the natives, of whom there were fully one thousand men, women, and children dwelling about them. The task of improving the condition of these savages had been found exceedingly difficult on account of the general depravity which exists among the Mashona tribes. Many of the young boys had been collected at the mission to be taught useful industries, together with what little religion they were capable of comprehending. Nothing whatever had been done by the fathers to merit the ill-will of the people residing there; on the other hand, their deeds were such as should win the gratitude of any race of beings gifted with the slightest trace of that virtue. During the season preceding the rising they had twice supplied the natives with seed after the latter had lost their crops by locusts.

When the Jesuits received warning from the Government with regard to the rebellion, they promptly began to fortify the second story of the building containing the workshops, as it was the only one that was roofed with corrugated iron. The Mashonas, assuming an air of innocence, inquired why the place was being thus fortified, and whether news had arrived that the white people had all been killed in Matabeleland! They continued, reprovingly: "If the Matabeles are on their way to Mashonaland, why do not the fathers warn the Mashonas of the danger, so that they may likewise make preparations for defence?" The par-

ents insisted that their children must be removed from the school, because of uneasiness at the villages. Fortunately, on Sunday evening an old woman secretly notified the Jesuits that she had heard the men discussing the question of murdering them that night.

The next morning the entire male population of the native community attacked the station. While the men were executing a vigorous assault, the women drove away into the hills the cattle, sheep, and goats belonging to the Jesuits. Three of the leaders of the attacking party were shot dead, and a large number were wounded within a few yards of the building, by the men whom they had intended to massacre. This checked the rush, and the savages then took cover in the neighboring stables, and in the chapel, from the windows of which they kept up a vigorous fire ; but eventually they withdrew to the hills, where they watched the fathers bury the Mashonas killed in the attack. Some days later a patrol from Salisbury relieved the besieged missionaries, and no sooner was the place deserted than the Mashonas hastened down to quarrel over the plunder.

The absolute depravity thus exhibited by these people is appalling. Even the cruel and treacherous American Indian, while massacring the hated paleface, usually possessed enough gratitude for kind deeds to spare the Jesuit fathers. The missionaries of other denominations fared even worse than the Jesuits. Mention has been made of the murder of Mr. Cass, who was in charge of the Salvation Army mission farm. A number of native teachers belonging to the Wesleyans were likewise butchered by those whom they had regarded as their friends. One of these teachers, a Basuto, named Molele, deserves special notice for his heroism in endeavoring to save the life of

a white man. The incident is particularly worthy of record, as one rarely hears of noble acts performed by the black men of Africa. A Mr. James White, who resided on a farm near the mission, had been badly wounded, and left for dead. On being apprised of this, the native teacher went to his rescue. He inspanned two oxen to a cart and started with the wounded man to the station. On the road he met his own wife, who had just escaped from their home, which the natives had already burned. She warned Molele that the Mashonas had killed the children, and were coming down the road to kill him, and urged him to flee for his life; but he answered that duty called him to remain with his helpless friend. In consequence, a few minutes later the teacher was murdered, along with White, whose life he had endeavored to save. While we should look with contempt upon a white man who would for a moment entertain a thought of deserting a wounded comrade, such self-sacrifice as was exhibited in this instance on the part of an African—from whom we do not expect noble deeds—is truly commendable, and gives reason to hope for possible good that may yet be accomplished by Christian teaching for that benighted race—the aborigines of the Dark Continent.

As the Rhodesia Horse moved from Salisbury toward Chishawasha, scouts were sent ahead to reconnoitre. Upon nearing the granite hills which formed the stronghold, we perceived by the columns of blue smoke curling up from the villages that the natives were there in large numbers. Our approach was soon discovered, and a great commotion arose among the swarthy inhabitants. From all sides shouts of alarm rang out on the quiet morning air. The women and children made a hasty flight toward the Mazoe, while



A Mashona Cave Fortress.

TO THE  
ABORIGINAL

the men took up their positions among the rocks, caves, and fissures of their almost impregnable natural fortress. Colonel Beal sent forward all the mounted infantry, and as many of the footmen as could be spared from the column. As usual, the natives had every advantage in their excellent cover, and wherever we moved a galling fire was poured upon us from unexpected quarters. On our side the only means of locating the enemy was by the clouds of smoke from their guns. By the shouts of "Mae-way! Mae-way!" which were raised above the din, we were soon cognizant of the damage we were doing. At one time we succeeded in getting our adversaries between the fire of the horsemen on one side and the footmen on the other, and soon sent them bounding from rock to rock, like a troop of baboons. We were thus given an opportunity of testing our marksmanship, which I may add proved effective. The way in which they stood their ground—far better than the Matabeles had done—surprised us greatly; but within two hours from the time the battle began we had driven every living savage from the Chishawasha hills, and had destroyed all of their villages. Thus, in victorious possession of the field, our column filed unmolested down the rocky passes, and went into laager at the mission farm. As usual, the casualties on our side were slight.

Two nights later I accompanied a midnight patrol to attack some kraals a few miles from Chishawasha. We rode carefully among the hills in the dim moonlight, being continuously on the alert lest we should fall into an ambushade. At two o'clock in the morning we arrived at the foot of a kopje upon which three villages were situated. Our party, having separated into three divisions, we stealthily crept among the huts,

and at a given signal set fire simultaneously to the thatched roofs. Almost instantly a magnificent blaze shot up, casting weird shadows through the surrounding mahobohobo groves. We stood with cocked rifles waiting for the astonished natives to pour out of their huts, but in this we were disappointed, for not a savage showed himself. Evidently anticipating some such move on our part, the Mashonas had gone into hiding among the hills. The only noise which broke the stillness of the night was the crackling of the burning roofs, the cackling of the terrified fowls, the plaintive bleating of goats and sheep, and the howling of a few unfortunate Kafir dogs which had been left behind by their cowardly masters. We surprised several other kraals before daylight, but these had likewise been deserted by the inhabitants, who had evidently fled from their homes upon hearing of the result of the Chishawasha battle.

After spending a few days in patrolling the neighborhood of the mission station, our column advanced toward Makombi's hills, into which the Chishawasha natives had retired. While we were passing under some kopjes near Reimer's farm, a fusillade was opened by a band of Mashonas upon our wagons and horsemen. Captain Montgomery immediately wheeled his troop and charged up the hill whence the firing came, but upon gaining the summit he found it deserted. A pursuit was instituted, and I was sent ahead alone to watch the movements of the enemy. From my knowledge of these natives I surmised that after discharging the volley they would run to the nearest stronghold, about four miles away; and this proved to be their tactics. In the path of their flight lay timbered hills, large granite boulders, and deep ravines. By climbing a knoll I soon descried the guns of the enemy glisten-

ing in the morning sun near a small stream a few hundred yards below. When the troop overtook me, we advanced quickly to the spot to find nothing more than human footprints in the sand of the river, and to see the faint glimmer of rifles, as the natives were disappearing near the top of a rugged kopje. Our Zulu contingent under Captain O'Reilly arrived just at this juncture, and was sent up the hill on foot, while the troop made a detour as quickly as possible around to the west, hoping to intercept the savages as they should emerge from the opposite side.

The Mashonas must have exerted their running capabilities to the fullest extent; for when we reached the place where we had expected to meet them we caught only a glimpse of their woolly heads still far in advance. We were anxious to overtake them before they should reach their refuge. Being mounted on a fleet horse, I was again sent ahead in order to keep the fugitives in sight, and at the same time, by waving my hat, to apprise the captain of the course they were pursuing. It was rough riding indeed, as I was obliged to gallop across some deserted native grain-fields filled with stumps and snags. At one place my horse stumbled into a hole, fell on his head, and rolled over on his back; but, strangely enough, I was able to step from the saddle to the ground as he fell, then remount and ride on without losing my equilibrium. Finally, I saw the enemy disappear in a clump of bushes. Cautiously penetrating this, I emerged at the farther edge of the thicket, to find myself within fifty yards of the savages! They had settled down to a walk, being almost completely exhausted from their running, and apparently believing that they had eluded us. They did not observe me, however, and I remained under cover, waiting for my

party to arrive, at the same time keeping a sharp eye on the natives.

When the troop came to the edge of the thicket where they had last seen me, they erroneously concluded that I had taken a path to the right along a belt of timber. Following that, they unexpectedly met with another band of savages, who opened fire on the horsemen as they approached. The latter charged at once, killing eleven of the enemy. The troop then advanced to a village which they saw ahead, and set fire to it.

In the meantime I waited impatiently for my companions to overtake me, and at last concluded that the captain had given up the chase as useless, and had turned back toward the column. By this time the Mashonas had disappeared in a ravine several hundred yards ahead, where I thought it likely that they would all stop for a drink. The impulse to follow them farther was irresistible. I said to myself, "Now, Curio, you will be untrue to your traditions if you turn back without inflicting some chastisement upon that band of savages;" so I cantered forward to the ravine.

As I had anticipated, they were still at the stream quenching their thirst. I gave an exultant shout, as though apprising an army close behind me that we had the crowd cornered, then quickly dismounted, and fired three shots without receiving a scratch myself, although they discharged several shots in return as they scrambled up the opposite bank. Realizing that the natives might in a few seconds discover that I was alone, and then surround me, I quickly mounted my horse and made in the direction of a tremendous column of smoke which I surmised arose from a village set on fire by Captain Montgomery and his men.

I rode leisurely along a path, and was just entering a patch of tall grass when I discerned, not fifty yards ahead, two armed Mashonas crouching behind an ant-heap. Being ignorant of the number that might be there, and knowing that my horse was already so exhausted by running that I could not escape should the savages give chase, I decided to charge them and put them to flight. Uttering the most hideous war-whoop I could produce, I galloped straight to the spot where I had seen the two natives.

They were cowed by my move, and threw themselves flat on the ground in an endeavor to find concealment. As I checked my horse, one sprang to his feet and darted toward me. I met his assault with a bullet through his chest, but instead of using his spear or his gun, as I had anticipated, he disappeared with his comrade into the tall grass behind me. My horse, still excited by the previous chase, wheeled and followed the savages. In attempting to throw another cartridge from the magazine into my gun, a grass-stem unfortunately became caught in the mechanism. While thus rendered temporarily helpless, a shot was fired within a few feet of me, which struck my saddle, and the next moment I perceived a Mashona four steps from me to my left, with his gun levelled directly at my heart. An instant later his weapon roared out, and I realized that I had been hit. My first thought was that I was as good as dead ; for the blast of the powder from the close proximity of the gun, and the blow of the bullet against my ribs, led me to infer that I had been shot through the left lung. I was conscious of a sort of homesick feeling that was anything but agreeable. Fortunately, I was not knocked out of my saddle. Digging the spurs into my horse, I bounded past the native, who muttered an impolite epithet, threw an assegai which

grazed my body, and sank to the ground, exhausted by the wound which I had previously given him. Believing that I had been mortally wounded, my greatest desire was to stick to my horse until he could carry me to our column, for I had no relish for falling into the hands of enemies who never take prisoners.

I had ridden a full mile, and was just ready to drop from my horse with pain and exhaustion from loss of blood, when I met six of our men who were out reconnoitring. Two of them helped me to the laager, three miles distant, where our skilful surgeon, Dr. Wylie, took me in hand, and soon discovered that my injuries were not as serious as I had supposed. I had been shot through the left arm and side.

To our hospital orderly, Mr. William Van Reit, is due my gratitude for the excellent care that he gave me during the time that I was being conveyed to the hospital. This gentleman's sympathies for the sufferings of his fellow-beings had been deepened by a memorable forty days of mental anguish and bodily suffering endured in 1891, while lost in the wilds between the Nuanetsi and Umshabetsi rivers. While hunting, he wandered some distance off the Pioneer road, and, owing to the level, timbered character of the country, he became confused as to his directions. He spent several days in endeavoring to find his way out of the wilderness ; but finally despairing of this, he took up his abode in a nook near a pool of water, where he remained for more than a month, subsisting upon such scant food as he could find near at hand, and awaiting deliverance.

He was without a weapon of defence, for during the first few days of his misfortune he had exhausted his ammunition in firing to attract the attention of any

who might be searching for him, and growing weary of the weight of his useless gun, he had thrown it away. Having no means of making a fire he suffered intensely from cold. He soon wore his teeth to the gums by eating cream-of-tartar fruit and wild dates. By digging with his hands into the earth for roots, his fingers were worn raw.

He related to me that once while sitting on the ground, nearly famished, and half out of his reason, meditating as to how to obtain more food, he caught under his hand a lizard which happened to be creeping there. As he gazed at the squirming creature, the thought flashed through his mind, "I wonder if this thing is good to eat?" Without further ceremony he sampled its edible qualities, and as it seemed palatable, he set about catching more. He made a beaten path from his hiding-place to the pool where he often went to drink. Finally, two huntsmen happened to visit the pool, and observing the footpath, they followed it and found Van Reit, almost unconscious, and so nearly famished that a few hours more would probably have ended his misery.

His suffering had been so acute that he had frequently tried to commit suicide. The only means at hand had been that of drowning; and repeatedly he had filled his pockets with stones, and plunged, head foremost, into the water. But in spite of his determined resolutions he invariably came out alive on the opposite bank! This attempt at suicide by diving has had a curious effect upon his character, for when slightly under the influence of liquor he is seized with what may be termed "diving fits." During our Matabele campaign he was the source of great amusement to the camp whenever these spells came on. He dived into anything that took his fancy, and once he nearly

broke his shoulder by leaping, frog-fashion, from the top of a loaded wagon to the hard ground. One evening I saw him plunge head first into the non-commissioned officers' supper-table, scattering the dishes to the winds and causing consternation among the hungry sergeants and corporals. His idiosyncrasy was such a novelty, and he accomplished the feat with so much grace and humor, that the disastrous results were taken in good part. His performances were always preceded by the warning, "Look out, boys! I am going to make a dive!"

From Van Reit's care I was delivered into the hands of Mother Patrick and her corps of Sisters of Mercy, who have brought sunshine to the suffering in the wards of the Salisbury Hospital since its founding in 1891. Thanks to the skilful attention of that excellent young surgeon, Dr. A. M. Fleming, and to a constitution uninjured by alcoholic poison, my wounds soon healed.

A visit to the hospital at that date was sufficient to bring one to a realization of the fact that the subjugation of the Mashona nation was an undertaking far removed from child's play. The wounded came in almost daily, and the surgeons' operating-room—the scene of the amputation of legs and arms, and the extraction of bullets, pieces of glass, and other deadly missiles—was an attractive place for the student of surgery.

Reinforcements soon arrived under Lieutenant-Colonel Alderson, and expeditions were sent in many directions in the endeavor to subdue the aborigines. This task was found to be more difficult than had been anticipated, for the artful savages retired into the fastnesses of the granite hills, and there took up their defensive positions in burrows and other natural re-

cesses, where they defied the attacking parties until dynamite was brought into use in destroying their hiding-places. When driven from one series of caves, they only retreated to those of another range of hills, from which it was equally difficult to dislodge them. As vast areas of hilly country exist in Mashonaland, it can be imagined that the difficulties of subduing the natives with a small body of men were almost insurmountable. Nevertheless, these wily warriors were eventually conquered; but since able writers have compiled histories of the various brilliant military achievements of the campaign, I shall give no further detailed account of them in this narrative.

During the remainder of the war the Rhodesia Horse continued to render good service. A deep gloom, however, was cast over the corps by the fate of our most popular officer, Captain F. K. W. L. Montgomery. While leading a charge at the Mazoe, this brave man received a wound on the head which has resulted in paralysis. A more gallant officer never went into battle, and his misfortune is greatly lamented by the people of all Rhodesia.\*

\* Since September, 1897, Captain Montgomery has been under the care of a famous specialist, Dr. Victor Horsley, who is sanguine regarding the ultimate recovery of his patient.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### POST-BELLUM OBSERVATIONS

**Review of the Rebellion—The Rising not the Result of Oppression—Barbarians must be Governed from the Vantage Ground of Superior Force—Superstitious Awe is soon Lost—Murder of an Englishman in Mazoe Valley Provokes Punishment of Natives—Captain Lendy's Chastisement of N'Gomo's People is Criticised in England—Lenient Modes of Treatment Culminate in Massacre—Captain Brabant and the Victoria Natives—Lessons that the Mashonas must Learn.**

WHILE engaged in strife, the soldier views events from a horizon extremely limited ; hence the reader of this narrative has gained from it but a dim conception of the war in Rhodesia as a whole. With the perspective which time and distance afford, we are now able to give a comprehensive outline.

Europeans were first massacred in the Filabusi district on March 23, 1896. The flame of rebellion spread so rapidly through the outlying farming and mining regions of Matabeleland that within a week not a white man was left alive outside of Bulawayo, Gwelo, and Belingwe. Although many people were rescued by relief parties, one hundred and forty-five white men, women, and children were treacherously and brutally murdered, together with several hundred friendly Kafirs in the employ of the colonists.

Notwithstanding the fact that there was almost a total lack of military organization in the country, the inhabitants, with surprising alacrity, formed volunteer corps for the purpose of rescue and defence. Patrols were sent in many directions, and those despatched to Shiloh and to the Insiza and the Gwanda districts met with serious fighting. Aside from these engagements, and a few skirmishes with the Matabeles encamped on the Umgusa River, near the outskirts of Bulawayo, the beleaguered inhabitants continued mainly on the defensive, awaiting the arrival of reinforcements. The readiness with which the settlers united for protection, and the fearlessness displayed by them in holding in check the savage hordes during that time of peril, exhibit the inherent capability that insures the supremacy of the race which is in the van of civilization in Africa.

Immediately upon receipt at Salisbury of the news of the massacres, a small patrol with rifles, a Maxim gun, and ammunition was sent to Gwelo, while the Rhodesia Horse was forthwith equipped on a war-basis, and despatched to the seat of trouble. Reinforcements were promptly started from the Cape Colony, the first column, under Lieutenant-Colonel Plummer, arriving at Bulawayo in May. Then followed other bodies, including the Seventh Hussars, all forces in the field being placed under the command of Major-General Carrington. Offensive expeditions were led against the rebels, and severe fighting ensued, particularly at Tabas Imamba and the Matoppo Hills, where the determined attitude of the whites quickly led the Matabeles to realize the hopelessness of their cause. Through the clever diplomacy of Mr. Rhodes, peace negotiations with the Matabeles were successfully terminated in October, 1896.

During the course of these events in Matabeleland, unexpected troubles were thrust upon the inhabitants of Mashonaland. Three months from the date of the insurrection in the former locality, the Mashonas, encouraged by false reports of native successes there, rose in revolt and indulged in wholesale carnage. The causes which led to the Mashona rising were as follows: Their belief in the ultimate triumph of the Matabeles, and the consequent desire (in which both fear and favor enter as factors on the part of weaker humanity) to identify themselves with the winning side; the hope of securing immense quantities of loot from the settlers, and, finally, the feeling of resentment caused by the restraints and duties which inevitably accompany the stage of transition between barbarism and civilization.

Within a few days' time about one hundred and fifteen more defenceless white settlers were massacred, along with several hundred unarmed and friendly natives, who were slaughtered because they were working for white men. The inhabitants gathered for protection at Victoria, Charter, Enkeldoorn, Salisbury, Melsetter, and Umtali. Owing to the absence of the force, which had proceeded to Bulawayo, the people of Mashonaland found themselves in such straits for want of horses and ammunition, that the work of rescue could be carried on only to a limited extent. Be-leaguered parties at the Abercorn gold-fields and at Hartley Hills were not relieved till several weeks after the outbreak.

Upon hearing of the rising the Rhodesia Horse hurried back to Mashonaland, arriving at Salisbury simultaneously with a Bulawayo relief patrol of seventy men, under Captain White; while, in the meantime, a force of regulars, commanded by Lieutenant



The Salisbury Jail Converted into a Fort.

to VML  
APPROVAL

Colonel Alderson, was making its way from Cape Town, by way of Beira, to the same destination. Hostilities were carried on against the savages at Machiangombe's, at Makoni's, and in various other districts. With the close of the war in Matabeleland the troops advanced thence against Umtigeza's and other strongholds. Owing to the Mashonas' baboon-like tactics of retiring to the hills and caves, and also to the independent state of the many native communities, such difficulty was encountered in bringing these people to terms of peace, that they were not completely subjugated until September, 1897. Subsequently, in both provinces, numbers of murderers and instigators of rebellion have been hunted down, brought to justice by trial, and summarily executed on the gallows.

The revolt of the Matabeles did not surprise those conversant with the history of Kafir wars in South Africa, but that the Mashona nation should have resorted to offensive measures toward the whites, who were the protectors of that nation against the oppressions of their former dreaded enemies, the Matabeles, has been a source of astonishment even to those who regard themselves as best acquainted with the uncivilized mind. But alas, we reason from an erroneous premise when we assume that the African approves of the change from primitive conditions to those which civilization thrusts upon him. Arm-chair critics, far removed from the scene of action, are prone to maintain that the rising resulted from oppression on the part of the white rulers. The facts of the case prove this assumption to be absolutely unfounded. That there has been gross mismanagement is perfectly true; but the mistakes in dealing with the Mashonas, as well as with the Matabeles, have been in the line of too great leniency and too little severity.

The difficulties to be encountered in controlling vast hordes of unreasoning barbarians by a handful of white men, and in maintaining the security of the lives and property of the small number of Europeans scattered about, unprotected, over a vast area of country, naturally call for measures widely different from those in vogue in enlightened communities, and among people accustomed for centuries to the laws of civilization. In the first stages, at least, of the white man's rule, it is necessary, in order to succeed, to govern from the vantage ground of superior force, rather than by reliance upon the natives' intellectual and moral development. The Mashona, as well as his brother Kafir, wherever found, respects power and despises weakness; and he interprets as a sign of arrant cowardice the use of those methods of moral suasion which we deem most just and humane. As might be expected, mild measures lead him quickly to discount the power of his rulers, if not actually to despise them.

The occupation of Mashonaland by the whites in 1890 was received by the natives with stolid indifference, and not as cause for rejoicing. The latter believed the Matabeles to be all-powerful, and incapable of submission to any foe in the universe. To their minds the presence of the white men could be only temporary, and no matter what might come of their schemes, eventually the authority of Lo Bengula would be re-established. Nevertheless, these people, true to savage custom, at first regarded the new-comers with a certain amount of superstitious awe, which checked familiarity. This original tendency to respect, however, wore away with acquaintance; so that not many months had passed after the settlement of the country, when an Englishman was murdered in the Mazoe valley. An attempt was made to secure the

criminal, but the community among whom he resided refused absolutely to surrender him, and defiantly challenged the authority of the government which made such demands. A few days later a body of volunteers proceeded to the place and gave the aborigines a taste of the white man's power. The effect of this very wholesome lesson was widespread and decisive, and for months thereafter a marked consideration was shown to settlers generally, even to such as were obliged to wander alone in isolated parts of the country. The natives were forcibly impressed with the idea—which could not have been taught them by milder measures—that the new government deserved some consideration at their hands.

It must be borne in mind that, according to the Mashona's idea of law, the community in which an individual resides is responsible for the acts of each of its members. The punishment thus inflicted for abetting and shielding crime was regarded by them as a perfectly legitimate course of action, and was appreciated accordingly.

At a later date the black inhabitants of the Magwendi district, somewhat removed from the Mazoe valley, began to develop a spirit of insolence. A colored mail-carrier in the employ of the Chartered Company was murdered by some people ruled over by the Chief N'Gomo, and an attempt was further made by them to kill a white man named Bennett, who visited the village to obtain information concerning the crime. Captain C. F. Lendy, with a few police, endeavored to arrest the offenders, but N'Gomo, backed by his warriors, refused to surrender them. In short, so impressed was he with the magnitude of his own importance, that he offered to meet in battle all the armies that the white men might bring against him.

Indigenes  
A few days later Captain Lendy led a company of forty volunteers against N'Gomo's stronghold. In the battle which ensued twenty-five Mashonas were killed, and the fortification captured. The news of this little episode spread far and wide, and its results so influenced the native population that for many months thereafter the lives and property of white men travelling in distant parts of Mashonaland were more secure than in most civilized countries!

The report of this affair travelled even farther than the borders of Mashonaland. It reached the shores of England, where a cry of indignation was raised against what was termed "the oppression of the aborigines." The demand for satisfaction went so far that Captain Lendy was summoned to London to stand trial for murder.\* Through pressure of public sentiment in the mother-country against this method of dealing with the natives, measures were adopted "more in harmony with modern ideas of progress." With time, the good moral effect of the N'Gomo affair upon the Mashonas wore off, and their attitude again grew threatening. Robberies became frequent, and several more murders occurred. The custom then established of dealing with such cases solely in the civil courts resulted in few prosecutions for theft and none at all for murder! The difficulties encountered in capturing criminals and obtaining evidence among such multitudes of barbarians were so great, and the legal stumbling-blocks in the way of conviction were so numerous, that up to the time of the outbreak of the rebellion *not a single Mashona had been sentenced for the murder of a white man!* As a natural result of such lame modes of procedure, murder and robbery in-

\* Captain Lendy died while on his way to England.

creased in frequency, and finally culminated in the awful massacres of 1896.

I have no desire to pose as an advocate of unnecessary severity. But I do firmly believe that it would have been far wiser to continue to punish promptly and unsparingly every infringement of the security of life and property, than to endeavor to rule those natives by methods which were entirely at variance with their ideas of government, and by them held in contempt. With the authority of the white men once thoroughly established, the transition to the dealing with violations of law by the civil courts could have been more easily accomplished. Drastic measures, extending through the early years of settlement, would, without doubt, have averted the subsequent horrors of massacre and war.

In one locality alone were the Mashonas dealt with, for any considerable length of time, by means which might be termed harsh. This was in the Victoria district, where the blacks were so extremely unruly that rigid discipline seemed absolutely essential. During the first years of white occupation, native affairs in that region were left largely to the discretion of Captain Brabant, who had had previous experience in Kafir management in the Cape Colony. This gentleman gave the tribes under him an opportunity to learn of the white man's power to rule. His regime became eventually the subject of so much criticism on account of its severity, that he was dismissed from the employ of the Chartered Company. He returned to his home at the Cape, but upon hearing of the rebellion and the critical straits of the white inhabitants of Rhodesia, he forthwith made his way with all speed to Victoria, where more than one thousand natives from among the tribes formerly governed by him

quickly responded to his call to arms. Thus, as allies of the whites, these Kafirs followed their so-termed former "oppressor" to assist in quelling the revolt of their brother Mashonas residing in the more humanely treated sections.

The natives surrounding Victoria were among the few in Rhodesia who remained loyal to the Chartered Company. In the neighborhood of Salisbury, on the other hand, where the Mashonas had been in the habit of appealing successfully to the Government for legal proceedings against white men over the most trivial grievances, and where, in many cases, the officials had been over-zealous and even foolish in their endeavors to protect aborigines and punish white men, the former rose in revolt with astonishing celerity. All this is now history, not theory. Thus we have brought forcibly into prominence the two traits of Kafir nature referred to earlier in this chapter—respect for power and rigid rule, and contempt and ingratitude for lenient treatment.

When first introduced to white men, the Mashonas were by no means the industrious, honest, guileless creatures that they have been so often pictured. On the contrary, the Pioneers found them endowed in full measure with those four qualities to which black humanity is especially heir, namely, thriftlessness, slovenliness, laziness, and deceitfulness. As a people, they are ungrateful, lawless, artful, blood-thirsty—a treacherous race of robbers and murderers. There seem to be few vices known to any civilized nation which have not, for many generations, been common among these tribes. For their government there can be but one maxim, and that is *rigorous justice*. They must learn two important lessons. The first is *obedience to law*, and the second, *the dignity of labor*.

It is absolutely imperative that these precepts be forced upon this degraded people, even though it be by methods which savor of severity, for otherwise their advancement is impossible. Unless they are capable of development to a stage of usefulness, they are of less value to the world than the beasts of the field.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### THE RACE PROBLEM

**A Primitive Race must Serve its Conquerors or Perish—Advantages of the American Negro over the Native African—The Labor Problem in Rhodesia—The Rev. Isaac Shimmer's Opinions—Father Daignault Advocates the Exertion of State Authority over Native Laborers—The Present Situation—Removal of Natives to Reservations—Mistaken Dependence upon Black Labor, and its Remedy—Race Prejudice—Unless Aborigines are Taught to Work, Contact with Civilization Results to their Detriment—Mission Work.**

THE survival of an inferior race when pressed upon by civilization, lies mainly in its capacity to acquire intelligence and in its possession of what the world calls stamina. Intelligence and activity will triumph, while stupidity and indolence, accompanied by the vices of civilization, will result in destruction. Furthermore, unless a primitive people can be made useful to their conquerors, the latter will inevitably crowd them to the wall. Throughout history, human progress has resulted largely from the forcible encroachment of nations of superior characteristics and customs upon races of lower development. Without the employment of radical measures, there is little hope for the rapid improvement of those tribes which are thoroughly satisfied with their depraved condition. The

Kafir's easily contented disposition, and his willingness to submit to degradation and insult, are characteristics which, at the present stage of his development, fit him for little more than servitude. The enforcement, therefore, of state regulations which will compel the African to toil for a compensation, will almost certainly result to his benefit.

That forced servitude, even in the abhorrent form of chattel slavery, has exerted a potent influence in the uplifting of primitive man, is exemplified by its results upon the negro in America.\* Through an apprenticeship of bondage, the negro has been removed from a state of barbarism and superstition, and placed in possession of the language and customs, religion and useful arts of the most progressive of all races. Thus, forcibly weaned from his benighted associations, taught to labor, and kept under the influence of an energetic people, he has reached a point on the high road of progress that his brother in Africa probably will not attain in a thousand years. The conditions surrounding the American negro have been greatly in his favor,

\* "God for 250 years was preparing the way for the redemption of the Negro through industrial development. First, He made the Southern white man do business with the Negro for 250 years in a way that no one else has done business with him. If a Southern white man wanted a house or a bridge built, he consulted a Negro mechanic about the plan, about the building of the house or the bridge. If he wanted a suit of clothes or a pair of shoes made, it was the Negro tailor or shoemaker that he talked to. Secondly, every large slave plantation in the South was, in a limited sense, an industrial school. On these plantations there were scores of young colored men and women who were constantly being trained, not alone as common farmers, but as carpenters, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, plasterers, brick-masons, engineers, bridge-builders, cooks, dressmakers, housekeepers, etc., more in one county than now in the whole city of Atlanta. I would be the last to apologize for the curse of slavery, but I am simply stating facts."—BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, *Industrial Training for the Negro*.

while the environment of the African native places him at a disadvantage. The language, superstitions, traditions, and habits of the latter all tend to hold him at a low level of existence. Nor are his prospects enhanced by a climate favorable to indolence, and by his inherent tendency to live in idleness. Unfortunately for him, modern ideas in regard to personal liberty are removing that pressure which, if exerted, might force him into better habits.

From among a native population in South Africa estimated at over 8,000,000, it is impossible, under existing conditions, to obtain sufficient labor to supply the demands of a European population of not more than 800,000. In Rhodesia, where the proportion of blacks to whites is far greater than in the districts farther south, the question of native help is a most serious one. The interest taken in the subject by the permanent resident naturally emanates largely from a desire to obtain laborers to work his farm or his mine; but with the missionaries, who are equally solicitous that the Kafirs be made to toil, the motive arises from their appreciation of the fact that unless the aborigines can be taught to work, there is little hope for their mental and moral improvement.

Early in the development of Rhodesia, the Chartered Company found it necessary to enforce regulations which, to a degree, have been instrumental in causing the natives to enter into the employ of the colonists. The first of these was a hut-tax of ten shillings per annum levied upon each able-bodied man. The second consisted of demands upon various chiefs to forward men from their respective kraals to work for the settlers, with the assurance of receiving, in payment for their services, fair and regular monthly wages. A few head-men responded, but the great majority gave

no heed to the call. Over-zealous and ignorant critics have found in these regulations sufficient ground for the serious charge of slavery. The assumption that "forced labor" in Rhodesia has been of such a character as to savor of slavery, springs from an erroneous view of the actual situation.

The Rev. Isaac Shimmin, Superintendent of Wesleyan Missions in Rhodesia, in the course of some observations upon this identical question, has made the following fair and logical statement :

"As a Christian minister, I should strongly deprecate the slightest infringement of the liberties of any subject ; but to affirm that a veiled form of slavery is condoned by the officials of the Chartered Company, is a travesty of terms unworthy of reasonable men. The subject of native labor is too wide to dwell upon here ; and I think it might be a wise step to summon a conference of missionaries, officials, and others to discuss the whole question. The result might tend to a practical solution of a problem which has hitherto baffled so many of those who have the best interests of the natives at heart. No one will contend for a moment that a crowd of idle loafers, whether white or black, is as useful to the community as a company of industrious laborers. But in this country we have thousands of savages living in sloth, and thus ready for all kinds of mischief ; and yet we, who know that to them the discipline of work for a few months in the year would be of the highest moral benefit, are helpless to influence them in the right direction without risking a charge of patronizing slavery."

While quoting from missionaries on the native labor question, I cannot do better than give an extract from a memorandum by the Rev. Father Daignault, Priest in Charge of the Catholic Missions in Rhodesia :

"In my opinion, the natives of this country must be considered, and in reality are, but grown-up children. Unfortunately, they do not possess the innocence of children, but, on the contrary, are given to many vices, conspicuous among them being their strong inclination to idleness, strengthened by long habit. This general indolence of the men, especially, is the principal cause of the oft-recurring scarcity of food, and its accompanying sufferings and deaths. It fosters drinking-habits, and is the cause of many thefts and deadly quarrels. Consequently, men in authority, who have the true interests of the natives at heart, ought not only to treat them as children, but they ought also to do all they can to make them acquire habits of industry. As this cannot be attained by mere moral persuasion, authority must necessarily be used.

"White men in every civilized state are obliged to work in order to meet the exigencies of laws and regulations concerning lands, dwellings, sanitary arrangements, etc. ; they are obliged to work to pay the taxes and rates imposed for the general good of the state. I believe these laws and regulations to be even more necessary for the natives than they are for the white men, and, if enforced, the natives would be obliged to work. This, in my opinion, is the kind of forced labor required in this country, and would be beneficial to the whole community."

It is an easy matter to propose, in a general way, broad principles for the solution of the native labor difficulties, but to give in tangible form a definite line of procedure—to state just what laws to enact, and the best methods of enforcing them without the risk of stepping beyond the realm of justice—seems thus far to have foiled the efforts of the most thoughtful.

At present the native situation in Rhodesia is, of its

own accord, drifting toward the conditions prevailing in the Cape Colony and Natal, namely, the separation of the aborigines into two classes—those living among the whites and subjected to the civil law, and those placed in reservations under native law.

The environment of the former will force from them a limited amount of labor ; but unless they are kept under rigid control, Rhodesia may find itself in a position similar to that of parts of South Carolina, for example, where the existence of the white farmer is rendered unbearable by the depredations upon his crops and stock made by negroes dwelling largely in idleness in the regions surrounding him.

Only a very small proportion of either Matabeles or Mashonas have thus far been persuaded into toiling for white men ; and even when their services are obtained, it is seldom that these people can be induced to work for more than one or two months—barely long enough to learn the methods that their employers desire them to pursue. Left entirely to their own choice, they prefer to remain idle. Easy tasks, such as kitchen work and cattle-herding, are to a degree acceptable to them, but anything in the shape of downright hard manual labor receives their unqualified disfavor. To no race, indeed, does labor seem more of a hardship than to the Mashonas. Their propensities for deception and theft, and their wily scheming to shirk duties, render them most exasperating as employees. It is necessary to keep one's eye continually upon them ; otherwise little or nothing is accomplished. Yet, under the guidance of a rigorous master, they are capable of performing many kinds of useful service, providing their task is a simple one, such as wielding a hoe or a shovel, and does not require any special exertion of intellectual

ability. Occasionally one meets with natives possessed of considerable capacity for improvement; and there is no doubt that if placed under severe discipline and given a preliminary schooling of manual training, the race might be made useful to the world. In order, however, to attain even a small degree of success in the management of native laborers, whether good or bad, the employer must deal fairly, exact obedience, live up to his promises to the minutest detail, and pay wages promptly at the close of each month.

For my own part I found both Matabeles and Mashonas so unsatisfactory that I employed them only at such times as I was unable to procure Zambesi or Shangaan workmen. From north of the Zambesi River, and from the Portuguese East Coast possessions, these natives make their way in small numbers to Mashonaland and Matabeleland, and willingly work for awhile in order to obtain sufficient wealth with which to purchase one or two wives. When this object has been accomplished, they consider that their fortunes have been made, and that they can spend the remainder of their days basking in the sunlight, while the women produce from the fields the wherewithal for their subsistence. Consequently, from this source but a limited amount of labor is forthcoming, even at the best of times; and since it was this class of friendly natives who were victims of massacre in the recent uprisings, their kinsmen now are loath to leave their homes for fear that they may meet with a similar fate.

In the Zambesi valley and the regions northward there are immense areas of unoccupied and extremely fertile land, too unhealthful for European habitation, but where the native African can live and thrive. It is a perfectly feasible proposition, and one which would result to the benefit of both whites and blacks,



Mashona.

Matabele.

Three Types of Laborers.

Zambesi.

TO WHOM  
IT MAY COME

that the aboriginal inhabitants of Rhodesia be removed to such districts, where they can be left to work out their destiny under the guidance of missionaries. The military force necessary to guard the borders of such reservations would by no means be as great as that required to insure the safety of the white inhabitants living in the midst of a large native population.

The removal of a tribe from its land, however, often arouses a feeling on the part of enlightened humanity that such proceedings are necessarily unjust. Nevertheless, with the Bantu, removal does not entail the same degree of hardship that we contemplate in the dispossession of land in civilized communities. The natives do not hold the soil in the same sense of ownership. To them the earth is as free as the air and the water, and to be used only in ministration to their immediate wants. The occupancy of any given plot of ground is but temporary. From time to time, as the soil loses its fertility, they move forward to new sections. According to ethics as taught, I presume there can be no excuse for encroaching upon the territory of another race, but in reality the laws of human progress are inexorable. By their ceaseless operation the American Indian and the Australian Bushman have in a very short space of time given place to a people who march in the van of the world's enlightenment.

The fact of the whole matter is, when we come to the bottom of the question, that in South Africa generally, entirely too much dependence is placed upon the Kafir for the execution of all kinds of menial labor. The idea which is prevalent among the whites, that they cannot dispense with the services of the native, is a factor which is liable to retard the advancement of Africa. English and Dutch alike are firmly set in the belief that the country cannot be developed without

the aid of the blacks. With regard to many portions of the Dark Continent this is perfectly true, but concerning those sections suitable for European habitation, the assumption is an erroneous one. This dependence upon the Kafir without doubt is the result of ideas handed down from the slave days. White men will not work by the side of natives on account of the supposed loss of dignity entailed by associating with such inferiors.

The principal argument for employing Kafir labor is its supposed cheapness. But that it is really cheap is an open question; for it is necessary to bear in mind its inferior quality. In spite of that, however, Kafirs at Johannesburg and Kimberley are to-day receiving higher wages for fewer hours than thousands upon thousands of white laborers in Europe.

It is absurd to argue, as many do, that on account of climate, white men cannot work equally as well as the blacks on the diamond and gold fields, on stock ranches, and on farms. Even in subtropical Rhodesia, where the land is yet new, I have seen many American and Australian prospectors, fresh from their respective countries, digging in their mines in order to avoid the worry entailed by overseeing stupid Kafir workmen. In unhealthy portions of the Rhodesian gold-fields, the author also, when afflicted with the gold fever, wielded the pick and shovel for many weeks without the slightest ill effects from climate. In fact, physicians assert that in malarial districts it is conducive to health to engage in some occupation that causes one to perspire freely.

If, moreover, we should consider the labor question with a view to what will accrue to the greatest benefit of the white inhabitants of Africa, it would be necessary to go farther than the mere prevention of forced labor

among the blacks. No wiser step can be taken to insure the rapid development and permanent supremacy of the European in Africa than the passing and rigid enforcement of laws against the employment of black labor of any sort except in regions unhealthful to white men. With a scarcity of native help would go a demand for white laborers from Europe which would guarantee the peopling of the healthful portions solely by a race far more valuable to the world than the aborigines.

The Boers, reared in the rural districts of the south, demonstrate the fact that a sturdy white race can retain its vigor on African soil as well as in any other part of the globe. In whatever land a colony of vigorous Europeans thrive, their increase and the ultimate disappearance of the aboriginal inhabitants seems to be an inevitable consequence. Notwithstanding the anthropological idiosyncrasies of the Kafir, which permit him to exist under adverse conditions, and notwithstanding the fact that under British protection he is rapidly multiplying in reservations in the Cape Colony and elsewhere, it is probable that the laws of advancement will in time materially check his increase in those parts of Africa which are suitable for a white population. With the natural multiplying of the white inhabitants, and the consequent demand for more land which overcrowding will necessitate, it seems certain that large numbers of tribal natives will require to be removed to reservations in portions of tropical Africa, in order to make way for a better race.

Early in the century, British philanthropy undertook to save the aborigines of South Africa from being swept away by the on-rush of European civilization. As a result of much uncalled-for interference in behalf of the natives, bitter resentment has been fostered on

the part of the Boers toward the British, while race prejudice toward the blacks has been greatly intensified. Whatever ideas, concerning the Kafir's relative position in the human scale, the Boers have acquired through generations of dealing with him, are adopted almost immediately by all settlers in Africa, whether Anglo-Saxon or Teuton. The greater the influence that is brought to bear in the attempt to induce Europeans to meet the blacks on an equality, the stronger the race prejudice becomes. May this not be a wise provision of nature, destined to preserve the superior race and to maintain its supremacy? Without the presence of a wide gap separating whites and blacks, not only politically, but even to the extent of rigid caste distinction, the former would stand in imminent danger of being forced downward, while the latter, by assuming themselves to be the equals of the whites, would lose an essential impetus to improvement, and become insufferable.

That a people of advanced qualities should be retarded in their progress in order that some race of inferior and uncertain capabilities may be preserved as a menace to coming generations, is contrary to the principles of racial advancement. No amount of pressure, however, that may be exerted to elevate the Kafir at the expense of the future possibilities of development and expansion of the European in Africa, can prevent the ultimate triumph of the latter, although on account of such pressure the process may be seriously retarded. Unless, therefore, the Kafir can be pushed forward by those methods which some people choose to regard as somewhat harsh, and by virtue of his usefulness can command the careful nurturing of the white race around him, his contact with civilization must result to his detriment, if not to his

eventual destruction. Left in idleness, he is certain to succumb to the downward pressure of his environment. No matter how stringent may be the laws against the sale of liquor, so long as money can be made from it unprincipled men will find means of catering to the Kafir's thirst. So long as the Kafir's thirst can be supplied, his weak mind and feeble will-power will render him a victim to that curse which has been mainly instrumental in causing the disappearance of the Red Indian from the North American continent.

Missionaries hope to do much in lifting the African from his present state of degradation, and it is my sincere wish that they may succeed; but let no one expect to change his mental capacity in one or two generations. A long period of time is required to obtain a marked improvement. Removed, as is the white race, centuries beyond the stage of savagery, the frequent tendency of individuals to revert to that stage, even among the people of enlightened nations, is sufficient to prove the absurdity of the expectation that barbarians can quickly be transformed into intelligent, capable, and exemplary human beings. Mission work is at best a slow and tedious process, for primitive minds require much development before they are capable of grasping the philosophy of a doctrinal religion. Therefrom results the necessity of beginning, as some of the wisest of the missionaries have begun, by teaching the natives manual training and useful industries, and laying to one side the hope of accomplishing rapid transformation in the line of ethics and theology.

Unfortunately, the lessons of every-day life sink more deeply into the mind of the savage than do the precepts of the clergy, and the native's proneness to take up with the worst that he sees about him, often

results in the undoing in a single day of the noble work of many years. This is well illustrated by a little incident which occurred during the Matabele war. The armory sergeant of the corps to which I belonged had detailed to his assistance a native Mashona. With the usual stupidity of such servants, the Kafir persisted in doing just the opposite of what he was told, and eventually succeeded in so annoying his master that the latter reprimanded him with a vigorous kick. The boy immediately informed his baas that if he persisted in ill-using black people he would go "lapa pansi co maninge chesa" (down below into the big fire), while all the Mashonas who remained good would ascend at death "pazulu" (to the sky).

Greatly surprised by this unexpected outburst of theology, the sergeant inquired who had been his instructor. The Mashona pointed across the laager to the chaplain. Thereupon it was elaborately explained to the boy that the chaplain, while yet a child at Kimberley, had cracked his skull by falling off a horse; that the mishap had resulted in his becoming demented; and that he had been brought with the expedition merely to keep him out of mischief. As a proof of this the sergeant called the Kafir's attention to the fact that the parson did no work of any sort, while all the other members of the force were continually busy.

The explanation met with the boy's approval, and as soon as his task was completed he hastened off to inform all his brother Mashonas that the "umfundese" (missionary) was "umtagati" (a crazy man), and that all those men who go about preaching of a place up above and a place down below are likewise "umtagati." Thus, in a single hour was undone the work of many months. The incident teaches the striking moral that if any lasting influence is to be exerted

over the aborigines of Africa, it will depend upon the correct ideas and sound moral principles of the descendants of the aborigines of Europe, with whom the former come in daily contact. Therefore to neglect those of our own race, as is so frequently done, in over solicitous enthusiasm for the redemption of a people low in the scale of progress, must inevitably defeat the great object to which many worthy men and women are unselfishly devoting their lives.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### RHODESIA TO-DAY

The Transformation of a Wilderness—Sickness, Pestilence, and Massacre, Factors in the Settlement of a New Country—The Advent of Women and Children—Pastimes Dear to the British Heart—Political Agitation and Mr. Rhodes's Visit—Government of Rhodesia—Central Position—Gold-Producing Capabilities—Agricultural Resources and the Land Question—Coal and Iron, one Measure of the Wealth of a State—Rhodesia an Attractive Field for Commercial Enterprise—England as a Colonizing Power—The Dark Continent the Future Scene of a Prominent Part of the World's Drama.

THAT a wilderness in the heart of Africa should in less than one decade be supplanted by all the conveniences of civilization, is one of the marvels of our progressive age. In the year 1890 the British South Africa Company Pioneers journeyed by ox-wagon nearly one thousand miles beyond the frontier settlements of the Cape Colony, to a land possessed solely by wild beasts and menacing savages. To-day we find the sturdy Anglo-Saxon, with his language, laws, customs, and "modern improvements," firmly established in that region. In substantial towns, which form the centres of large agricultural and mining districts, we find churches, schools, libraries, clubs, the Salvation Army, daily and weekly newspapers, courts of jus-

tice, jails—in short, all the components of modern civilization. The telegraph-wire has long since placed the inhabitants of that country in quick communication with every part of the civilized world, while railways have supplanted ox-teams and native porters as a means of transportation to the Atlantic and Indian oceans.

The present state of progress has not been attained without the sufferings and hardships in the way of sickness, pestilence, and massacre that seem to be unavoidable in the settlement of new countries. These factors have brought their woes; but by the improvement in climatic conditions which occupation insures, by the better supply of food and raiment which railways guarantee, by protection against the inclemency of the elements obtained through the erection of substantial brick buildings, and by the security to life and property resulting from the successful prosecution and termination of three native wars, those ills are at present merely data for pioneer history. The dangers met, the sufferings endured, and the difficulties surmounted by the pioneers of civilization, have brought prominently into the foreground that determination of character which is placing the best portion of the earth's surface in possession of the most courageous and enlightened of the world's children.

To the reader who still thinks of South Central Africa as an inhospitable wilderness, habitable for no white men save hunters, traders, and missionaries, be it known that soon after the opening of Rhodesia, plucky European women quickly found their way thither, and bore their share of the burdens in the development of the new country. As women were prohibited from entering Mashonaland immediately after occupation by the Pioneers, it happened that the first

woman who entered the country, the wife of a French count, was obliged to disguise herself in men's clothing. During the following year, 1891, I remember seeing donkey-carts and ox-wagons coming into Salisbury with the heads of rosy-cheeked children peering from behind the canvas of the covered vehicles; and on several occasions I observed wives of settlers wielding the whip in driving the animals. Numbers of healthy children have been born in Rhodesia to European parents, and are being successfully reared and educated.

As a relief from the monotony and hardships of the pioneer days, the inhabitants of Rhodesia indulged in many of the pastimes dear to the British heart. The lovers of the chase found ample opportunity for the hunting of wild animals. At a surprisingly early date a pack of English fox-hounds were imported; and at the proper season of the year early morning rides across country were frequent, jackals and small antelopes acting as substitutes for British foxes. Athletic sports, such as cricket, tennis, foot-ball, and polo, and cycling as well, early took their position in the community, while amateur theatricals and Christie minstrels were at intervals indulged in for the benefit of those of dramatic inclinations. The women worked nobly in instituting church bazaars and fairs for the purpose of raising money to assist in the support of hospitals and other public enterprises—and also to make the men feel at home! In due season the inhabitants reached a height of giddiness which prompted them to indulge in a carnival.

St. Patrick's and St. Andrew's days and other occasions of equal importance were appropriately celebrated by smoking concerts. At the drinking establishments billiard-tables early made their appearance,

thus affording another popular source for recreation. Nevertheless, there was still much time left to hang heavily on the hands of not a few, who in consequence indulged in excessive drinking. Through this ever-popular avocation many a good man squandered his means, when by leading a temperate life he might so have disposed of his money in promising investments as to have laid the foundation for an independent fortune.

As Rhodesia is a country established by Englishmen, it is needless to say that horse-racing was one of the first diversions instituted. With the laying off of each of the various towns, an excellent race-track was always constructed, and as soon as horses could be brought into the country and put into training, race-meetings were held. Some of the famous horses of the early days were Mintmark, Pilot, Unknown, Common, and Bulawayo. Even the old Pioneer horse, Bones, had his day at hurdle-jumping. At Salisbury the first grand stand was erected of poles and slabs, but whatever was lacking in finish of surroundings at that first meeting, was compensated for by the enthusiasm of the crowd gathered to view the events of the day. In fact, if one had closed his eyes, he could almost have fancied himself at any great English race, for there were echoed the voice of the man at the fortune-wheel, the proprietor of the under-and-over table, the bookmaker, the purveyor of refreshments, and all the other vocal participants in a properly conducted occasion of that sort. How characteristic of those British colonizers was that gathering in the wilderness! The well-groomed racers came flying down the home stretch, guided by professional jockeys dressed in silk jackets, small caps, tightly fitting breeches, and top-boots. To an American the stirring

scene was most important as evidence of the speed and thoroughness with which the Englishman settles down and makes himself at home in a new country.

Two interesting features were always introduced toward the close of the meeting, namely, the shooting-race and the menagerie-race. The former invariably ended in much amusement for the crowd, for success did not belong to the swift of foot, but to the horse best trained to stand fire under exciting circumstances. At several stages along the course the riders were obliged to dismount, leave their horses standing on the race-track, run to a stated place several yards away, fire three blank shots from a rifle, return to the horses, mount, and ride on. Finally, if any nags were left which had not bolted off into the veld, they were ridden down the home stretch to the goal. There were usually a number of entries, and often the fleetest steeds became excited and fled, leaving the race to some old plug that could scarcely be induced to move faster than a walk.

The day's sport usually ended with the menagerie-race. The entries in this included creatures of all kinds, such as dogs, baboons, cats, monkeys, and even chickens. Each owner accompanied his charge, which was usually secured by a string around its neck or leg. The animals were appropriately handicapped, according to their supposed running capabilities. In the October race of 1892, the writer entered a fine thoroughbred frog, called Mark Twain. The other entries in the contest were three chameleons, two dogs, a monkey, a cat, a goose, and another frog. At the signal to start, the frogs were prodded by their owners, and, like well-trained racers, they leaped straight forward for the goal. The excitement of the spectators became so intense, that they could not be restrained

from crowding over the borders of the track. For awhile the race was even between the two frogs, the other animals becoming so unruly as to take their course in every direction except toward the goal. At last one amphibian foolishly bolted off the track, and was trampled to death under the feet of the crowd, thus leaving the victory to Mark Twain, and a prize of £5 to his owner.

Although Rhodesia has been governed up to the present time mainly by the Chartered Company's London Board of Directors, the inhabitants, like those of every other English-speaking community, have never been in the least backward in dictating the course that the Government should pursue with regard to this measure or that. Demonstrations in the form of public meetings have taken place almost from the date of the final halting of the Pioneers. By threatening to carry their grievances to the home government, the people have been able to gain their points in all cases except those where diplomatic measures were resorted to on the part of the Chartered Company's officials, or when the weakening of public representatives enabled the Company to hold its ground.

One of the most noteworthy of these agitations was instituted in 1896, which in its results demonstrates the power of Africa's greatest statesman, the founder of Rhodesia, Mr. Cecil Rhodes. At that date the chief grievance was regarding the tardiness in the construction of the Beira Railway. There were other causes for discontent; and as Mr. Rhodes was booked to visit Salisbury in October, enthusiastic public meetings were convened, at which orators waxed eloquent in denouncing the current status. The people rose in their might, and formulated documents demanding the redress of grievances, all of which were to be presented

to Mr. Rhodes immediately upon his arrival. Unfortunately, however, as the illustrious man each day drew nearer, resolutions of coercion continually weakened ; and by the time he had reached Rocky Drift, twenty-five miles from Salisbury, the representatives of the public were, figuratively speaking, tumbling over one another in their haste to meet the Father of Rhodesia, and form a guard of honor to escort him into the capital city ! The overawing influence of the colossus became so noticeable on the day before his appearance, that "Skipper" Hoste was heard dryly to remark : "Some of the inhabitants of this town seem to be extraordinarily busy this morning, washing out their mouths in order to be ready to lick Rhodes's boots when he arrives." Salisbury's serio-comic artist, Mr. Alfred Lyons, of *The Nugget*, grasped the drollery of the situation, and published in his paper appropriate cartoons of the Reform Deputation's interview with Mr. Rhodes, which he entitled "The Ideal" and "The Real."

This exhibition of weakening was not confined to Rhodesia alone ; for at this very time Mr. Rhodes was loudly denounced in the Cape Colony for his supposed connection with the Jameson raid—only to be gloriously fêted upon his arrival in Cape Town. A somewhat similar change of attitude was noticeable in the British press a few weeks later, as the distinguished statesman neared the shores of England. More than two years have elapsed since coercive measures were mooted, and Mr. Rhodes still remains the sturdy pilot at the helm, guiding the destiny of his craft, threatened political upheavals notwithstanding.

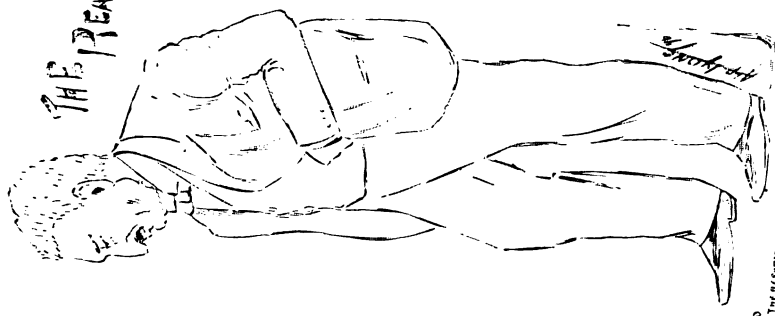
Beyond question, mistakes of considerable magnitude have been made by the Chartered Company in its government of Rhodesia. It is idle to expect a corpo-

THE IDEAL



THE REFORM DEPUTATION & THE REFORM

THE IDEAL



MR RHODES & THE REFORM DEPUTATION



ration to rule a country so wisely and so equitably that the interests of shareholders and settlers will never clash. Moreover, it is likely that there have been developed in Rhodesia no more imperfections than are common to the first nine years of governmental experiment in every new country. It must be remembered that the British South Africa Company has supplied the capital for the opening of a wilderness, a burden which, if left to be borne by the settlers alone, would have presented difficulties far outbalancing the inconveniences to which they have been subjected. It seems to be the verdict of the inhabitants of Rhodesia, as well as of others who are in a position to judge, that the people are better able to gain any desired change under the present system than they would be with the red tape inseparable from the management of a crown colony. In reality, the country is at this writing in a stage of transition from the rule of the Chartered Company to that of a self-governing colony. A local legislative council is in course of formation, four of the representatives of which are elected by public ballot. No small amount of enthusiasm has been exhibited on the part of the citizens in the exercise of their prerogatives, and we can rest assured that not many years will elapse ere the establishment of a self-governing colony will have been completed—a colony which is destined to become the most important province in South Africa.

There are many reasons for predicting the future prominence of this new country. First comes its central position as compared with the older settled parts of Africa, and the portions of Central Africa which are soon to be opened to the civilization of the world. It is the centre from which new and vast schemes of British occupation and development are putting forth. It

is the base of operations, and the rallying-point of the new forces that have come to the front in South Africa, and that are striding quietly and steadily northward.

Among those who have resided in the country for a considerable length of time there is no misgiving as to its gold-producing capabilities. For my own part, I do not predict immediate results that will startle the world; but that the yield of gold will be steady, long-continued, and remunerative, the explorations thus far made amply demonstrate. In the vastness of its mineral area it is perhaps without parallel, but as in the quartz-reefs of America and Australia, the gold is more or less erratic in its occurrence. Much of the ore is of a low grade, as is the case with that at the Rand, and at Juneau, Alaska; but with the new and cheap methods of treating such ore, good results will be obtained.

The alluvial gold, as well as that extracted from the surface ore—factors which give a gold-field its first impetus, and supply quick returns for capital while the deep levels of the mines are being developed—has unfortunately been carried away in ages gone by. Extensive work, therefore, is necessary before milling can fairly begin. Of course, this requires the outlay of much capital for machinery and labor. Until the advent of railways the importation of machinery was too difficult and expensive for conservative companies; hence, the lack of cheap transportation has resulted in great delay in the mining and milling of gold on an extensive scale.

A more potent factor than this, however, in retarding the production of gold, has been the operation of the speculative rings which control many of the companies formed to explore mineral properties, and merely seek to amass fortunes by the rise and fall of the

London share-market. Fortunately, there is a limit to gullibility, even of the British public. These companies will soon be obliged to turn their attention to the serious development of the rich resources which now lie fallow in their possession, and to gain their profits by legitimate methods. Had these corporations devoted more effort to the promotion of railways and the reduction of freights, and less to the manipulation of the share-market, it would have been far better for Rhodesia. As with every other gold-mining region, many of the mines discovered are not likely to prove of value ; but even if an exceedingly small per cent. of the innumerable deposits turn out to be productive, there will still be enough to give Rhodesia an enviable position among the gold-bearing countries.

In view of the vast quantities of treasure that have been taken from the surface of these gold-fields by primitive methods, it seems almost certain that untold millions more lie beneath, awaiting the rock-drill and the dynamite-cartridge. At present no one can say just where Rhodesia's Comstock lodes are situated, but if they are not there, their absence will be nothing short of miraculous. It is my firm belief that this country will eventually become one of the richest gold-producing regions of the world ; but whether it does or not, its general progress will ultimately place it foremost among the South African states.

In agricultural resources Rhodesia is the garden of South Africa. It is capable of yielding a great variety of the best cereals, vegetables, and fruits. The only thing that can retard its agricultural prosperity will be bad handling of the land question ; that is, the permitting of large tracts of valuable land to remain locked up in the hands of syndicates, instead of being cut into small freeholds for settlement by immigrants

and the *bona-fide* citizens of the country. Europe's overcrowded millions must find new fields for their labor. Conditions are changing, and the day seems not far distant when America will no longer be a land to which hundreds of thousands can immigrate annually. Already we are reaching that state of social progress when our own people must look to foreign countries for room in which to expand.

The Trans-Continental Railway which will be constructed between Cairo and Cape Town will furnish a quick and cheap means of transportation, and the offering of homes is likely to attract throngs of the best emigrants from Europe. South America may attempt to rival Africa, but its insecure government and bad land laws are at present a check to immigration in that direction, and the tide will more likely turn to the stable government which will obtain under the British in Africa. With an intelligent self-governing people, land laws are certain to be enacted which will accrue to the welfare of the country.

One measure of the wealth of a state is its supply of coal and iron; and these we find in abundance in Rhodesia. In coal, iron, gold, fertile soil, and a fairly good climate we have all the materials for an empire. The people who created the United States had little more. Rhodesia will be first a great mining country. Next, in order to feed its people, it must and will be developed as an agricultural country; and eventually it will manufacture everything that can be made from its natural products.

For many years to come Rhodesia will be an attractive field for commercial enterprise. To Americans its future, with the attendant commercial possibilities, is fraught with more than common interest. To manufacturers of mining and milling machinery

it must become an El Dorado. Skilful mining engineers will there find ample scope for the pursuit of their profession, while with the spread of the English language, and the establishment of Anglo-Saxon laws and customs, will go a demand for such products of civilization as America stands pre-eminent in her ability to manufacture. Even to-day American trade with South Africa is of no small importance, and with the advancement of Rhodesia the possibilities in that direction will be greatly augmented. Not many months ago appeared in the *Rhodesia Herald* this significant paragraph:

"There is little wonder that the English are concerned about foreign competition. If anyone will take the trouble to look at the household ironmongery which Mr. Carter has brought back with him from the States, and contrast the efficiency, soundness, labor-savingness, variety, and artistic finish of the American articles with the ugly Home rubbish to which we have been accustomed, he will see the reason for anxiety. Even an American door-hinge puts to the blush an English one. We should also advise people to contrast any American lock with the vile rim locks, and scarcely better mortise locks, with which most of us for years have had to furnish our houses. And as we do not like to see supremacy leaving our own Mother Country, we hope the good manufacturers of Birmingham may see our little paragraph, and ponder." \*

\* Since this paragraph was written, the following important observations bearing upon the same subject have been published by Mr. Henry Norman in the July, 1898, number of *McClure's Magazine*:

"The observant visitor to America must be impressed first with the remarkable development of what may be called applied intelligence. Not only is there an extraordinary fertility of invention, but also, what is perhaps more striking still, there is apparently an instant readiness on everybody's part to make use of the things invented. In Europe, when we have

Beyond all question it is to the interest of America and Americans that the British should expand in Africa. As a colonizing power, England stands supreme; and she should be encouraged in the acquisition of African territory, to which she is entitled by the right of her ability properly to utilize and justly to govern. The European powers are bitter in their denunciation of the British in their greed for dominion, and in their

a certain 'fitment' in house or office that serves its purpose well, we are satisfied with it and go on with our work. If anybody comes along with something rather better, we look upon him as a nuisance. The thing we have is quite good enough. In America it seems that a man will try an object one day and throw it away the next for something a trifle more convenient or expeditious. From visit to visit, for example, I have observed a constant improvement in the telephone. The instrument has grown smaller, neater, more graceful, simpler, and easier to use. As it stands on an American desk to-day, it might be a flower-holder. In some of the best and most expensive parts of London to-day you cannot have a telephone put in your house at all. When you do, it is the ugly box arrangement of ten years ago. I called upon a journalistic friend in New York. Upon his desk stands an elegant little apparatus through which he converses every afternoon with Washington and Chicago. In a London newspaper office you might as well look for a machine for making liquid air. The street-cars are another example. When I was here a short time ago, the system of traction was by underground cable. This is already apparently becoming extinct. The cars themselves, too, are often marvels of comfort and light. In London there is not, so far as I know, a single street-car propelled by any mechanical means, and they are the dim and dirty vehicles of a quarter of a century ago. It is impossible to imagine a better system of street transport than prevails, for instance, in Washington. Even the travelling post-office runs by electricity along the tracks. Another striking example is builders' hardware. Locks, hinges, sash-pulleys, window-fasteners, bath-fittings, and the like are years ahead of us. There is not a hotel in Europe—I do not believe there is a private house—in which these things are as graceful and serviceable as they are at the hotel where I stayed in New York. On this visit I noticed a new fitting on the wall of the bathroom. It was an electric heater for curling-irons! To you this perhaps seems a very ordinary kind of thing. I stood before it in amazement. Or take what you call elevators and we call lifts. We are in the dark ages still. There is not a building in London, indeed not in

methods of acquiring possessions, although similar methods are usually approved by them when put into execution by other nations than the English. For my own part, I do not see that one European power has any less of an itching for territorial dependencies than another; nor do I see that one is more scrupulous than another in its mode of obtaining new domains. England is brought into prominence by the fact that she is securing the more valuable portions of the globe,

Europe, constructed with the ingenuity, the convenience, the elegance of some of the new big buildings on Broadway. I happen to be interested at this moment in house-building; therefore I am taking home a supply of small objects and a collection of catalogues of every kind. The farm offers another set of examples. Since in England our farms are comparatively small, and the competition of the Western prairie and Russian steppe and Argentine plain is ruining us, it is obvious that we should follow intensive cultivation and employ every possible appliance to get more and cheaper produce from the land. The facts are the exact opposite. American agricultural machinery has revolutionized farming for you. We stand virtually where we did twenty-five or fifty years ago. Every English farm-laborer believes that hedgehogs suck cows. My own man suffocates his bees at the end of each season, because he says they get lazy and are not worth keeping. The most convenient implement I own is an American horse-hoe. Cut green bones form one of the valuable foods for poultry. There is not, to the best of my belief, a green-bone cutter in the United Kingdom. I have just ordered one in Massachusetts.

"These are trifling matters, if you will; but they are extremely significant, and the same considerations apply in every direction. The English bicycle-makers tell you that a machine weighing less than thirty pounds is not really safe. I am a fairly heavy man, and I have ridden for three years a Columbia weighing twenty-five pounds, at all seasons and on all kinds of roads, and the first accident or breakage has yet to happen to it. American heavy electrical machinery is going all over the world. American locomotives are beating British ones in foreign markets. American mining machinery has long been without a rival. Naturally, it is not agreeable for me, as an Englishman, to chronicle these facts; and, of course, in other directions and enterprises the British manufacturer still beats the world. But I hold it to be a patriotic duty to warn my fellow-countrymen that they must alter their methods and make new and different efforts if they are to hold their own in the future."

thus causing consternation and jealousy among her rivals. Every part of Africa is certain to come under the control of one or another of the European states, hence, before condemning England's policy of expansion, we should consider what flag will yield the greatest good to mankind. With British rule in Africa come equal privileges and justice to men of every nationality. The Portuguese are antagonistic to all except those of their own blood, a characteristic which is also true of the French, the Belgians, the Boers, and the Germans. Furthermore, we should inquire what the nations are doing to develop the resources of their African possessions. With the exception of England, practically nothing! Although the French have no surplus population with which to colonize, they first open their gold-fields to Frenchmen only. Germany's rich mineral and agricultural territory in the neighborhood of the Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika is lying fallow for the want of a railway from the coast, the building of which was opposed in the German Parliament on the ground that it would not pay dividends. The Portuguese have practically nothing to show for their four hundred years of African occupation, except the record of the facts that great wealth was taken from the country, and that their territories drifted again into the hands of savages.

On the other hand, we find England and the English expending millions in the opening and developing of new territories, and that with small hope of immediate returns from investments. With the advance of General Kitchener's army in Lower Egypt, a railway has been pushed forward which will soon reach Khartum, while the British Parliament is building a road from the African east coast to Uganda. In Eastern Rhodesia the Mashonaland Railway is nearing Salisbury.

November 4, 1897, saw the arrival of the Bechuana-land Railway at Bulawayo ; and still more recently two million pounds sterling have been advanced in London for the purpose of its continuation northward to Lake Tanganyika. The Trans-Continental telegraph line is far beyond Blantyre, on its way "from Cape Town to Cairo," and the present indications are that the capital is certain soon to be guaranteed for the completion of the great trunk line of railway which will bind Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope. Thus are being created—actually with astonishing rapidity—the great instruments which will foster the innumerable smaller enterprises undertaken in the development of the rich regions in the interior.

In view of the active agencies which are thus at work, there can be no question as to future race supremacy in Africa. The Transvaal may or may not become *de facto* a British possession ; but that the Anglo-Saxon will gain the supremacy there is inevitable. The spirit of commercial enterprise of which Mr. Rhodes is the living type, and which is sweeping from the south over the Dark Continent, is certain to revolutionize all the old conditions. The sturdy Dutch blood firmly established on African soil will serve as an important element for good in the development of that continent ; but the English are rapidly outstripping the Boers, and the laws and customs of the former will soon gain the ascendancy. Even the Dutch language which seems so tenaciously rooted in South Africa will, in all probability, lose its popularity with the newer and more enlightened generations, and eventually give way to the English tongue, except in secluded rural districts.

It is foreordained that the British are to wield a gigantic influence in the future development of Africa.

The heroic fidelity with which the missionaries are working among the aborigines, ought to bring about the rapid advancement of the native tribes; but infinitely more potent than the noble philanthropy of the missionary, as a factor in moulding the future of races for good or for evil, is the active commercial spirit which now pervades the world. To this, and to the inevitable laws which impel a people of high intelligence to work for their self-preservation, must we trust for the future of both whites and blacks.

Since the North American Continent is narrowing as an outlet for the overcrowded countries of Europe, it is no idle dream to predict that with the attractions of climate, soil, and mineral wealth, and cheap and quick methods of transportation, the tide of migration will soon begin to flow to the Dark Continent, where a prominent part of the world's drama is likely to be enacted during the coming century. The native races may awaken from the lethargy in which they have been sleeping for more than five thousand years; but the transformations which civilization enforces will probably be too rapid for them; and before the new order of things they are more likely to vanish than to remain. Be the question of the future of the aborigines what it may, it will be as easy to check the flow of the Zambesi River as to change the course of those events which the spirit of the age is forcing forward, and which decrees that South and Central Africa shall become a great English-speaking country. In the mature and rounded development of this new empire will be completed one step more toward the accomplishment of the destiny for which Providence seems to have chosen the Anglo-Saxon race—the wielding of the balance of power for the world.

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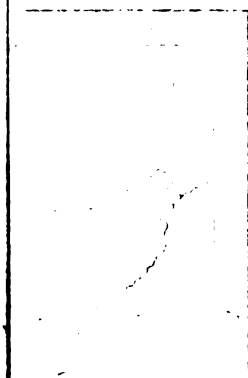
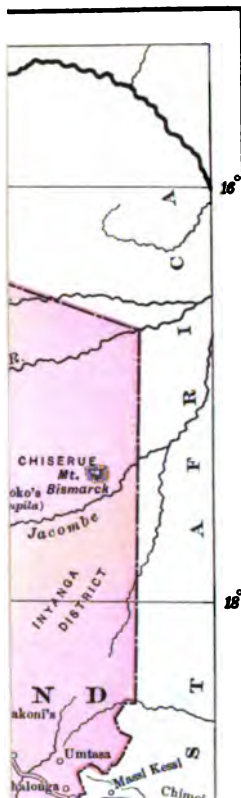
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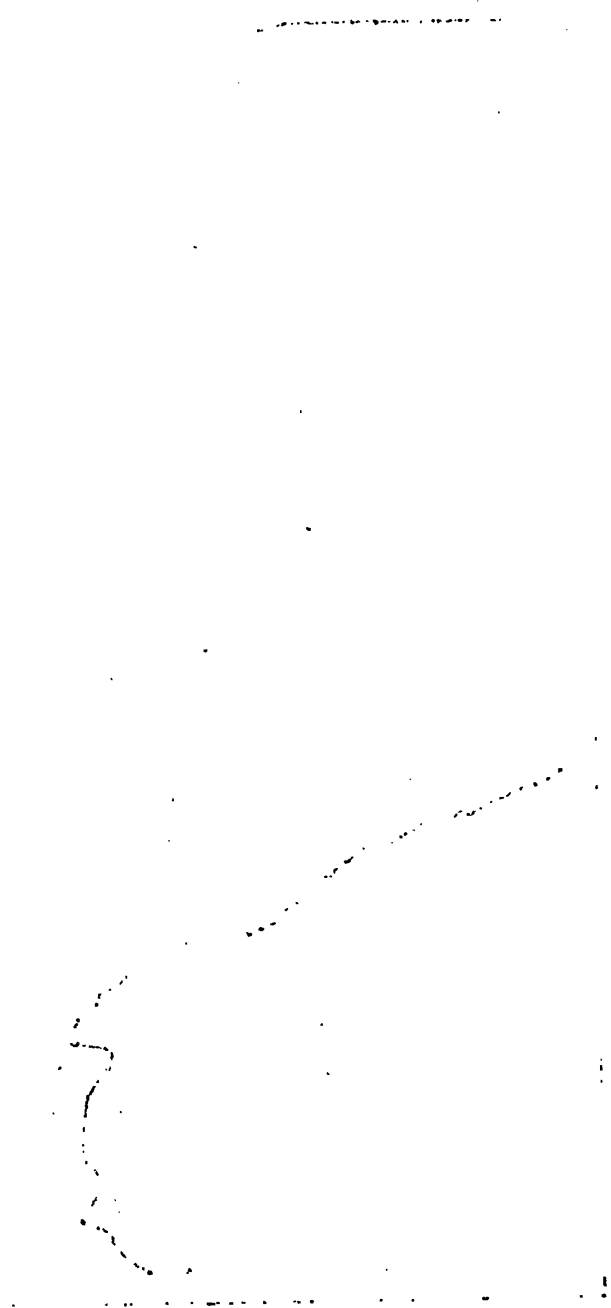
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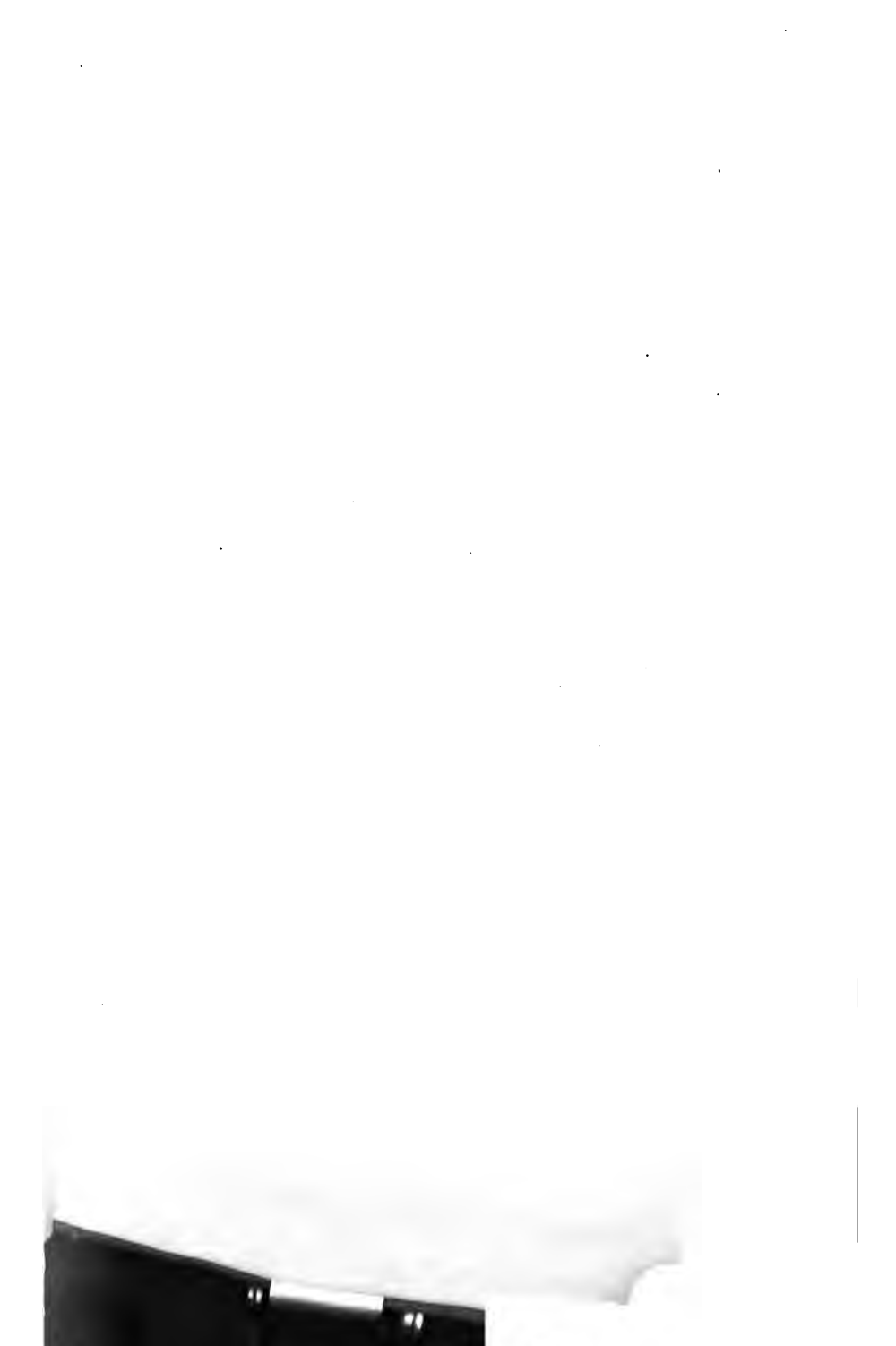
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